Nov. 14, 1983

THE NEW YORKER

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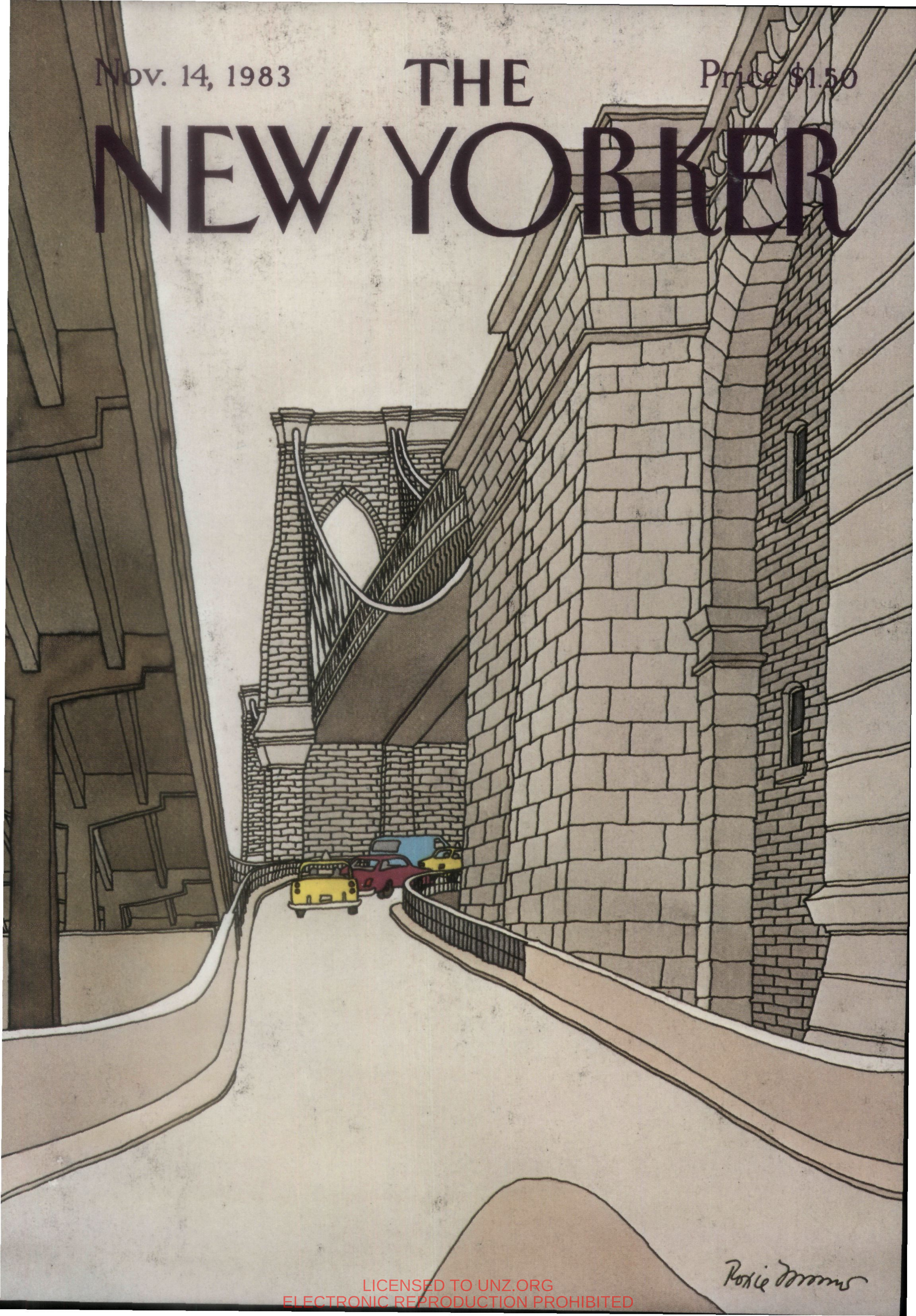
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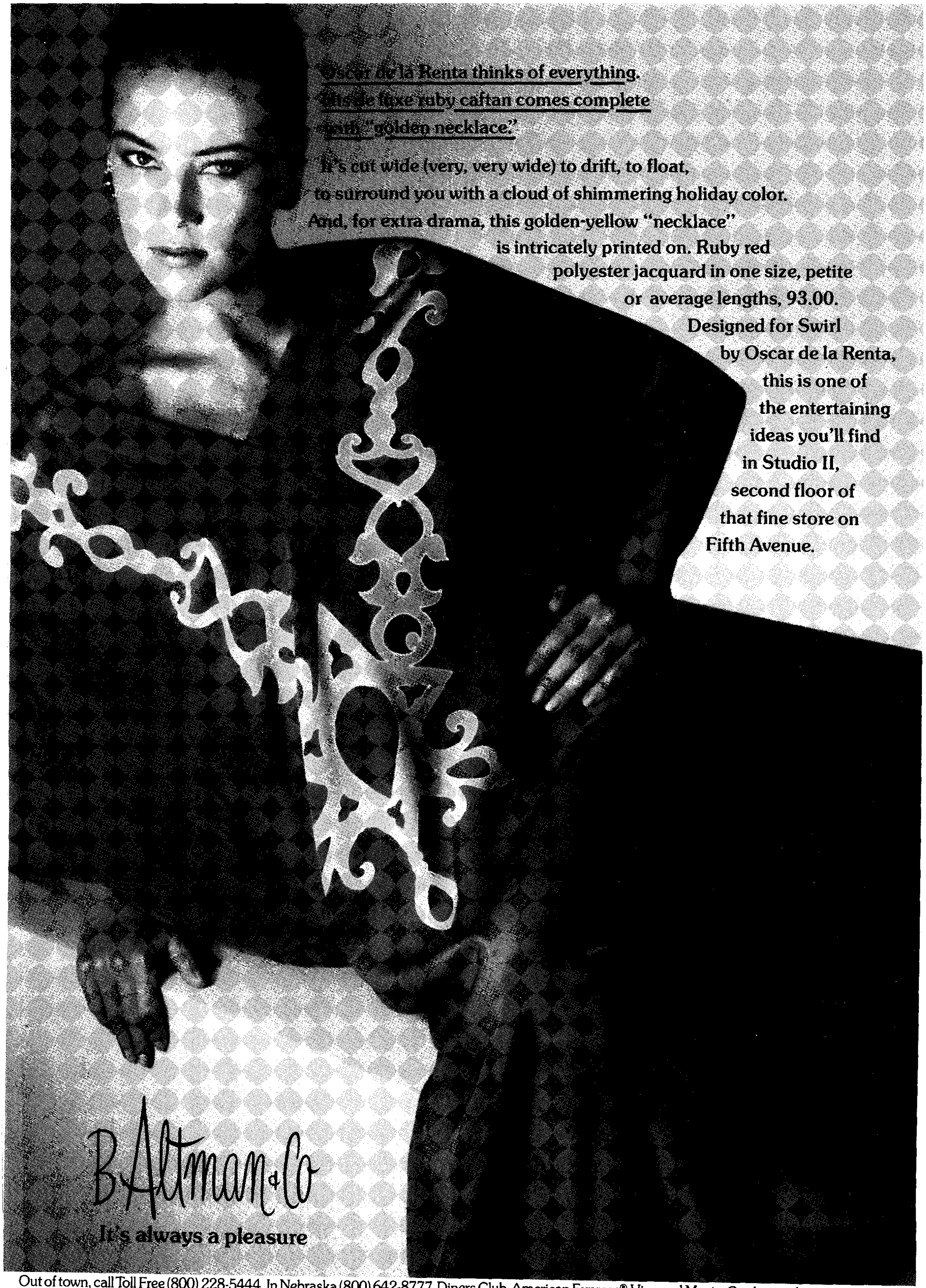

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Amen Corner—A musical with a book by Philip Rose and Peter Udell, music by Garry Sherman, lyrics by Mr. Udell, and direction by Mr. Rose. It is based on the James Baldwin play "The Amen Corner." Previews Wednesday, Nov. 9. Opens officially on Thursday, Nov. 10. (Nederlander, 208 W. 41st St. 921-8000. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

American Buffalo—A superb production of David Mamet's classic comedy about three inept practitioners of petty crime in the lower depths of Chicago. With Al Pacino, J. J. Johnston, and James Hayden. Directed by Arvin Brown. (11/7/83) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2.)

A...My Name Is Alice—A musical revue conceived by Joan Micklin Silver and Julianne Boyd. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Final performances Wednesday through Saturday, Nov. 9-12, at 6, and Sunday and Monday, Nov. 13-14, at 8.)

Baby with the Bathwater—A play by Christopher Durang. (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Beckett Plays—Three brief plays by Samuel Beckett. The haunting "Catastrophe," in which David Warrilow gives a silent, eloquent performance, first appeared in this magazine. Alan Schneider is the impeccable director. Alvin Epstein exchanges roles with Mr. Warrilow in alternate weeks. (6/27/83) (Harold Clurman, 412 W. 42nd St. 594-2370. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Brighton Beach Memoirs—A remembrance of things past, by Neil Simon. The hero is a sex-obsessed fifteen-year-old. (4/11/83) (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Brothers—Carroll O'Connor is the star and director of a play by George Sibbald. Opens Wednesday, Nov. 9. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

La Cage aux Folles—A dazzling production of a musical that has little wit and a lot of phony sentimentality about the tenderhearted family life of homosexuals. The music, by Jerry Herman, is Broadway-romantic. The two superb stars are George Hearn and Gene Barry. (9/5/83) (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Doonesbury—Garry Trudeau wrote the book and lyrics for this musical based on his comic strip. Elizabeth Swados composed the music. The director is Jacques Levy. Previews through Saturday, Nov. 12. Opens officially on Sunday, Nov. 13. (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Equity Library Theatre—A revival of Meredith Willson's 1957 musical **THE MUSIC MAN** is the second in this season's series of eight productions. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Nov. 20. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

Fool for Love—Sam Shepard's play is as near a miracle as makes no matter—mysterious, funny, and beautiful. It is about two battling, loving lovers in a motel room at the edge of the Mojave Desert and about many other matters as well. Will Patton and Kathy Whitton Baker have the leading roles. Mr. Shepard directed. (6/6/83) (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

FunHouse—Eric Bogosian in a one-man show. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 691-6226. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 8 and 10:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Jewish Gypsy—Mary Soreanu in a Yiddish musical, with English narration. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 921-9442. Wednesdays at 8 and Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Thursdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5:30.)

The Killing of Sister George—An adequate revival of Frank Marcus's cheesy play about a lesbian actress on a British soap opera, whose part is cancelled. Aideen O'Kelly does well enough in the title role, and Tandy Cronyn is good as her simpering lover. (Susan Bloch Theatre, 307 W. 26th St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

The Last of the Knucklemen—A play by John Powers, with Kevin O'Connor. (11/7/83) (American Theatre for Actors, 314 W. 54th St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Leftovers—This evening, composed of the improvisations of three fat women—on diets, daydreams about food and sex, and related subjects—is a bore, but Marcia Kimmell, the fattest of the women, is a talented actress. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Through Sunday, Nov. 20: Sigmund Romberg's **THE STUDENT PRINCE.** (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 3:30.)

Marilyn an American Fable—Alyson Reed portrays Marilyn Monroe in a musical with a book by Patricia Michaels and music and lyrics by Jeanne Napoli, Doug Frank, Gary

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Portnoy, Beth Lawrence, and Norman Thalheimer. Previews through Saturday, Nov. 12. Opens officially on Monday, Nov. 14. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Master Builder—A moribund revival. (10/24/83) (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

My One and Only—A joyous keepsake of Gershwin songs, neatly tucked into a new book by Peter Stone and Timothy S. Mayer. Twiggy and Tommy Tune head the marvellous cast. (5/9/83) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

'Night, Mother—Marsha Norman's play about a young woman bent upon committing suicide is an altogether successful work of art and much less dispiriting than one might suppose. With Kathy Bates and Anne Pitoniak, who have been ably directed by Tom Moore. (4/11/83) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

On Your Toes—Not the least taint of patronizing mars this revival of the Rodgers and Hart classic musical of 1936. The director, George Abbott, helped to write the original book and, at ninety-six, evidently has a tenacious recollection of how things were and how they ought to be. (3/14/83) (Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 977-9370. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Philanthropist—A stylish and spirited revival of Christopher Hampton's satire—a spinoff (and reversal) of Molière's "The Misanthrope." David McCallum gives a strong performance in the title role, and he is very ably supported by Glenne Headly and Anthony Heald, among others. (10/24/83) (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Nov. 20.)

Quartermaine's Terms—The title character of Simon Gray's funny, sad comedy is a teacher whom loneliness has made even more bubble-brained than God did. Lee Richardson plays the leading role, and he is well supported by Roy Poole, Caroline Lagerfelt, Colin Stinton, and Barbara Caruso. Kenneth Frankel directed. (3/7/83) (Playhouse 91, 316 E. 91st St. 831-2000. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

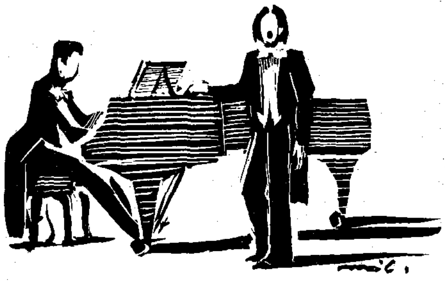
Ridiculous Theatrical Company—Presenting Charles Ludlam's **galas.** (One Sheridan Square. 691-2271. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8.)

Secret Honor*The Last Testament of Richard M. Nixon—A play by Donald Freed and Arnold M. Stone, with Philip Baker Hall in the leading role. (Provincetown, 133 Macdougal St. 777-2571. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 4.)

Sound and Beauty—A pair of one-acters by the extremely gifted young playwright David Henry Hwang. The first of the plays is a fantasy, based on a novel by Yasunari Kawabata; the second is a satire about an Oriental warrior who sees himself in more heroic terms than does the unfortunate woman he falls in love with. John Lone, who directed both plays, is very good as the lead in the second. With Victor Wong, Ching Valdes, and Natsuko Ohama. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 27.)

Sunset—A cabaret musical, with Tammy Grimes and Ronee Blakley. Gary William Friedman wrote the music and Will Holt wrote the book. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 475-5120. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Taking My Turn—A buoyant musical with Margaret Whiting, Marni Nixon, Tiger Haynes, Victor Griffin, Cissy Houston, Ted Thurston, and Mace Barrett, all of them noted singers and dancers who are presumed to be old but whose performances refute that presumption at every turn. The very good songs were written by Will Holt (lyrics) and Gary William Friedman (score). Robert H. Livingston was the able director. (6/20/83) (Entermedia, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 475-4191. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)



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Tallulah—Helen Gallagher has the title role and Russell Nype plays Congressman Bankhead in this musical by Tony Lang (book), Arthur Siegel (music), and Mae Richard (lyrics). (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

La Tragédie de Carmen—An adaptation of the Georges Bizet opera, by composer Marius Constant, playwright Jean-Claude Carrière, and director Peter Brook. It was originally seen in Paris two seasons ago. In French. Previews through Wednesday, Nov. 16. Opens officially on Thursday, Nov. 17. (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 787-6868. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Trial of Adam Clayton Powell, Jr.—A play by Billy Graham. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. 598-0400. Thursdays through Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 20.)

You Can't Take It with You—A fine revival of the Kaufman-Hart comedy written in the thirties. Eddie Albert and Eva Gabor head the big and frolicsome cast; the director is Ellis Rabb. (4/18/83) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

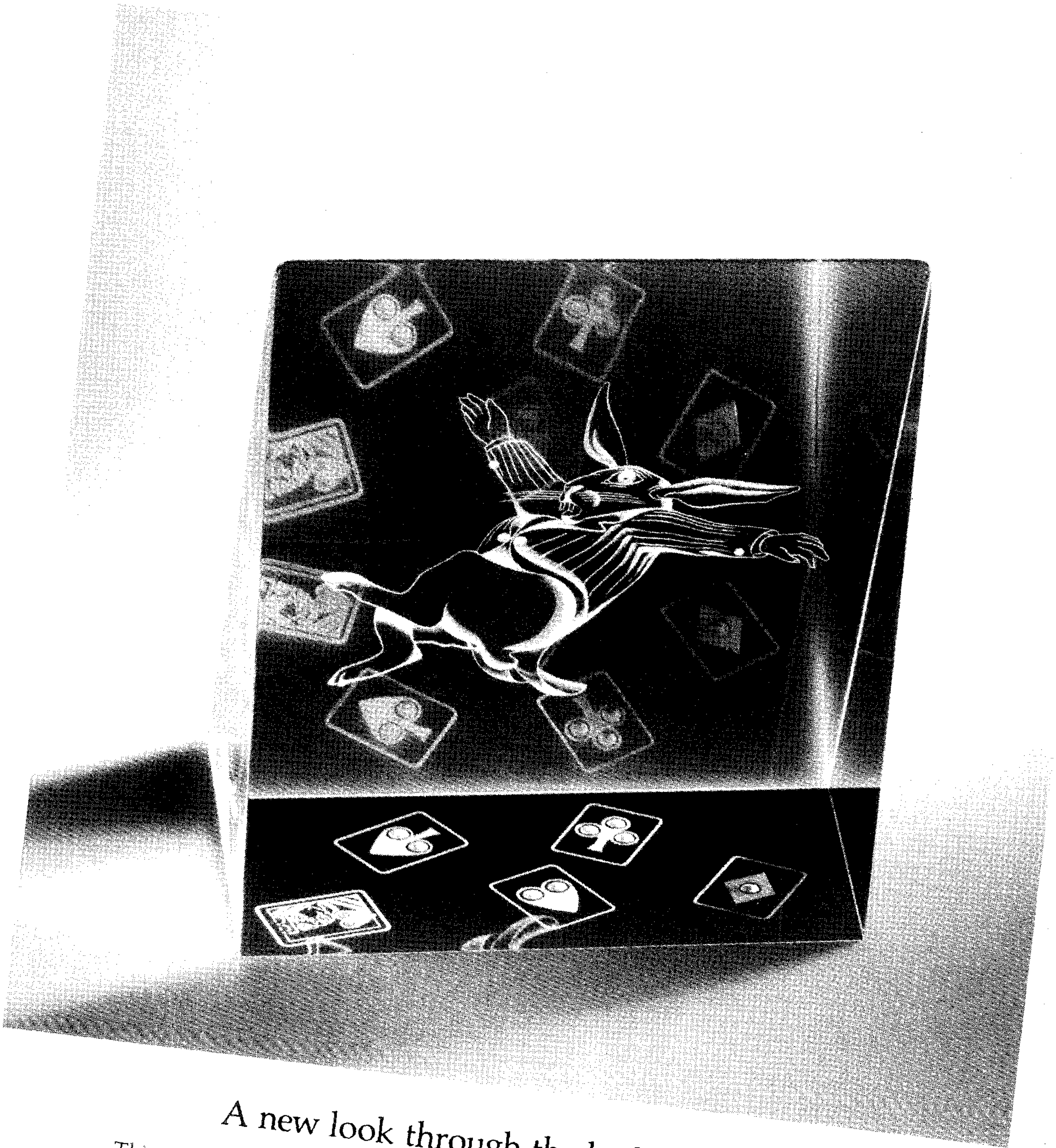
Zorba—Anthony Quinn and Lila Kedrova star in this revival of the 1968 musical, based on a movie that Quinn and Kedrova also starred in, back in 1964. A curiously woebegone production. (10/24/83) (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**cats:** Ezra Pound nicknamed T. S. Eliot "Old Possum," and under that name Eliot wrote a collection of poems about cats, and now the cats are on display on Broadway, with music by Andrew Lloyd Webber, scenery by John Napier, and direction by Trevor Nunn. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6222. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **a chorus line:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **dreamgirls:** The slickest possible production of a musical comedy whose book, music, and lyrics are almost totally lacking in character. If Michael Bennett, the director, had been a Union general, the Civil War would have lasted about twenty minutes. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **the fantasticks:** 9,792 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42nd street:** Once upon a time there was a silly-wonderful Warner Brothers musical about a young hoofer who goes on in place of a disabled star and herself becomes a star overnight. The legitimate musical that has been fashioned from the movie musical is just as silly but by no means as wonderful. With Jerry Orbach, Millicent Martin, and Lisa Brown. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **greater tuna:** Ron Lee Savin and Michael Jeter portray twenty citizens (m. and f.) of the third-smallest town in Texas, in a play that is as broad as a cartoon but is also sharp and satiric and frequently funny. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **little shop of horrors:** Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman directed and wrote the book and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing plant, and it speaks and sings in the menacing baritone of Ron Taylor. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 477-2477. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **nine:** A sensationally opulent production of a musical comedy wrenched with little intellectual finesse from the classic movie "8½." Sergio Franchi is the star. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 221-1211. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **oh! calcutta!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **sister mary ignatius explains it all for you** and **the actor's nightmare:** "Sister Ignatius," the second of Christopher Durang's brace of one-acters, is a scathing satire on Catholic education: a crazy nun verbally molests her small pupils until she is given her comeuppance by four visiting alumni. In the curtain-raiser, "The Actor's Nightmare," a businessman dreams that he is on a stage and forced to perform, giving rise to a cluster of shrewd parodies of respected playwrights. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **torch song trilogy:** Three plays—humorous, sad, sentimental, and witty—by Harvey Fierstein, which star Jonathan Hadary as a Jewish homosexual hustler and drag queen. Phillip Astor substitutes for Mr. Hadary at the matinée performances. (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **true west:** Sam Shepard's comedy about two rival brothers in California, which was given an unsatisfactory production originally, has now been transformed by the clowning of James Belushi and Gary Cole. Gary Sinise was the excellent director. Randy Quaid and Dennis Quaid replace Mr. Belushi and Mr. Cole beginning Tuesday, Nov. 15. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

Forbidden Broadway '84—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens, in a revised, updated version. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsson's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and 11:30; and Sundays at 8:30.)

Serious Bizness—This little show, written by Jennifer Allen, David Babcock, Winnie Holzman, and Don Perman, and performed by



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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DANCE

New York City Ballet—Opening performances (tentative schedule) of an engagement that will run through Sunday, Feb. 19—Tuesday, Nov. 15, at 8: "Symphony in Three Movements," "Apollo," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 16, at 8: "Raymonda Variations," "Duo Concertant," "Tarantella," and "I'm Old Fashioned." . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, Nov. 17-18, at 8: "Jewels." . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 19, at 2: "Concerto Barocco," "I'm Old Fashioned," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 19, at 8: "Raymonda Variations," "Symphony in Three Movements," and "I'm Old Fashioned." A benefit performance; for tickets, call 477-4720. (New York State Theatre. 870-5570.)

Joffrey Ballet—*Final performances of the season*—Wednesday, Nov. 9, at 8: "Fire," "Quarter-Tones for Mr. B," "Five Brahms Waltzes in the Manner of Isadora Duncan," and "Trinity." . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 10, at 8: "Suite Saint-Saëns," "Love Songs," and "Offenbach in the Underworld." . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 11, at 8: "Italian Suite," "Fire," and "Trinity." . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 12, at 8: "Light Rain," "Square Deal," and "Cakewalk." . . . ¶ Sunday, Nov. 13, at 2: "Les Patineurs," "Fire," and "Rodeo." . . . ¶ Sunday, Nov. 13, at 7:30: "Italian Suite," "Love Songs," and "Trinity." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

Ballet Nuevo Mundo de Caracas—A one-week engagement—Tuesday, Nov. 15, at 7, and Saturday, Nov. 19, at 8: "Quicksilver," "Rave," "Llantos Perdidos," and "Spiral." . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 16, at 8: "Five Tangos," "Encounter," "Birds of Paradise," and "New Dawn." . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 17, at 8, and Sunday, Nov. 20, at 3: "Five Tangos," "Apollo and Daphne," "People, Heroes, . . . Oh Nature!," and "Spiral." . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 18, at 8: "Quicksilver," "Poeme," "Birds of Paradise," and "New Dawn." . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 19, at 2: "Five Tangos," "Spring Waters," "Llantos Perdidos," and "New Dawn." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

Eleo Pomare Dance Company—A one-week engagement—Tuesday, Nov. 15, at 7:30: "Back to Bach," "Missa Luba," "Lament for Visionaries," "Orbweb," "Local Stops on a Full Moon," and "Radiance of the Dark." . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 16, at 8: "Transfigured Night," "Roots," "Ritual Echo," "Orbweb," an unnamed ballet, and "Las Desenamoradas." . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 17, at 8: "Roots," "Local Stops on a Full Moon," "Cantos," "Ritual Echo," and "Radiance of the Dark." . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 18, at 8: "Transfigured Night," "Lament for Visionaries," "Missa Luba," "Roots," and "Radiance of the Dark." . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 19, at 2: "Cantos," "Transfigured Night," "Missa Luba," "Orbweb," and "Local Stops on a Full Moon." . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 19, at 8: "Roots," "Back to Bach," "Hopper," the unnamed ballet, and "Las Desenamoradas." . . . ¶ Sunday, Nov. 20, at 2: "Hopper," "Missa Luba," "Cantos," "Ritual Echo," "Back to Bach," and "Local Stops on a Full Moon." . . . ¶ Sunday, Nov. 20, at 7:30: "Roots," the unnamed ballet, "Radiance of the Dark," "Lament for Visionaries," and "Las Desenamoradas." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800.)

Riverside Dance Festival—Performances by two companies. **AFFILIATE ARTISTS DANCE!:** Program I: Wednesday, Nov. 9, at 8, and Sunday, Nov. 13, at 2. . . . ¶ Program II: Thursday, Nov. 10, and Saturday, Nov. 12, at 8. . . . ¶ Program III: Friday, Nov. 11, and Sunday, Nov. 13, at 8. . . . **SATORU SHIMAZAKI:** Wednesday, Nov. 16, and Friday, Nov. 18, at 8, and Sunday, Nov. 20, at 2. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929.)

Samul-Nori—A program of traditional Korean folk drumming and dance. (Asia Society, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St. 288-6400. Friday through Sunday, Nov. 18-20, at 8.)

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Jane Comfort—With her dance company, in a full-length work, "Artificial Horizon." (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Thursday through Saturday, Nov. 10-12, and Monday, Nov. 14, at 8, and Sunday, Nov. 13, at 3.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

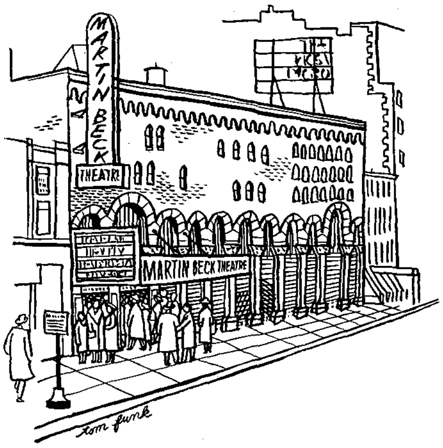
Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—**STEVE ROSS** sings songs from the era when melodies were melodies and lyrics were lyrics. He's at a piano in the Oak Room Wednesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty to one, and in the Rose Room Sundays from five-thirty to eleven. Dining.

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—Small, narrow, chatty, and nautical. The weekend jazz crew: Friday and Saturday, Nov. 11-12, showboating hummer-bassist **MAJOR HOLLEY** and **HILTON RUIZ,** a driving, bebop pianist, and Friday and Saturday, Nov. 18-19, pianist **HAL GALPER'S** trio. Sets at ten, eleven-thirty, and one. Dining.

Ballroom, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—**BLOSSOM DEARIE,** in a small, delicate, uncomplicated, diction-perfect voice, sings from a repertoire that includes such tunes as "When in Rome (I Do as the Romans Do)," "Peel Me a Grape," and "I'm Hip"—which all convey, with help from Miss Dearie's detached delivery, what used to seem in the fifties and early sixties like cool hepness (or hipness) and what now seems more like innocence. Concert-style (sh-h-h!) sets Wednesdays through Saturdays from six-thirty to eight-thirty.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—Flutists **HERBIE MANN** and **DAVE VALENTIN** trade solos and fours through Sunday, Nov. 13; Monday, Nov. 14, will belong to Denice DeLeo and Amy Duncan; and on Tuesday, Nov. 15, two steamy tenor-sax men, **JOHNNY GRIFFIN** and **EDDIE (LOCKJAW) DAVIS,** will arrive with their band. Music from nine-thirty. On Fridays and Saturdays, trumpeter **TED CURSON** conducts after-hours (real late, after the last set) jam sessions.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The varied schedule: Wednesday, Nov. 9, drummer **MICK FLEETWOOD;** Thursday, Nov. 10, veteran folkie **TOM PAXTON;** Friday, Nov. 11, guitarist **JAMES (BLOOD) ULMER** and bassist **JAMAALADEEN TACUMA** and their respective new-funk bands; Saturday, Nov. 12, Chris Rush and the Washington Squares; Monday, Nov. 14, blues singers **OTIS BLACKWELL** and **SCREAMIN' JAY HAWKINS** and the blues-rock quintet **ROOMFUL OF BLUES;** Tuesday, Nov. 15, the **PHIL WOODS** quintet and the **JOE MORELLO** quintet; Wednesday, Nov. 16, country rockers **CHRIS HILLMAN, BERNIE LEADON, AL PERKINS,** and **JERRY SCHIFF;** Thursday, Nov. 17, Firefall and Phil Garland; and Friday, Nov. 18, Texas blues singer **JOHNNY COPELAND** and drummer **RONALD SHANNON JACKSON & THE DECODING SOCIETY.** Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining.



Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—The epitome of an intimate, dark-wood-panelled, sophisticated New York bar. The sophisticated New York duos: **LEE ANN LEDGERWOOD** and **MICHAEL MOORE** through Saturday, Nov. 12, and **JOHN HICKS** and **MICKEY BASS** beginning Monday, Nov. 14. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

Broadway Joe's, 315 W. 46th St., near Eighth Ave. (246-6513)—The urbanely swinging **JIMMY LYON,** who plays piano until ten in Peacock Alley at the Waldorf, a large, *very* subdued room, comes to this convivial, buzzing, smallish barroom, where he gets an impressive second wind. He's here from ten-thirty to two Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—**BOBBY SHORT,** who looks anything but world weary when he sings that clever Noël Coward song—or, for that matter, when he sings anything—is back in the saddle in the Café Carlyle with his trusty aides, **BEVERLY PEER** and **ROBBIE SCOTT,** and with his repertoire of twentieth-century high popular art. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dining. . . . ¶ Bebob pianist and ballad singer **BARBARA CARROLL** will be found in the Bemelmans Bar from nine every night but Sunday.

Carnegie Tavern, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—**ELLIS LARKINS,** the delicate, elegant, reclusive pianist, is the star here nightly, except Sundays, from eight to midnight.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—The Bowery Institute of Rock and Roll: Wednesday, Nov. 9, L.E.S.R., the Spencers, Fly to France, and They Came from Houses; Thursday, Nov. 10, the Young Hegelians and the Beanie Jordan Band; Friday, Nov. 11, Soviet Sex, Paleface, Regresses Aid, and the Antidote; Saturday, Nov. 12, the Wild, the Mood Elevators, Crossfire Choir, and Richard X. Heyman; and Tuesday, Nov. 15, the Planets, the Dancing Hoods, the Boogles, and the Maytags. Monday is showcase night. Music from long after nine-thirty.

Club Jisco, 40 W. 27th St. (532-7666)—An agreeable jazz loft. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 11-12, Frequency; Friday and Saturday, Nov. 18-19, pianist **HILTON RUIZ** and his Latin-jazz ensemble. Thursdays are claimed by the **HERMAN ANGEL SEXTET.** Music from ten. Dancing.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—Wednesdays through Saturdays at nine-thirty, **ALBERTA HUNTER** sings here; and Sundays through Tuesdays at nine and eleven-fifteen, and Fridays and Saturdays at eleven-thirty, Laura Theodore sings here. Dining.

Eagle Tavern, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—Bluegrass, string-band, and Irish, British, and American folk music made by visiting players from New England, the Eastern seaboard, and Appalachia is the fare, along with pitchers of beer. Thursday, Nov. 10, the **TRACY SCHWARTZ FAMILY BAND;** Saturday, Nov. 12, the Lundy Bros.; and Saturday, Nov. 19, Joe Val & the New England Bluegrass Boys. *Music from nine.*

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—One of the two homes for traditional small-band jazz on the block (see also Jimmy Ryan's, below). The house band swings it Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight-thirty to two. On Sunday, Nov. 13, the **MARTY NAPOLEON** quintet will be on hand. Mondays belong to Ed Polcer's quintet; the Bill Simon and George Simon quartet is here on Wednesdays from five-thirty to eight-thirty, and on Fridays the Jay Leonhart–Danny D'Imperio quartet performs from five-thirty to eight-thirty.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A sleek, well-attended basement jazz club. **ART BLAKEY & THE JAZZ MESSENGERS** will be here until Sunday, Nov. 13; on Tuesday,

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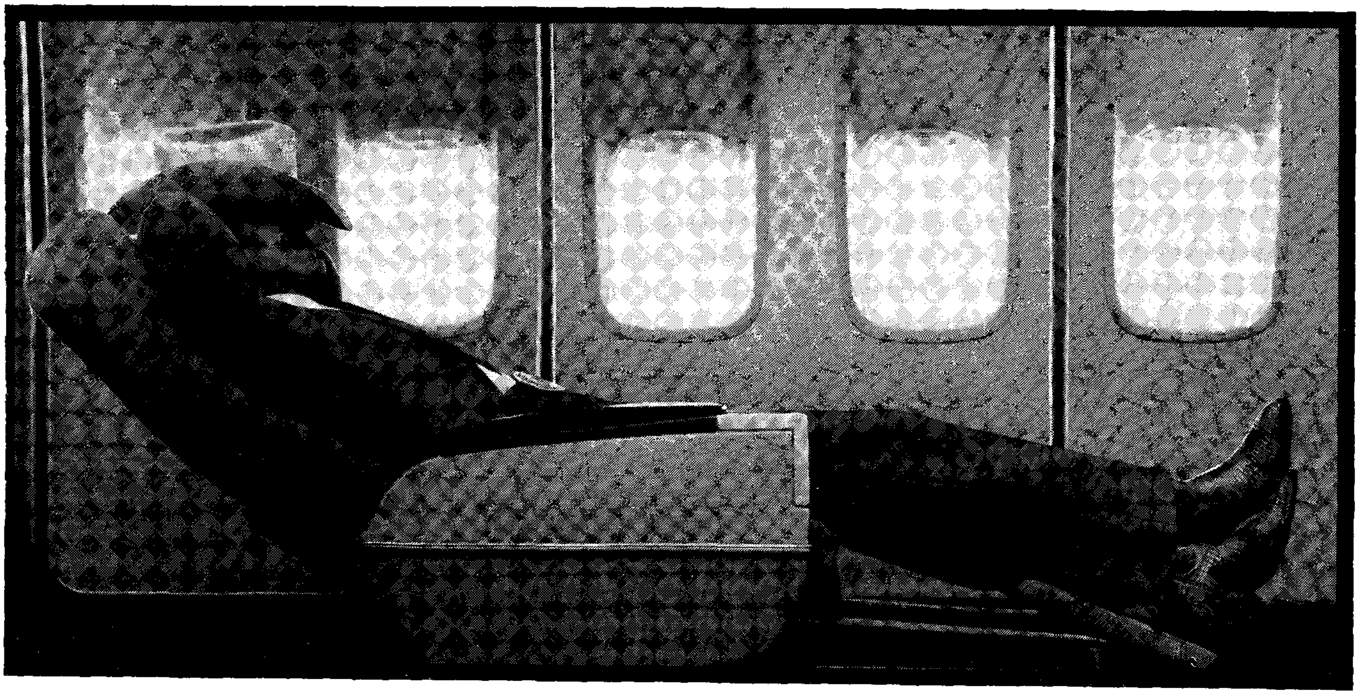

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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Nov. 15, the new **JAZZTET**, co-piloted as in days of yore by **BENNY GOLSON** and **ART FARMER**, will arrive. The first set begins about nine. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Folk City, 130 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (254-8449)—Considerably more musical than Tie City or Food City. Wednesday, Nov. 9, Green on Red, Salem 66, and the Knitters; Thursday, Nov. 10, the **CLANCY BROTHERS** (with Robbie O'Connell), at eight and eleven; Friday, Nov. 11, Buskin & Batteau and Jake Holmes; Saturday, Nov. 12, Mick Moloney and Eugene O'Donnell; and Sunday, Nov. 13, comedienne Jane Brucker. Two shows—the first one getting under way about nine—every night but Wednesday, when the music starts at ten, and Monday, which is hootenanny night and begins about eight.

Greene Street, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—The schedule at this SoHo night club: Thursday through Saturday, Nov. 10-12, pianist Kenny Brawner, and Sunday through Thursday, Nov. 13-17, pianist **HUGH LAWSON**. Sets begin Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty, ten, and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty, eleven, and one. Dining.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—The roster: Wednesdays through Sundays, guitarist Matt McErlean's trio; Mondays pianist Baba Motta with bassist John Belzaguy; and Tuesdays guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE**. All these groups perform from ten. Mondays through Fridays, Loumell Morgan plays piano from five to ten, and Baba Motta has the same hours on Sundays.

Hanratty's, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—The East Side twin—it's actually a little fancier—of a West Side hangout. This one attracts neatly dressed couples and hires jazz pianists. (The other attracts some of the West Side literati and plugs in a jukebox.) Trumpeter **DICK SUDHALTER** works with pianist Henry Francis through Saturday, Nov. 12; on Sunday, Nov. 13, bebopper **JOE ALBANY** will take over the keyboard; and on Tuesday, Nov. 15, **RAY BRYANT** will come in. **DICK HYMAN** drops in on Mondays. Music Sundays through Thursdays from eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine. Dining.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—The tradition-bound house band lets loose under the leadership of trumpeter Spanky Davis Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Sundays and Mondays, **MAX KAMINSKY** is in charge. Music Mondays through Saturdays from nine-thirty; from eight on Sundays.

Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant corner restaurant and bar that is crowded with good listeners listening to real fine piano-bass teams. West Coast pianist **JACK WILSON** works with bassist David Jackson through Saturday, Nov. 12; super bassist **RON CARTER** and pianist **KIRK LIGHTSEY** will come in on Tuesday, Nov. 15; and the Sunday and Monday men are, as always, **JUNIOR MANCE** and **MARTY RIVERA**. Music from ten.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—An authentic Texas hangout for expatriate Texans, for New Yorkers, and for French tourists. The music is usually good solid blues, rock, folk, or country, and it starts after eight-thirty: Thursday, Nov. 10, the Aztec Two-Step and **STORMIN' NORMAN & SUZY**; Sunday, Nov. 13, South Carolinian rock and roller Marshall Chapman; and Monday and Tuesday, Nov. 14-15, Dan Hicks and John & Lucy. Dining.

Lush Life, 184 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (228-3788)—A comfortable and first-rate jazz club. Vibraharpist **BOBBY HUTCHERSON** heads up a quartet through Saturday, Nov. 12; Sunday, Nov. 13, will belong to saxophonist **BOB BERG**; and on Tuesday, Nov. 15, guitarist **JOHN ABERCROMBIE** and saxophonist **JOE FARRELL** will bring in their quartet. Sets start at nine-thirty. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**MAX MORATH** is at the piano, performing a program of American pop music with his quintet, through Saturday, Nov. 12. On Monday nights from nine to midnight, the New Orleans Funeral and Ragtime Band occupies the bandstand. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—The hippest spot on Columbus Avenue, which is known for the R. & B. and jazz bands that have been performing here for more than a decade. The roster: Wednesday, Nov. 9, Entity; Thursday, Nov. 10, Mastery; Friday and Saturday, Nov. 11-12, vibraharpist **ROY AYERS**; and Monday and Tuesday, Nov. 14-15, Marc Sadane. Music from about ten until two. Dining.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—Folk, blues, rock, and jazz in an intimate room that has fine sight lines to the stage. The roster; Wednesday, Nov. 9, Janie Barnett, Conviction, and the Bricks Mortar; Thursday, Nov. 10, the Modulators, the Spencers, and White Noise; Friday, Nov. 11, the Bouncing Balls, Carol McDonald & Witch, and the Strate A's; Saturday, Nov. 12, blues singer **PAUL BUTTERFIELD**; Monday, Nov. 14, Sherryl Marshall, Max Razz, and the Night Brigade; Wednesday, Nov. 16, George Theiss, Animation, and the Action Faction; Thursday, Nov. 17, Earth Music, Line Drive, and the Fat Shadows; and Friday and Saturday, Nov. 18-19, the Searchers, with the Sorrows on Friday and the Smithereens on Saturday. Sundays are claimed by singer-bassist Rockin' Rob Stoner, and Tuesdays are comedy nights. Shows start at ten. Sundays are reserved for a jam session. Dining and dancing.

Peacock Alley, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**JIMMY LYON** is playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who has accompanied Mabel Mercer throughout the past decade, has a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his timing is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from six to ten.

Peppermint Lounge, 100 Fifth Ave., at 15th St. (989-9505)—Rock and roll disguised as the Late Show: Friday, Nov. 11, Disciples of Joyous Reckoning; Saturday, Nov. 12, Pylon; Friday, Nov. 18, ESG; and Saturday, Nov. 19, Sex Gang Children. Live music from way past your bedtime. Recorded music for dancing on Wednesdays and Thursdays, and N.Y.U. nights on Tuesdays.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—**SY OLIVER**, trumpeter, arranger, and Professor of the Bounce, guides his septet Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one; Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two; and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining and dancing.

Red Blazer Too, 1576 Third Ave., at 88th St. (876-0440)—A large, busy establishment that has a slightly touristy feel to it. Traditional jazz is presented from about nine every night but Sunday, when it begins at seven. Dining.

Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—A ballroom that dates from 1935 when the building was remodelled—the building itself dates from 1889—to accommodate neighborhood social-club dances. It has been turned into a sort of Avalon Ballroom East. Rock from the fifties, sixties, seventies, and eighties. Wednesday, Nov. 9, the L.A. rock quartet **X**; Friday, Nov. 11, Trio; Saturday, Nov. 12, the Lords of the New Church; Wednesday, Nov. 16, Chaz Jankel; Thursday, Nov. 17, **B.B. KING**, the consummate blues performer; and Friday and Saturday, Nov. 18-19, Nick Heyward. Shows tend to begin sometime after midnight. Dancing.

Seventh Avenue South, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A second-floor jazz club in which most of the walls are refreshingly austere. The roster: Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 9-10, Cornelius Bumpus; Friday and Saturday, Nov. 11-12, singer **BONNIE KOLOC**; Monday, Nov. 14, the **GIL EVANS ORCHESTRA**; Tuesday, Nov. 15, Crossing Point; Wednesday, Nov. 16, Susan Winder; and Thursday through Saturday, Nov. 17-19, drummer **BOB MOSES**. Much of the music is amplified jazz-rock, and it runs from ten.

Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A great place to listen to Brazilian music—Brazilian-jazz groups, samba bands, and all-percussion ensembles that perform *carnaval* music—and it tends to be swirling, heady, wonderful stuff. On its busy weekends, the club feels like the rush hour in Rio. Wednesday, Nov. 9, Mario Rivera; Thursday, Nov. 10, Kimati Dinizulu and the Kotoko Society; Friday, Nov. 11, and Saturday, Nov. 19, **PÉ-DE-BOI**; Saturday, Nov. 12, **LOREMIL MACHADO & THE SARAVA BAHIA BAND**; Tuesday and Wednesday, Nov. 15-16, singer **ASTRUD GILBERTO**; Thursday, Nov. 17, the **AFRICAN CONNECTION**; and Friday, Nov. 18, Brazuca. Music from ten. Dining. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Wily drummer **PHILLY JOE JONES** leads his quartet through Saturday, Nov. 12, and on Tuesday, Nov. 15, the **NEW YORK JAZZ QUARTET** will move in. Sundays belong to **HOWARD JOHNSON'S** buoyant, swinging tuba band, **GRAVITY**, and Mondays to saxophonist **DAVID MURRAY'S** big band. Shows from about ten. Dining.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—Your simple, basic blues and R. & B. hangout. Singer-pianist **CHARLES BROWN** doesn't look anywhere near old enough to have had a hit record in 1945, but he is—the song was "Driftin' Blues," which he recorded as a member of the Three Blazers, an L.A. trio. He still sings a sophisticated, lounge-variety—as opposed to juke-joint-variety—rhythm and blues (he was most likely influenced by *the* singer-pianist of the day, Nat King Cole, and he most likely influenced *the* singer-pianist of the fifties, Ray Charles), but his piano playing is strictly hot, laced with intense, drubbed, overkill blues chords that sound just fine. He is also personable as all getout. When Charles Brown played this club in the past, he was backed by an updated edition of the Three Blazers, a classic, jumping, streamlined blues unit—guitar, organ, and drums—that featured **BILLY BUTLER** (of Bill Doggett's "Honky Tonk" fame) on beautiful sliding guitar chords. Fridays and Saturdays are Charles Brown nights. Mondays through Wednesdays belong to Buster Poindexter & the Banshees of Blue. Music after nine.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Mondays after nine are salsa nights in the barnlike downstairs room: on Monday, Nov. 14, **RUBEN BLADES** and **GRUPO FASCINACIÓN** will share the stage with guest jazz soloist, pianist **HILTON RUIZ**. . . . ¶ Meanwhile, out on the Terrace after nine-thirty, pianist **KIRK LIGHTSEY** and bassist **DAVID EUBANKS** play duets through Sunday, Nov. 13. And jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** leads a trio Tuesdays after nine, alternating with the visiting duo.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—People from all over the world are attracted to this basement. **QUEST**, a vibrant, contemporary quintet, is here until Sunday, Nov. 13, and on Tuesday, Nov. 15, the **BARRY HARRIS–CLIFFORD JORDAN** quartet will descend the stairs. Mondays are **MEL LEWIS BIG BAND** blast-off nights. Music after ten.

Village West, 577 Hudson St., near Bank St. (691-2791)—A tile floor, a pressed-tin ceiling, brick walls, and an improved sound system—all the makings for bright acoustics. **SLIM GAILLARD**, guitarist, singer, and veteran hipster, works with tenor saxophonist **HAROLD VICK** and bassist **RUFUS REID** through Sunday, Nov. 13; on Tuesday, Nov. 15, pianist **JOANNE BRACKEEN** will bring in her trio. Sundays and Tuesdays through Thursdays at nine and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining. No music Mondays.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—A warm atmosphere, authentically prepared collard greens, and jazz pianists. The pianists: Wednesday, Nov. 9,

"What I like and don't like so much in a woman."

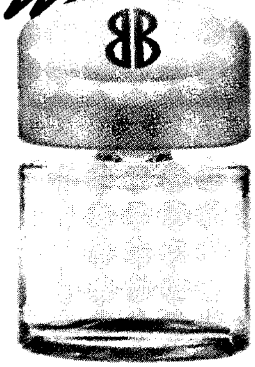
My dislikes.

1. A woman who talks about dieting all the time.
2. Who does crossword puzzles in ink.
3. A woman who jogs and tells.
4. A woman whose perfume is too loud for her looks.
5. A woman who can't pass a mirror without looking into it.
6. A woman who won't gossip.
7. Who worries about getting her hair wet in the rain.
8. Who won't admit she reads cheap novels.
9. Who wouldn't spend her last few bucks on perfume.

My likes.

1. A woman who seems to be listening, even if she isn't.
2. A woman who loves a good laugh.
3. Who can get gorgeously dressed in 15 minutes flat.
4. Who can cuss in five languages.
5. Who prefers almost anything to white wine.
6. Who's a great dancer.
7. Who's a big eater.
8. A woman who doesn't cry at weddings.
9. Loves clothes, but doesn't talk about them.
10. Who would spend her last few bucks on perfume. Hopefully mine.

Bill Blass



Bill Blass Perfume.
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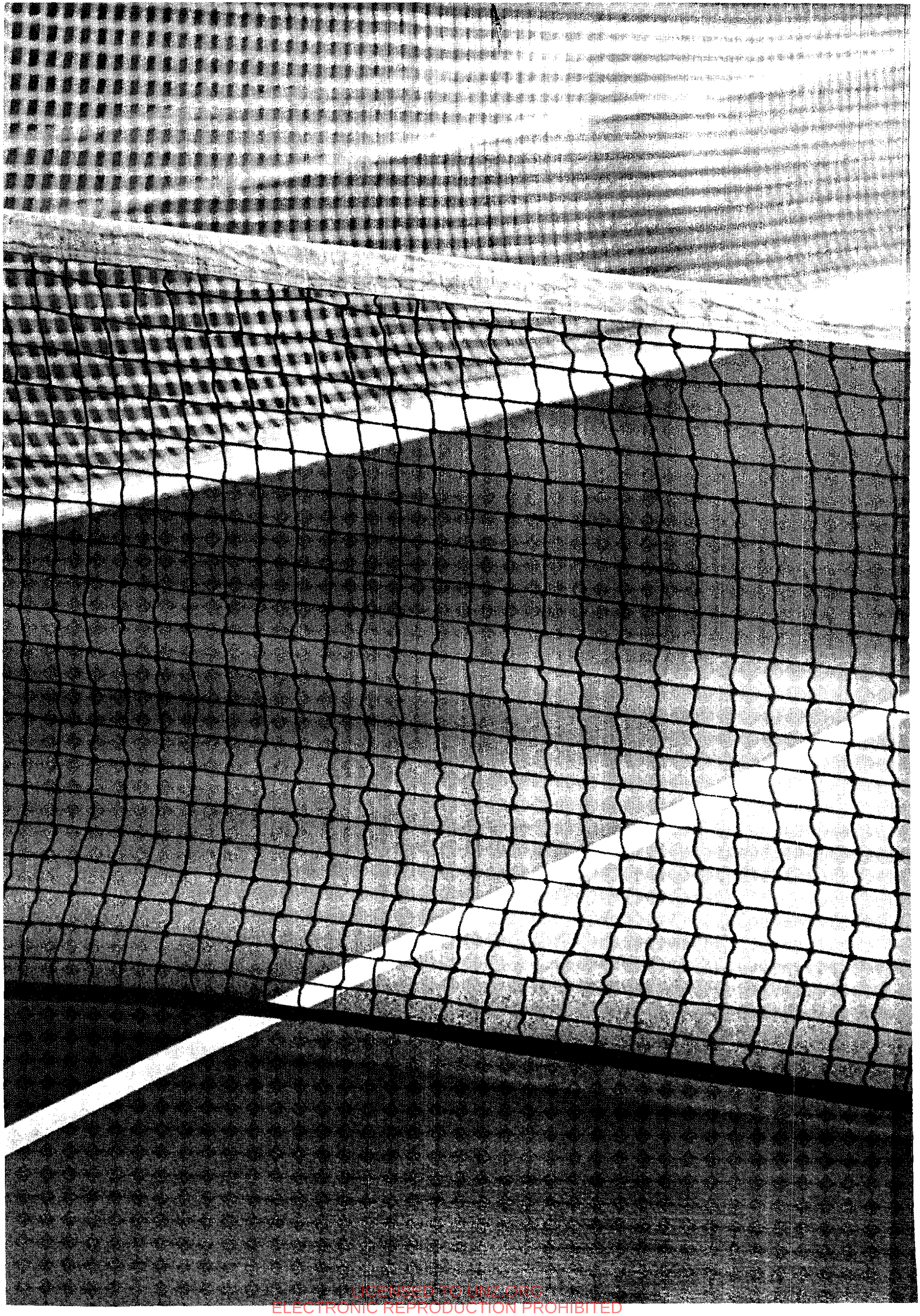

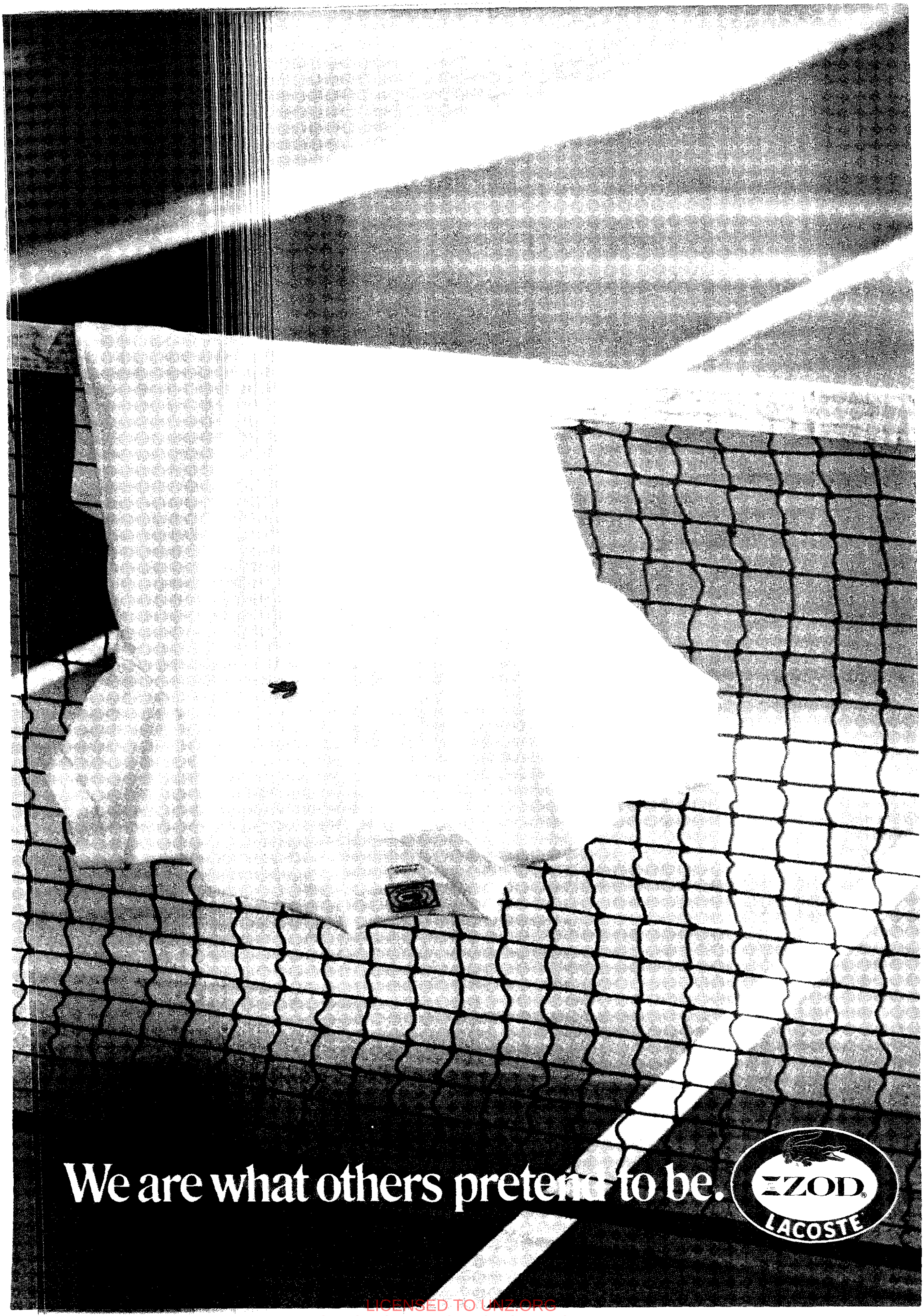
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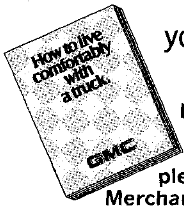

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Samir Saswat; Thursday through Sunday, Nov. 10-13, Tony Regusis; and Monday through Wednesday, Nov. 14-16, Esther Blue. Music nightly from eight-thirty until two.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Past the steam tables of piping-hot student food, beyond the pinball machines is a room full of mostly swing music. The **HARLEM BLUES AND JAZZ BAND** performs through Friday, Nov. 11; on Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 12-13, Shelbo's Jump Band will be onstage; and Monday and Tuesday, Nov. 14-15, will belong to guitarist **CHRIS FLORY.** Music from about nine.

Zinno, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A spacious, airy bar connected to a spacious, airy dining room by a spacious, airy passageway with tables and chairs and jazz musicians in it. Wednesday, Nov. 9, **JAMES WILLIAMS** and **GEORGE DUVIVIER;** Thursday through Saturday, Nov. 10-12, James Williams and **REGGIE JOHNSON;** and Monday through Saturday, Nov. 14-19, **NINA SHELDON** and **CECIL MC BEE.** Music from eight.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Sammy Davis, Jr., and **Bill Cosby**—Gershwin Theatre, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 9-10, at 8, and Friday and Saturday, Nov. 11-12, at 7:30 and 10:30.

Johnny Mathis—With Debbie Allen. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Wednesday, Nov. 9, and Friday and Saturday, Nov. 11-12, at 8.)

Fred Fried—CAMI Hall, 165 W. 57th St. Wednesday, Nov. 9, at 8. For information about tickets, call 757-3255.

Highlights in Jazz—Saxophonists Zoot Sims, Jimmy Heath, and Pepper Adams, and others. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Thursday, Nov. 10, at 8.)

Chris Anderson Trio—With Lodi Carr. (Jazz Cultural Theatre, Eighth Ave. between 28th and 29th Sts. 244-0997. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 11-12, at 10, 11:30, and 1.)

Stanley Clarke/George Duke Project—Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Friday, Nov. 11, at 8.

Andy Statman's Klezmer Orchestra—Alternative Museum, 17 White St., three blocks south of Canal St., at Sixth Ave. 966-4444. Saturday, Nov. 12, at 8, and Sunday, Nov. 13, at 3.

Garden Party Reunion—Rick Nelson, Chuck Berry, Bobby Rydell, the Shirelles, and others. (Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Saturday, Nov. 12, at 8.)

A Tribute to Lennie Tristano—With Sal Mosca, Warne Marsh and Liz Gorrill, and the Connie Crothers–Lenny Popkin quartet. (Third Street Music School Settlement, 235 E. 11th St. 777-3240. Saturday, Nov. 12, at 8.)

The Animals—Beacon Theatre. Saturday, Nov. 12, at 8.

David Bromberg—With Taj Mahal. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Saturday, Nov. 12, at 8.)

Henry Threadgill—Carnegie Recital Hall. 247-7459. Saturday, Nov. 12, at 8:30.

George Russell Big Band—Entermedia Theatre, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 777-6230. Saturday, Nov. 12, at 11.

Heavenly Jazz Concert Series—The second in a series of five concerts, this one performed by pianist Dave McKenna. (Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. Sunday, Nov. 13, at 5. For information about tickets, call 369-8040.)

Genesis—Madison Square Garden. Thursday and Friday, Nov. 17-18, at 8.

Joan Baez—Beacon Theatre. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 18-19, at 8.

Abdullah Ibrahim and **Sphere**—In a tribute to Thelonious Monk. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Friday, Nov. 18, at 8.)

Hubert Laws—With Bob James and the David Sanborn Group. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Nov. 19, at 8.)

Jane Ira Bloom & Mighty Lights—Soundscape, 500 W. 52nd St. 581-7032. Saturday, Nov. 19, at 9.

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Benefit Jazz Concert—Eddie Gomez, Jeremy Steig, Janet Lawson, the Abbey Lincoln quartet, and others performing on behalf of House the Homeless. (Synod Hall, Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 110th St. Friday, Nov. 18, at 8. For information about tickets, call 226-7802.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Robert Baribeau / Rosamond Berg—Recent abstract paintings. / Box constructions. Through Dec. 3. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St.)

Hannelore Baron—Assemblages. Through Dec. 3. (Schlesinger-Boisanté, 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St. Open Mondays.)

Stanley Boxer / Alfred H. Maurer (1868-1932)—Abstract marble sculptures. Through Nov. 30. / Close to seventy paintings by an American modernist. Through Dec. 30. (Salander-O'Reilly, 22 E. 80th St. Open Mondays.)

Paul Brach—Paintings. Through Saturday, Nov. 19. (Steinbaum, 903 Madison Ave., at 72nd St.)

Carlo Carrà (1881-1966)—A selection of small drawings that trace the career of this Italian Futurist. Through Saturday, Nov. 12. (Rachel Adler, 58 E. 79th St.)

Edwin Dickinson (1891-1978)—A retrospective of paintings and works on paper which includes several of his penetrating self-portraits. Through Nov. 30. (Hirschl & Adler Modern, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

Guy Pène du Bois (1884-1958) / **Carl Holty** (1900-73)—Paintings of the *haut monde* in the thirties and early forties but looking just as *haut* now as they did then. Through Dec. 3. / Works on paper, among them hard-edge abstractions in tempera and gouache. Through Nov. 23. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Elizabeth Egbert—A room-size geometric sculpture whose spiral form was constructed from slats of red oak. Through Nov. 26. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

Yun Gee (1906-63)—Paintings from the twenties and thirties which are linked stylistically with Synchromism. Through Dec. 10. (Vanderwoude Tananbaum, 24 E. 81st St.)

Philip Grausman—Stylized portrait heads in pewter, aluminum, and bronze. Through Nov. 23. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Michael Heizer—Seven new sculptures (five of them very big), and eight large-scale drawings in a variety of mediums. Through Nov. 26. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

David Hockney—Impressions of America in paintings and drawings from the sixties and seventies. Through Dec. 10. (Beadleston, 60 E. 91st St. Open Mondays.)

Paul Jenkins—Hard-edge abstractions in brilliant colors. Through Dec. 3. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Morton Kaish—Views from the artist's Manhattan studio, flower still-lifes, and other paintings. Through Dec. 3. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

Michael Mazur—Cape Cod's Wakeby Lake and environs seen in monotypes, drawings, and pastels. Through Nov. 30. (Mathes, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

Picasso (1881-1973)—Drawings in a range of mediums, including four in charcoal on canvas. From the collection of Marina Ruiz Picasso. Through Dec. 3. (Paul Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

Cornelis Ruhtenberg—Paintings of curiously stylized figures in settings that seem charged with mystery. Through Thursday, Nov. 17. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Antonio Segui—Paintings of Paris, with a caricature of the artist prominent in every one. Through Dec. 10. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

Nancy Spero—Paintings of couples, from the sixties, and recent drawings, frequently consisting of repeated images stamped on paper from a crude zinc plate. Through Thursday, Nov. 17. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

Group Shows—At the **CARUS,** 872 Madison Ave., at 71st St.: Watercolors, drawings, and prints by the original German Expressionists, such as Emil Nolde, Kirchner, and Pechstein. Through Dec. 17. . . . **COLNAGHI,** 26 E. 80th St.: Still-life and hunting paintings by European artists of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Through Nov. 30. (Open Mondays.) . . . **DAVIS & LANGDALE,** 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.: Drawings and watercolors by English artists John Constable, Thomas Rowlandson, and others. Through Nov. 30. . . . **ELKON,** 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Paintings and sculptures by some of this century's more formidable artists, among them Picasso, Miró, Balthus, and Giacometti. Through Nov. 23. . . . **HUTTON,** 33 E. 74th St.: Russian Suprematist works, many of which were hidden in a Leningrad apartment until the seventies: Twenty-five drawings by Malevich, porcelains by Nikolai Suetin, and ink drawings and porcelains by Ilya Chashnik. Through Dec. 30. (Open Mondays.) . . . **COE KERR,** 49 E. 82nd St.: Scenes of turn-of-the-century Venice in paintings, works on paper, and prints by a half-dozen Americans, among them Childe Hassam and Maurice Prendergast. Through Wednesday, Nov. 16. (Open Mondays.) . . . **NOORTMAN & BROD,** 1020 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Drawings and watercolors—primarily landscapes and figures—by eighteenth- and nineteenth-century English artists (Turner among them) and nineteenth-century French artists (Harpignies). Through Dec. 20. (Open Mondays.) . . . **SAIDENBERG,** 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: An early Feininger watercolor is included in a show of recently acquired works. Through Dec. 15. (Opens at 1 on Saturdays.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Ben Benn (1884-1983)—Paintings. Through Saturday, Nov. 12. (Hammer, 33 W. 57th St.)

Jake Berthot—Paintings and etchings. Through Dec. 8. (McKee, 41 E. 57th St.)

Elena Borstein—Paintings of the Aegean Coast. Through Dec. 3. (Markel, 50 W. 57th St.)

James Brooks—Recent paintings by an Abstract Expressionist. Through Saturday, Nov. 12. (Gruenebaum, 38 E. 57th St.)

George Constant (1892-1978)—Landscapes and figurative works. Through Saturday, Nov. 12. (Pearl, 38 E. 57th St.)

Brad Davis—Landscapes and riverscapes. Through Nov. 26. (Holly Solomon, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Stuart Davis (1894-1964)—Paintings dated 1913-19. Through Dec. 23. (Washburn, 42 E. 57th St.)

José de Rivera—Abstract stainless-steel and bronze sculptures with revolving bases. Through Dec. 1. (Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Martin Disler—Paintings, drawings, and etchings. Through Dec. 3. (Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Joellyn Duesberry—Landscapes, mostly of wetlands in Dutchess County and of Mount Desert in Maine. Through Nov. 30. (Tatistcheff, 50 W. 57th St.)

John Ferren (1905-70)—Paintings from the thirties and fifties by an abstract colorist. Through Saturday, Nov. 19. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

Barry Flanagan—Huge, frolicsome rabbits done in bronze and a life-size horse inspired by the San Marco originals are among the works by

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this British sculptor. Through Nov. 26. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Elisabeth Frink—Works by this British sculptor, including colossal bronzes of stern visages as impassive as the Easter Island monoliths. Through Jan. 5. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

William Hogarth (1697-1764)—A retrospective of prints. Through Dec. 30. (Donson, now located at 24 W. 57th St.)

Yvonne Jacquette / George Negroponte—Colored drawings of scenes observed from great heights—the Brooklyn Bridge at night, for instance. / Abstract paintings. Through Nov. 25. (Alexander, 20 W. 57th St.)

Christopher James—Watercolors and photographs. Through Nov. 26. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

Donald Judd—Early sculptures. Through Dec. 3. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

Terence LaNoue—Large, dense abstract paintings. Through Saturday, Nov. 19. (Siegel, 24 W. 57th St.)

Leo Manso—Collage paintings. Through Dec. 3. (Arras, 29 W. 57th St.)

Ben Frank Moss—Paintings and drawings, mostly of landscapes on the coast of Washington State. Through Saturday, Nov. 19. (Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Rodrigo Moynihan / Heinrich Kühn (1866-1944)—Studio still-lifes and self-portraits. / Photographs. Through Saturday, Nov. 19. (Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Richard Pousette-Dart—New, brilliantly colored abstractions. Through Nov. 26. (Marisa del Re, 41 E. 57th St.)

Tony Robbin / Richards Jarden—Geometric patterns painted on canvases to which corresponding designs in welded steel are added. / Collages and colored-wax reliefs by an artist who says that his work describes television. Through Nov. 30. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

Jason Schoener—Paintings of Greek ruins and fishing boats, Scottish hills, Swiss alps, and so on. Through Nov. 26. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Dee Shapiro—Richly colored, patterned watercolors. Through Friday, Nov. 18. (Zarre, 41 E. 57th St.)

Steven Singer—Large, droll, nicely simplified figures cut out of heavy steel plate. Through Nov. 26. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

Michael Steiner / Kenneth Noland—Openwork abstract bronzes. Through Nov. 26. / Painted monotypes. Starts Thursday, Nov. 10. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Andrew Tavarelli—Abstract paintings. Through Nov. 26. (Haber Theodore, in a new location at 24 W. 57th St.)

Ruth Vollmer (1903-82)—Sculptures in bronze, wood, plastic, and aluminum, reflecting her mathematical turn of mind. Through Saturday, Nov. 12. (Tilton, 24 W. 57th St.)

Tom Wesselmann—New entries in the woman-as-sex-object series in a two-gallery show of works on canvas and aluminum. Through Nov. 26. (Janis, 110 W. 57th St. Open Mondays. . . . ¶ Sander, 51 Greene St.)

James McNeill Whistler (1834-1903)—Forty etchings and drypoints of Venice in the eighteen-eighties. Through Nov. 30. (Wunderlich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **french,** 41 W. 57th St.: Cityscapes interpreted by seventeen realist painters, among them Matthew Daub (New York), Peter Poskas (Waterbury), and Linda Etcoff (Boston). Through Saturday, Nov. 19. (Open Mondays.) . . . **grand central art galleries,** 24 W. 57th St.: An exhibit documenting the connection between the idealized portraits of women by American artists active between 1880 and 1917 (John White Alexander, Edward August Bell) and the prints of Whistler and *Ukiyo-e* artists. Through Dec. 30. (Open Mondays.) . . . **heidenberg,** 50 W. 57th St.: Paintings and works on paper by Bonnard, Vuillard, Roussel, Pissarro, and Toulouse-Lautrec. Through Nov. 30. . . . **kennedy,** 40 W. 57th St.: The years 1770-1922 bracket this show of sixty paintings, largely landscapes and portraits, by such Americans as John Singleton Copley, Elihu Vedder, and William Merritt Chase. Through Dec. 30.

Sculpture—An eclectic grouping of twenty pieces—for instance, a Noguchi bronze, a Julio González head in iron, and an ancient Egyptian red-granite relief of Queen Hatshepsut. Through Nov. 25. (Herstand, a new gallery at 24 W. 57th St.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

Robert Beauchamp / Joseph Piccillo—Figurative Expressionist paintings. / Charcoal drawings of figures. Through Dec. 7. (Knowlton, 153 Mercer St.)

Ross Bleckner—New abstract paintings, predominantly black. Through Nov. 26. (Boone, 417 West Broadway.)

Mel Bochner—Large paintings of overlapping geometric forms on canvases shaped to accommodate them. Through Saturday, Nov. 12. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Jonathan Borofsky—New paintings and sculptures. Through Dec. 3. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

James Brown—Canvases crowded with intentionally crude figures. Through Nov. 26. (Shafrazi, 163 Mercer St.)

Chris Burden—Six installations. Through Saturday, Nov. 12. (Feldman, 31 Mercer St.)

Sari Dienes—Cigar-box constructions, assemblages, and wall sculptures, the latter a series called Magic Breastplates. Through Nov. 26. (A.I.R., 63 Crosby St.)

Laddie John Dill / Michael Lucero—New abstractions on canvas and paper. / Recent ceramic works: Freestanding heads and stacks of heads. Through Nov. 26. (Cowles, 420 West Broadway.)

Nancy Dwyer—Paintings and reliefs. Through Dec. 3. (Semaphore, 462 West Broadway.)

Audrey Flack—Two related exhibits by this Photo-Realist: Paintings and dye-transfer prints from the past three years at Meisel, 141 Prince St. (through Nov. 26), and paintings and drawings dated 1953-68 at Armstrong, a new gallery at 20 W. 57th St. (through Dec. 3).

Samia Halaby and Suzanne McClelland—Paintings and drawings. Through Nov. 26. (22 Wooster Gallery. Opens at noon.)

Jenny Holzer—Messages (broadly political) spelled out on big Times Square-style electronic signs, which dominate a show that also includes paintings and plaques. Through Dec. 1. (Gladstone, 152 Wooster St.)

Arata Isozaki—Drawings and prints by a Japanese architect; first one-man show in New York. Through Nov. 26. (Esman, 121 Spring St.)

Alain Kirili—Forged-iron sculptures, mostly slim upright shafts. Through Nov. 26. (Bonnier, 420 West Broadway.)

Fay Lansner—Large drawings. Through Saturday, Nov. 19. (Ingber, 460 West Broadway.)

Ju Ming—Sculptures. Through Saturday, Nov. 12. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.)

Mimmo Paladino—Large oil paintings that are filled with primitive Italian religious symbols and executed with apparent sincerity. There are also sculptures. Through Nov. 26. (Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St.)

Milo Reice—Large narrative paintings portraying Titania and Bottom, for instance, or Hamlet and poor Yorick's skull, or Orpheus and Eurydice. Through Nov. 26. (Toll, 146 Greene St.)

Beatrice Riese / Martin Schreiber—Pattern paintings organized on a grid. / Color-band paintings. Through Nov. 27. (Pleiades, 164 Mercer St. Open Sundays.)

Al Ross / David R. Huchthausen—Collages by a regular contributor to *The New Yorker.* / Glass sculptures. Through Nov. 27. (Heller, 71 Greene St. Closed Tuesdays; opens Sundays at noon.)

Lila Ryan—Abstract sculptures in wood, metal, and stone. Through Nov. 26. (14 Sculptors, 164 Mercer St. Open Sundays.)

Judith Shahn—Recent paintings, drawings, and silk screens by an artist whose work frequently appears in this magazine. Through Nov. 27. (Morningstar, 164 Mercer St. Tuesdays through Fridays, 3 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, noon to 6.)

Robert Smithson (1938-73)—Twenty-five drawings. Through Nov. 30. (Weber, 142 Greene St.)

James Wolfe—A two-gallery exhibit of abstract steel sculptures. (112 Greene Street. Through Thursday, Nov. 17. . . . ¶ With paper works added at Stephen Rosenberg, 115 Wooster St. Through Dec. 10. Opens at 1.)

British Art: New Directions—Fifty or so contemporary artists showing their paintings, sculptures, prints, and crafts. Through Thursday, Nov. 17. (Puck Building, 295 Lafayette St. Open daily.)

The New Museum, 583 Broadway, between Houston and Prince Sts.: Sixty-eight artists are represented by paintings, sculptures, installations, photographs, and video. William Wiley, Lynda Benglis, William Wegman, Nancy Arlen, and Brice Marden, among others. Through Nov. 27. Except on Wednesdays after 5, admission is $2.50. (Wednesdays, noon to 8; Thursdays and Fridays, noon to 6; Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Group Shows—At the **castelli,** 420 West Broadway: Drawings and models of architectural follies, ranging from pleasure domes to private prisons, by nineteen architects, among them Michael Graves, Arata Isozaki, and Frank Gehry. Through Saturday, Nov. 19. . . . **nosei,** 100 Prince St.: Sculptures by David Deutsch, Neil Jenney, and Keith Sonnier, and paintings by Robert Mangold. Through Nov. 29.

OTHER GALLERIES

Alfredo Castañeda—Paintings by a Mexican artist with his own brand of surrealism and his own earthy wit. First one-man show in New York. Through Friday, Nov. 18. (Martin, 213 E. 49th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Jane Dickson—The lowlife scene on Eighth Avenue in the low Forties, depicted in oil-stick on black-painted canvas by a young woman who lives in the neighborhood. Through Dec. 10. (Delahunty, 291 Church St., two blocks below Canal St.)

Heidi Glück—Long, narrow, precise Minimalist drawings designed expressly for the walls they occupy and painted directly on them. Through Saturday, Nov. 12. (Art Galaxy, 262 Mott St., just south of Houston St.)

Shigeko Kubota—Video works, including one inspired by Duchamp's "Bicycle Wheel," and drawings. Through Nov. 26. (White Columns, 325 Spring St., at Greenwich St. Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 7; Saturdays and Sundays, noon to 6.)

Alfred Leslie—Dramatic landscapes done with varying shades of black watercolor on white paper; they evolved from quick sketches made along the highways between California and New England. Through Dec. 3. (Oil & Steel, 157 Chambers St.)

Alex McFarlane—Carved-graphite sculptures and reliefs with architectural implications. Through Nov. 26. (Bouckaert, 100 Hudson St.)

George Peck—Richly colored abstract paintings, many of which seem to have a whirling motion. Through Nov. 26. (Stoler, 13 White St.)

Jane Sargeant—Recent oils and drawings. Through Saturday, Nov. 12. (Ashby, 18 Cornelia St., near Sixth Ave. and West Fourth St.)

Joseph Stella (1877-1946)—More than thirty-five works on paper, representing the full range of his styles. Through Saturday, Nov. 19. (Visual Arts Museum, 209 E. 23rd

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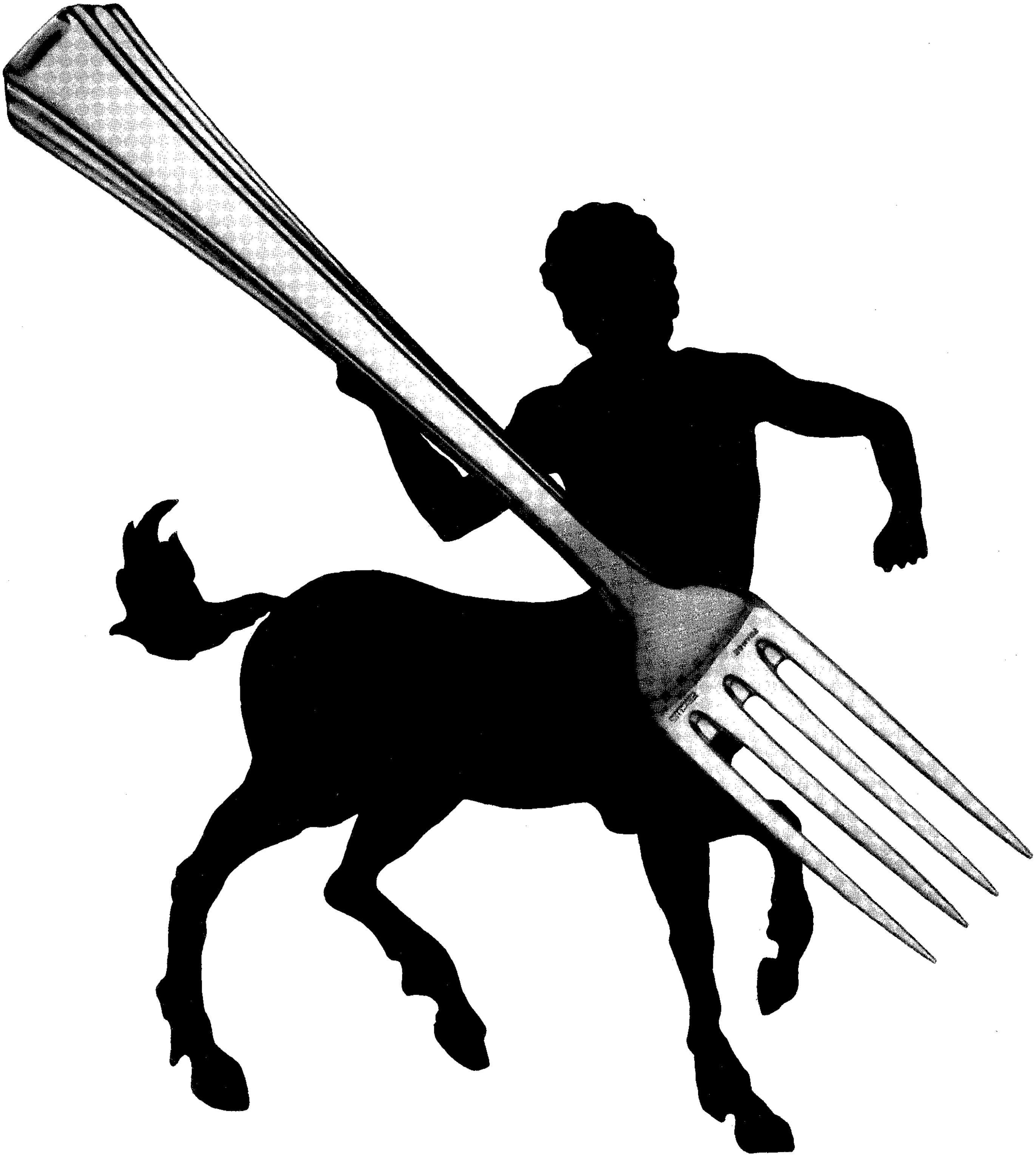

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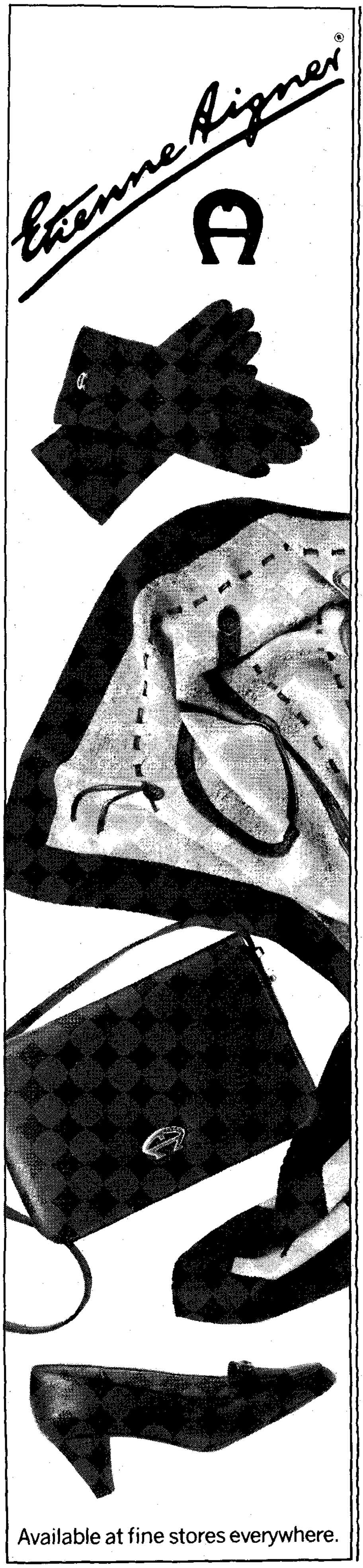


GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

St. Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 9; Fridays, 11 to 4:30; Saturdays, 9 to 4.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Allan Chasanoff—Photographs of still-life compositions, which were altered by painted-in trompe-l'oeil effects. Through Nov. 25. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Roland Freeman—More than a hundred prints of contemporary blacks by a photojournalist. Through Jan. 8. (Studio Museum in Harlem, 144 W. 125th St. Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 9; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Les Friedlander / Paul Strand (1890-1976)—Portraits from the past three decades. / Platinum prints of Mexico and New Mexico in the thirties. Through Saturday, Nov. 12. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Michael Halsband—Photographs of the Rolling Stones on tour. Through Nov. 30. (Alex Rosenberg, 20 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

N. Jay Jaffe / Bob Willoughby—Black-and-white photographs. / Portraits of celebrities, generally taken on movie sets. Through Nov. 26. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

André Kertész—Distortion photographs taken by the artist fifty years ago for the French magazine *Le Sourire*. Through Dec. 17. (Pace-MacGill, a new gallery at 11 E. 57th St.)

Grace Knowlton—Platinum prints that present further refinements of her subject—corners. Through Dec. 10. (Harder, 37 W. 57th St.)

Eliot Porter—Photographs of China. Through Dec. 3. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Richard Prince—A dozen photographs of magazine and newspaper ads for a cigarette brand. Through Saturday, Nov. 19. (Baskerville & Watson, 24 W. 57th St.)

Cindy Sherman—New photographic works. Through Nov. 26. (Metro Pictures, 150 Greene St.)

Shonna Valeska—Photographic portraits of ballerinas who worked with Balanchine. Through Nov. 26. (Iolas-Jackson, 52 E. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **light**, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Color photographs taken during the forties for the Farm Security Administration by Marion Post Wolcott, Russell Lee, Jack Delano, and John Vachon; lost for more than thirty years, the original transparencies were used to produce these dye-transfer prints. Through Nov. 26. . . . **marlborough**, 40 W. 57th St.: Surrealist photographs by seven contemporary artists, including Mac Adams, Sarah Charlesworth, and Laurie Simmons. Through Nov. 29. (Open Mondays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The Édouard Manet retrospective. Through Nov. 27. . . . ¶ A retrospective of the paintings and works on paper of J. Alden Weir, a late-nineteenth-century painter and exponent of Impressionism. Through Jan. 8. . . . ¶ Twentieth-century paintings from the collection of Baron Thyssen-Bornemisza; among the seventy-five works are ten newly acquired ones, including an O'Keeffe and a Mondrian. Through Nov. 27. . . . ¶ A show devoted to Erastus Dow Palmer (1817-1904), the American neoclassical sculptor who made his reputation with the marble "White Captive," one of twenty-five pieces on view. Through Jan. 8. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays and Veterans Day, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 18 W. 54th St.—A hundred drawings that are eminent examples of all the major artistic movements from Post-Impressionism to the abstract figurative styles of the fifties and of the museum's collection as well. Seurat, Ernst, Dali, Pollock, Diebenkorn, others. Through Jan. 3. . . . **photography:** Frank Gohlke's prints showing the region affected by the eruption of Mt. St. Helens. Through Nov. 29. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A show of paintings, drawings, sculptures, and photographs by eleven artists from around the country who have been chosen to represent "New Perspectives in American Art." Through Nov. 27. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—The Morris Graves retrospective contains more than a hundred paintings, sculptures, and drawings done from 1935 to the present. Through Nov. 27. . . . ¶ "The Sculptor as Draftsman," a show of about forty twentieth-century drawings by nearly as many artists, including Elie Nadelman, Isamu Noguchi, and H. C. Westermann. Through Sunday, Nov. 13. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A show of prints from the past two years by American artists Robert Longo, Laurie Anderson, Helen Frankenthaler, and many others. Through Jan. 22. . . . ¶ Prints by Dürer from the museum's collection. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5; Veterans Day, 1 to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A group of ornamental silver objects (many of them overlaid with a thin coat of gold) created by European goldsmiths during the Renaissance and after. From the Schroder Collection of Great Britain. Through Jan. 22. . . . ¶ "Frank Lloyd Wright and the Prairie School," an exhibit examining the evolution of that style, as well as the results of Wright's collaborations with artists and other architects in designing, furnishing, and embellishing such structures as the Robie house, Midway Gardens, and the Imperial Hotel. Drawings, photographs, sculptures, furniture, decorative glass, and silverware. Through Dec. 31. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—An exhibit called "The History of the Jews in Denmark 1622-1983" coincides with the fortieth anniversary of the rescue of Danish Jews from the Nazis, and takes in documents from that time as well as paintings and ceremonial objects from the Hebraica Collection of the Royal Library, in Copenhagen. . . . ¶ Large-scale charcoal and pastel drawings of Jerusalem by Anna Ticho. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 8; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

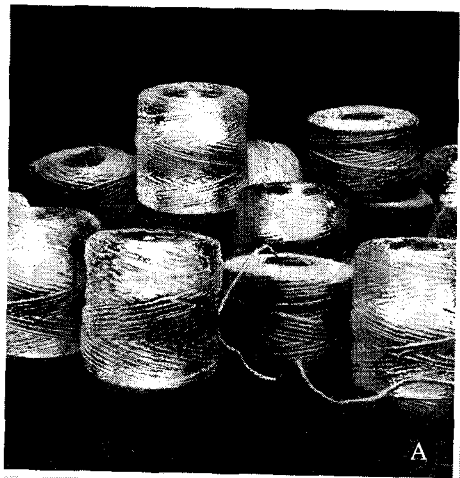
Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A show of fifty drawings (dating from the fourteenth century to the eighteenth) by Italian masters, among them Canaletto, Piranesi, and Titian. Through Sunday, Nov. 13. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—An exhibition of paintings of New York City by two dozen contemporary artists, among them Rackstraw Downes, Yan Hsia, Philip Sherrod, and Anna Goth Werner. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Veterans Day, 1 to 5.)

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Seventy-two portraits of artist-members provide a survey of the academy's collection and, by extension, of portrait styles since 1826. Asher Durand, Thomas Eakins, Andrew Wyeth, and others. Through Dec. 31. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—A display of books, maps, manuscripts, and newspapers given to the society by its founder, John Pintard, a nineteenth-century bibliophile. Of particular note is a copy of the first printed map of New York City. Through Jan. 29. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—A Berg Collection exhibit, arranged chronologically, of more than forty poems in their original manuscript forms, including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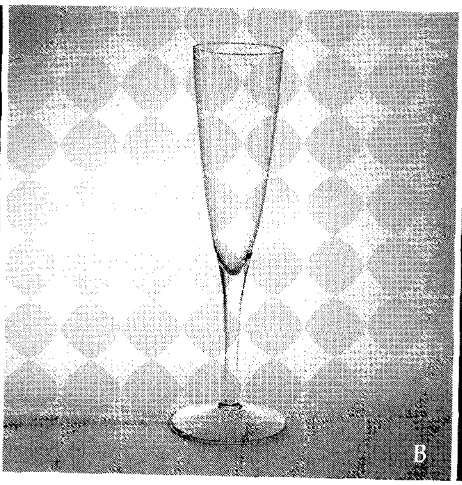
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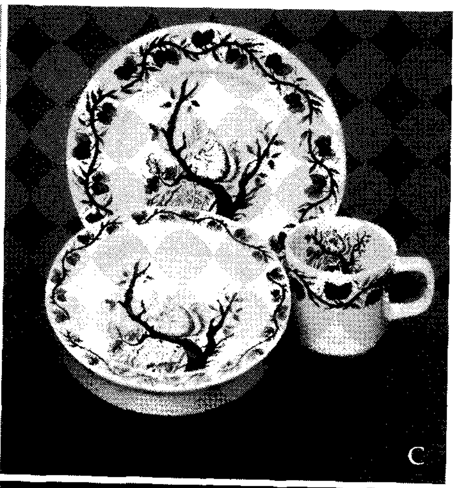
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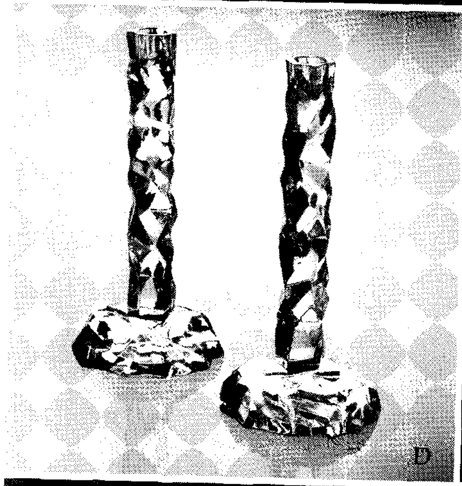
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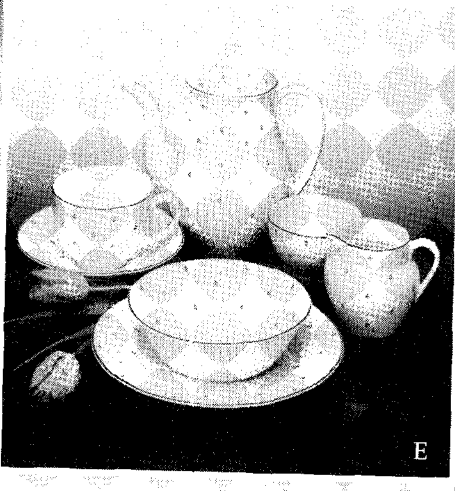
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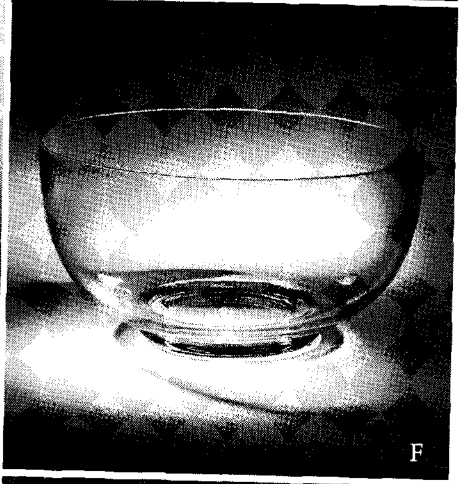
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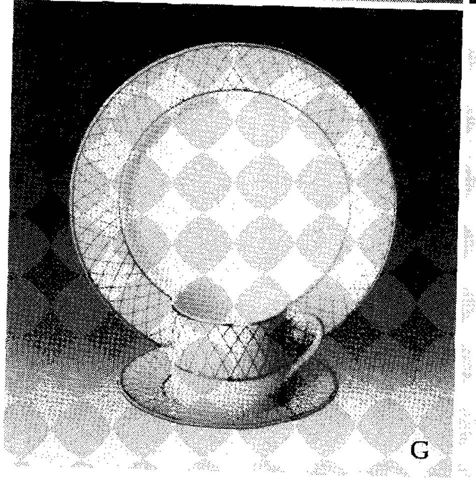
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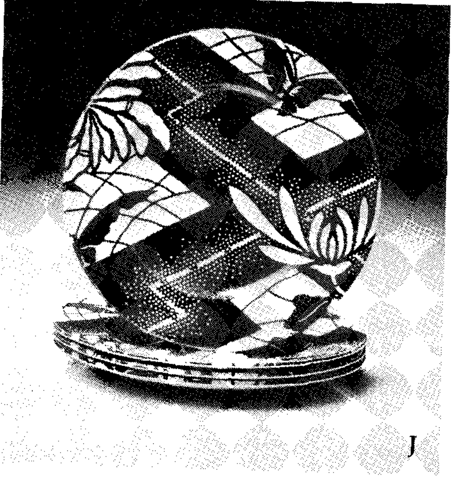
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T. S. Eliot's "The Waste Land" (with corrections by Ezra Pound) and other classics, by Byron, Whitman, and Samuel Francis Smith (you should know this one by heart). (Open daily, except Sundays, Thursdays, and Veterans Day, 10 to 6.)

New York Public Library at Lincoln Center—An exhibit fêting the Metropolitan Opera in its hundredth year. Among the close to a thousand items (primarily from the Met's own collections) are thirty-five costumes (such as Caruso's from "Pagliacci"), pieces of scenery, props, letters, contracts, and sketches. (Open daily except Sundays and Veterans Day. Hours: Mondays and Thursdays, 10 to 8; Tuesdays, 10 to 6; Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, noon to 6.)

EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but music, video, dance, and so on.)

Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.—Layne Redmond and Glen Velez (performance), Thursday, Nov. 10, at 8:30; Yvonne Meier (dance and performance), Thursday, Nov. 17, at 8:30. . . . ¶ A show of videotapes, photographs, and books by Peter D'Agostino. Through Nov. 26. . . . ¶ A two-part exhibit of books illustrated by Cubists and of Cubist prints, plus related materials. Through Dec. 3. (The books are here; the prints are on view at Aldis Browne, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

The Kitchen, 59 Wooster St. 925-3615.—Max Roach, Fab 5 Freddy, DJ Spy, and others (music), Friday and Saturday, Nov. 11-12, at 8:30; Paul Howard-Proveaux (music), Wednesday, Nov. 16, at 8:30; a screening of Robert Ashley's television film "Perfect Lives," Saturday, Nov. 19, at 8:30.

P. S. I, 46-01 21st St., Long Island City. Exhibition hours: Thursdays through Sundays, noon to 6.—The paintings and sculptures of five of Germany's Neo-Expressionists—Georg Baselitz, Jörg Immendorff, Anselm Kiefer, Markus Lüpertz, and A. R. Penck—occupy the main galleries. Through Nov. 20.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 362-6000; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7459; for Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 570-3949; for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410; and for Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday evening, Nov. 9: "Peter Grimes," with Elisabeth Söderström, Lili Chookasian, Jon Vickers, and Thomas Stewart; conducted by John Pritchard. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Nov. 10: "Don Giovanni," with Edda Moser, Carol Neblett, James Morris, and Paul Plishka; Jeffrey Tate. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 11: "La Traviata," with Kiri Te Kanawa, Nicolai Gedda, and Cornell MacNeil; John Pritchard. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Nov. 12: "La Bohème," with Catherine Malfitano, Myra Merritt, Neil Shicoff, and Brent Ellis; Eugene Kohn. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 12: "Peter Grimes," with Johanna Meier, Lili Chookasian, Richard Cassilly, and Peter Glossop; John Pritchard. . . . ¶ Monday evening, Nov. 14: "La Traviata," with Kiri Te Kanawa, Dano Raffanti, and Cornell MacNeil; John Pritchard. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Nov. 15: "Peter Grimes," with Elisabeth Söderström, Geraldine Decker, Jon Vickers, and Thomas Stewart; John Pritchard. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Nov. 16: "Don Giovanni," with Edda Moser, Carol Neblett, James Morris, and Paul Plishka; Jeffrey Tate. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Nov. 17: "La Traviata," with Kiri Te Kanawa, Dano Raffanti, and Cornell MacNeil; John Pritchard. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 18: A new production of Verdi's "Ernani," with Leona Mitchell, Luciano Pavarotti, Sherrill Milnes, and Ruggero Raimondi; James Levine. (A benefit performance.) . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Nov. 19: "Peter Grimes," with Elisabeth Söderström, Geraldine Decker, Jon Vickers, and Thomas Stewart; John Pritchard. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 19: "Don Giovanni," with Edda Moser, Carol Neblett, James Morris, and Paul Plishka; Jeffrey Tate. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

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New York City Opera—Final performances of the season—Wednesday evening, Nov. 9: "The Cunning Little Vixen," with Gianna Rolandi, Nadia Pelle, and Richard Cross; conducted by Scott Bergeson. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Nov. 10: "The Merry Widow," with Karen Huffstodt, Susanne Marsee, Alan Kays, and John Reardon; Eric Knight. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 11: "Les Pêcheurs de Perles," with Pamela Myers, Jon Garrison, Marcel Vanaud, and Gregory Stapp; Scott Bergeson. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Nov. 12: "Carmen," with Janice Meyerson, Karen Huffstodt, Jon Fredric West, and Alfred Anderson; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 12: "The Merry Widow," with Leigh Munro, Susanne Marsee, Alan Kays, and John Reardon; Eric Knight. . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Nov. 13: "Madame Butterfly," with Catherine Lamy, Judith Christin, Robert Grayson, and Marcel Vanaud; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Nov. 13: "The Merry Widow," with Leigh Munro, Susanne Marsee, Alan Kays, and John Reardon; Eric Knight. (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Wednesday through Saturday at 8, and Sunday at 7. Matinées Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 1.)

Opera Ensemble of New York—Ruth Bierhoff conducting performances of two one-act operas based on stories by Anton Chekhov: "The Scarf," by Lee Hoiby, and "The Boor," by Dominick Argento. Staged by John J. D. Sheehan. (Lillie Blake School Theatre, 45 E. 81st St. Wednesdays, Nov. 9 and 16, and Fridays, Nov. 11 and 18, at 8, and Sundays, Nov. 13 and 20, at 3. For information about tickets, call 288-1485.)

Amato Opera Company—Verdi's "Aida." (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. 228-8200. Saturday, Nov. 12, at 7:30; Sunday, Nov. 13, at 2:30; and Friday and Saturday, Nov. 18-19, at 7:30.)

Manhattan School of Music Opera Workshop—Scenes from "Don Giovanni," "Faust," "L'Elisir d'Amore," and other operas, conducted by David Gilbert and John Miner and staged by Lou Galterio. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Thursday, Nov. 10, and Saturday, Nov. 12, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Klaus Tennstedt conducting—Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 9-10, at 8; Friday, Nov. 11, at 2; Saturday, Nov. 12, at 8; and Tuesday, Nov. 15, at 7:30: A Mozart-Bruckner program, with Bruno Leonardo Gelber, piano. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 17, at 8 (a nonsubscription performance); Friday and Saturday, Nov. 18-19, at 8; and Tuesday, Nov. 22, at 7:30: An all-Richard Strauss program, with Philip Myers, horn.

English Chamber Orchestra—Charles Mackerras conducting, with Gidon Kremer, violin. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Nov. 10, at 8.)

Warsaw Philharmonic Orchestra—Kazimierz Kord conducting, with Claudio Arrau, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 16, at 8.)

Brooklyn Philharmonic—Lukas Foss conducting the first in a "Meet the Moderns" series of four concerts, this one devoted to music by American composers, including Elliott Carter and John Cage. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Thursday, Nov. 10, at 8. . . . ¶ Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Friday, Nov. 11, at 8. For information about tickets, call 254-6300, Ext. 205.)

Y Chamber Symphony—Gerard Schwarz conducting, with Alexis Weissenberg, piano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Friday, Nov. 11, at 8. . . . ¶ Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, Nov. 12, at 8, and Sunday, Nov. 13, at 3.)

American Symphony Orchestra—Giuseppe Patanè conducting an all-Tchaikovsky program, with Shura Cherkassky, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Nov. 13, at 3.)

Manhattan Symphony—David Gilbert conducting. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave. at 122nd St. Tuesday, Nov. 15, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

American Chamber Orchestra—Charles Barker conducting a program of baroque music. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. 935-2200. Friday, Nov. 18, at 8.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting, with Daniel Varsano, piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, Nov. 19, at 8.)

Camerata Singers—George Hernandez directing. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Nov. 13, at 7:30.)

Florilegium Chamber Choir and Orchestra—JoAnn Rice directing a program of twentieth-century choral music. (Gustavas Adolphus Lutheran Church, 155 E. 22nd St. Sunday, Nov. 13, at 8. For information about tickets, call 674-0739 Wednesday through Friday.)

Gregg Smith Singers—Gregg Smith directing the first in a series of four concerts devoted to Renaissance and twentieth-century music. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Saturday, Nov. 19, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call 865-7035.)

RECITALS

New Sounds from Vienna—Peter Keuschnig conducting the Ensemble Kontrapunkte in four concerts of contemporary Austrian chamber music. With Heinz Karl Gruber as vocalist and narrator. (Hubbard Recital Hall, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Wednesday, Nov. 9, at 3 and 8:30, and Thursday, Nov. 10, at 4 and 8:30. Tickets at the door on the days of the concerts.)

Nathan Milstein—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 9, at 8.)

Paul Neubauer—Viola. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 9, at 8.)

Julianne Baird and Colin Tilney—Soprano and harpsichord. (Mannes College of Music, 157 E. 74th St. 737-0700. Wednesday, Nov. 9, at 8.)

Gotham Chamber Players—Edgard Feder conducting, with Stephen Kates, cello; Judith Alstadter and James Gemmell, piano; and Robert Sherman, narrator. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, Nov. 9, at 8.)

Richard Goode—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Thursday, Nov. 10, at 8.)

Jaap Schröder and Elaine Thornburgh—Baroque violin and harpsichord. (Mannes College of Music, 157 E. 74th St. 737-0700. Thursday, Nov. 10, at 8.)

New York Renaissance Band—A program of music from the courts of the sixteenth-century Hapsburg Empire. (St. Michael's Church Recital Hall, 225 W. 99th St. Thursday, Nov. 10, at 8. For information about tickets, call 222-2700. . . . ¶ Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Nov. 12, at 8.)

League-ISCM—The first in a series of five concerts of contemporary music, this one performed by the Atlantic Quartet, with assisting artists. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Nov. 10, at 8.)

Wanda Wilkomirska—Violin, in a benefit recital. (Washington Irving High School, Irving

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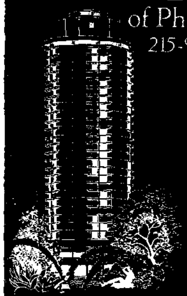

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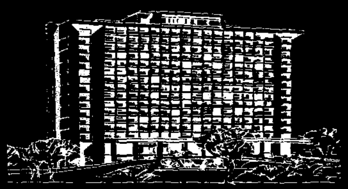

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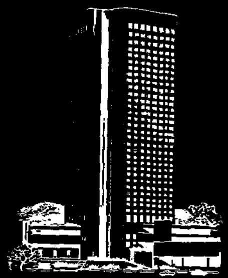

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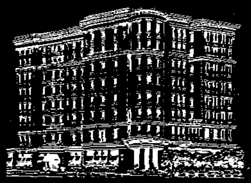

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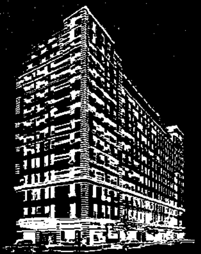

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Pl. at 16th St. Friday, Nov. 11, at 7:30. For tickets, call 989-0909.)

Orlando Quartet—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday, Nov. 11, at 8.)

Beethoven Chamber Series—The second in a series of five concerts, this one featuring Leonard Rose, cello; Claude Frank, piano; the Raphael Trio; and the Emerson String Quartet. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Friday, Nov. 11, at 8.)

Jesús-María Sanromá—Piano. (Synod Hall, Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 110th St. Saturday, Nov. 12, at 7:30. For tickets, call 662-2133.)

Waverly Consort—The first in a series of three concerts, this one devoted to Renaissance music from the royal courts of Europe. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, Nov. 12, at 8.) . . . ¶ The first in a series of four concerts, this one an all-Rameau program, honoring the three-hundredth anniversary of his birth. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Nov. 17, at 8, and a repeat performance on Saturday, Nov. 19, at 8.)

St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble—A program of music for wind and string instruments. (St. Joseph's Church, 371 Sixth Ave. Saturday, Nov. 12, at 8. For tickets, call 226-1115.)

Calliope: A Renaissance Band—A program featuring Peter Schickele's "Bestiary," a musical theatre piece for Renaissance instruments. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, Nov. 12, at 8.)

An die Musik—Chamber music. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Sunday, Nov. 13, at 4.)

Laurentian String Quartet—Chamber music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, Nov. 13, at 5:30.)

Aston Magna—Chamber music. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Sunday, Nov. 13, at 8.)

Music from Marlboro—The first in a series of three concerts, this one performed by Yuzuko Horigome and Todd Phillips, violin; Steven Tenenbom, viola; and Judith Serkin and Peter Wiley, cello. (Alice Tully Hall, Monday, Nov. 14, at 8. . . . ¶ *Same program;* Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Thursday, Nov. 17, at 8.)

On Original Instruments—With Judith Nelson, soprano; Anner Bylsma, baroque cello; and Malcolm Bilson, fortepiano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Monday, Nov. 14, at 8.)

Chamber Music at the Y—A Haydn-Bartók-Dvořák program, performed by Jaime Laredo, violin; Sharon Robinson, cello; and the Tokyo String Quartet. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Tuesday and Wednesday, Nov. 15-16, at 8.)

Gregory Fulkerson—Violin. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 15, at 8.)

Emily Corbató—Piano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Tuesday, Nov. 15, at 8.)

Deller Consort—A program of sixteenth-century English and Italian court music. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, Nov. 16, at 8.)

Ani Kavafian and Ida Kavafian—A program of music mostly for two violins. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Nov. 17, at 8.)

Dorian Wind Quintet—Chamber music. (Mannes College of Music, 157 E. 74th St. Thursday, Nov. 17, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

New York New Music Ensemble—With Jerry Grossman, cello, and Mineko Yajima, violin/viola. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Nov. 17, at 8.)

Louis Bagger—Harpsichord. (Hubbard Recital Hall, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave. at 122nd St. Friday, Nov. 18, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Mozartean Players—The first in a series of three concerts. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday, Nov. 18, at 8.)

Judith Mendenhall—Flute. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, Nov. 19, at 2:30.)

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New York Philomusica—With Abbey Simon, piano, in an all-Beethoven program for wind instruments. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Nov. 19, at 3.)

Alexander Schneider, Laurence Lesser, and Lee Luvisi—Violin, cello, and piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Nov. 19, at 8. For tickets call 586-4680.)

Amati String Quartet—Chamber music. (*Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House.* Saturday, Nov. 19, at 8.)

MISCELLANY

Next Wave Festival—The third in a series of four productions at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, which combine music, theatre, and visual effects: **THE GOSPEL AT COLONUS**, performed by Morgan Freeman, the Institutional Radio Choir, the J. D. Steele Singers, and others. (30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Wednesday, Nov. 9, at 8; Thursday, Nov. 10, at 7; Friday and Saturday, Nov. 11-12, at 8; Sunday, Nov. 13, at 2 and 7; Tuesday through Saturday, Nov. 15-19, at 8; and Sunday, Nov. 20, at 2 and 7.)

Wall-to-Wall Baroque—A free twelve-hour marathon with, among others, Paula Robison, flute; Ani Kavafian, violin; Lilian Kallir, piano; the Concert Royal, and the New Amsterdam Singers. Amateur instrumentalists will be invited to participate in the grand finale, an open reading of Handel's Music for the Royal Fireworks and his Water Music, conducted by Kenneth Cooper, at 9. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Saturday, Nov. 19, from 11 to 11.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN** (all games at 7:35): Knicks vs. San Diego, Friday, Nov. 11. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Indiana, Tuesday, Nov. 15. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Detroit, Saturday, Nov. 19. . . . **BYRNE MEADOWLANDS ARENA** (1-201 935-8888): Nets vs. Washington, Wednesday, Nov. 9, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Milwaukee, Friday, Nov. 11, at 7:35.

College Football—**SATURDAY, NOV. 12:** Cornell vs. Columbia, at Ithaca, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Dartmouth vs. Brown, at Hanover, at 1. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Pennsylvania, at Cambridge, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Yale, at Princeton, at 1. . . . ¶ Syracuse vs. Boston College, at Syracuse, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Trinity vs. Wesleyan, at Hartford, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Williams vs. Amherst, at Williamstown, at 1:30. . . . **SATURDAY, NOV. 19:** Boston College vs. Holy Cross, at Harvard Stadium, at 1. . . . ¶ Brown vs. Columbia, at Providence, at 1. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Dartmouth, at Philadelphia, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Cornell, at Princeton, at 1. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. Temple, at Piscataway, at 1. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Harvard, at New Haven, at 1.

Professional Football—Sunday, Nov. 13: Jets vs. Buffalo Bills, at Shea Stadium, at 1. . . . ¶ Giants vs. Washington Redskins, at Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands, at 4.

Hockey—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN** (all games at 7:35): Rangers vs. Calgary Flames, Wednesday, Nov. 9. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Detroit Red Wings, Sunday, Nov. 13. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Washington Capitals, Wednesday, Nov. 16. . . . **NASSAU COLISEUM:** Islanders vs. Pittsburgh Penguins, Saturday, Nov. 12, at 7:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Hartford Whalers, Tuesday, Nov. 15, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Washington Capitals, Saturday, Nov. 19, at 7:05. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 1-516 794-9100.) . . . **BYRNE MEADOWLANDS ARENA** (*1-201 935-3900*): Devils vs. Calgary Flames, Saturday, Nov. 12, at 1:35.

MAURICE FREED

Racing—At **AQUEDUCT:** Mondays and Wednesdays, except Nov. 9, through Saturdays at 12:30, and Sundays at 1:05. The General Douglas MacArthur Handicap, Friday, Nov. 11; the Remsen, Saturday, Nov. 12; and the Ladies Handicap, Saturday, Nov. 19. . . . **MEADOWLANDS:** Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Dec. 31. The Long Look, Thursday, Nov. 10, and the Meadowlands Cup, Thursday, Nov. 17. . . . **LAUREL,** Md.: Weekdays at 12:30; through Friday, Dec. 9. The Washington, D.C., International, Saturday, Nov. 12.

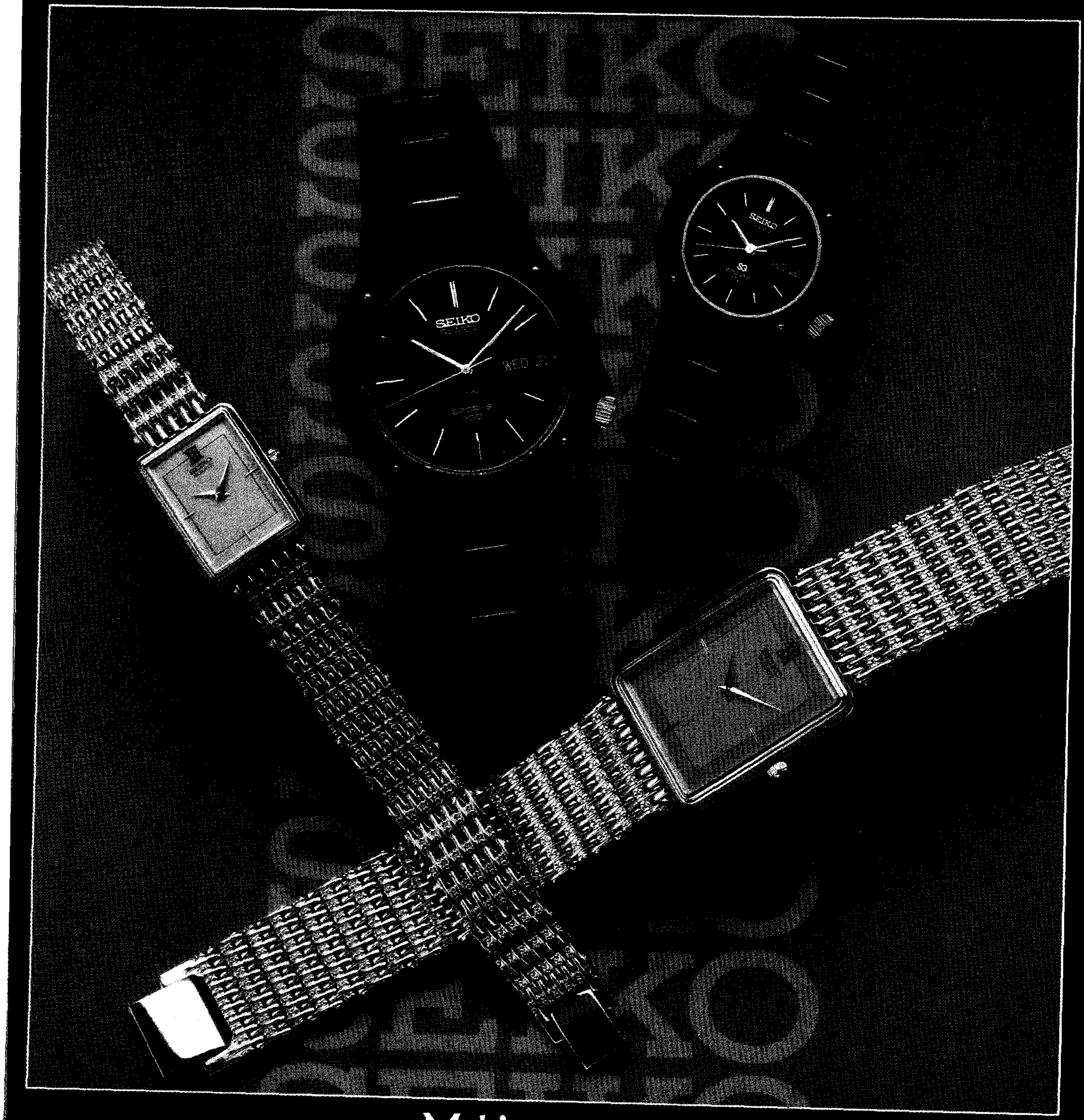
Squash Racquets—Chivas Regal Open—Women's quarterfinals, Saturday, Nov. 19, at 10 and noon. . . . ¶ Men's quarterfinals, Saturday, Nov. 19, at 2 and 4:30. . . . ¶ Women's semifinals, Sunday, Nov. 20, at 10 A.M. . . . ¶ Men's semifinals, Sunday, Nov. 20, at noon. . . . ¶ Women's finals, Sunday, Nov. 20, at 3. . . . ¶ Men's finals, Sunday, Nov. 20, at 6. (Uptown Racquet Club, 151 E. 86th St. For information about tickets, call 860-8630.)

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weeknights at 8.

ET ALIA

Flower Shows—The annual Chrysanthemum Show in the Conservatory of the Brooklyn Botanic Garden. (1000 Washington Ave. Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 4; Saturdays, Sundays, and Veterans Day, 11 to 4. Through Nov. 27.) . . . ¶ An exhibition of Japanese chrysanthemums in the Enid A. Haupt Conservatory at the New York Botanical Garden. Opens Friday, Nov. 11. (Bronx Park. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 10 to 7.)

Auctions—At the **NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY AT LINCOLN CENTER,** 111 Amsterdam Ave., at 65th St. Sunday, Nov. 13, at 1: A benefit auction of theatre, dance, and movie memorabilia. For information about written bids and admission, call 870-1670. Exhibition Saturday, Nov. 12, from 11 to 5. . . . **SOTHEBY'S,** York Ave. at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 9:30 to 5; Sunday, Nov. 13, from 1 to 5.) Wednesday, Nov. 9, at 11 and 2: Photographs. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 9, at 7, and Thursday, Nov. 10, at 10:15: Contemporary paintings, drawings, and sculptures; from the estate of Robert Elkon and from other sources. Admission to the evening sale by ticket only; for information, call 794-3098. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 12, at 2: French and other Continental furniture and decorations. . . . ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday, Nov. 15-16, at 10:15 and 2: European and American prints, together with contemporary prints. Exhibition starts Friday, Nov. 11. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 16, at 7: Impressionist and modern paintings and sculptures. Admission by ticket only; for information, call 794-3098. Exhibition starts Thursday, Nov. 10. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 17, at 10:15: Impressionist and modern drawings and watercolors. Exhibition starts Thursday, Nov. 10. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 17, at 2: Impressionist and modern paintings and sculptures. Exhibition starts Thursday, Nov. 10. . . . **CHRISTIE'S,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Wednesday, Nov. 9, at 3: Contemporary art, from the estate of Betty Parsons. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 15, at 7: Impressionist and modern paintings and sculptures, from the collection of Paul Mellon. . . . Tuesday, Nov. 15, at approximately 7:50: Impressionist and modern paintings and sculptures. Admission to both sales by ticket only; for information, call 546-1128. Exhibition starts Thursday, Nov. 10. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 16, at 10: Impressionist and modern drawings and watercolors. Exhibition starts Friday, Nov. 11. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 16, at 2: Impressionist and modern paintings and sculptures. Exhibition starts Friday, Nov. 11.



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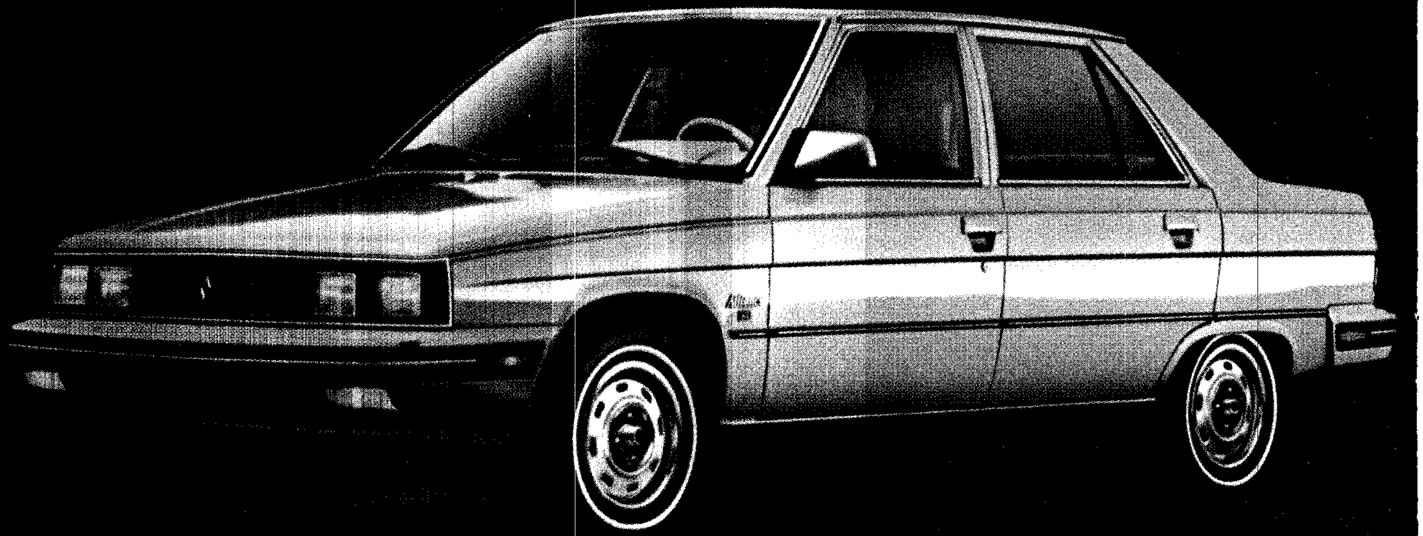

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RENAULT

THE ONE TO WATCH

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

EAST SIDE

LITTLE THEATRE, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
"Susana" (1951; directed by Luis Buñuel; a Mexican film, in Spanish).

R.K.O. CENTURY ART, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
"Never Cry Wolf" (Carroll Ballard), with Charles Martin Smith.

ST. MARKS CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through Nov. 10: "The Grey Fox" (†) and "The Searchers" (†).
From Nov. 11: To be announced.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"Educating Rita" (†).

BAY CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"The Right Stuff" (†).

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Never Say Never Again" (Irvin Kershner), with Sean Connery.

LOEWS 34TH STREET SHOWPLACE, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Richard Pryor Here and Now" (Pryor), a concert film.
Theatre 2: "The Big Chill" (†).
Theatre 3: "The Dead Zone" (David Cronenberg), with Christopher Walken and Brooke Adams.

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Deal of the Century" (William Friedkin), with Chevy Chase and Sigourney Weaver.

EASTSIDE CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through Nov. 10: "Going Berserk" (David Steinberg), with John Candy.
Nov. 11-17: "Deal of the Century" (William Friedkin), with Chevy Chase and Sigourney Weaver.
From Nov. 18: "Sleep Away Camp."

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"The Osterman Weekend" (Sam Peckinpah), with Rutger Hauer and John Hurt.

GOTHAM CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
Through Nov. 17: "All the Right Moves" (Michael Chapman), with Tom Cruise and Craig T. Nelson.
From Nov. 18: "A Night in Heaven" (John Avildsen), with Lesley Ann Warren and Christopher Atkins.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Carmen" (Carlos Saura; in Spanish), with Antonio Gades.

MANHATTAN I AND 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "Never Say Never Again" (Irvin Kershner), with Sean Connery.
Theatre 2: Nov. 9: "Never Say Never Again." From Nov. 10: "Zelig" (†).

BARONET AND CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "Testament" (Lynne Littman), with Jane Alexander and William Devane.
Theatre 2: "Heart Like a Wheel" (†).

D. W. GRIFFITH, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Rear Window" (1954; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart, Grace Kelly, and Wendell Corey.

CINEMA I AND II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: "Nov. 9: Theatre closed. From Nov. 10: "Star 80" (Bob Fosse), with Mariel Hemingway and Eric Roberts.
Theatre 2: "Educating Rita" (†).

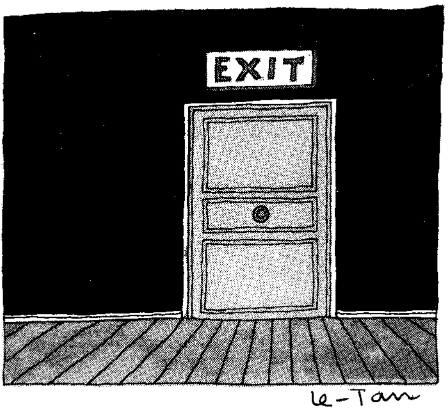
GEMINI I AND 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "Never Cry Wolf" (Carroll Ballard), with Charles Martin Smith.
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 10: "Deal of the Century" (William Friedkin), with Chevy Chase and Sigourney Weaver. From Nov. 11: "I Am the Cheese" (Robert Jiras), with Robert Wagner and Hope Lange.

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"The Right Stuff" (†).

LOEWS NEW YORK TWIN I AND 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "Under Fire" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Big Chill" (†).

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"The Return of Martin Guerre" (Daniel Vigne; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Nathalie Baye.

LOEWS TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Rumble Fish" (Francis Coppola), with Matt Dillon and Mickey Rourke.



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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 26.

72ND STREET EAST, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
Through Nov. 10: "Trading Places" (†) and "48 Hrs." (†).
From Nov. 11: "Monty Python and the Holy Grail" (1975; Terry Gilliam and Terry Jones), with Graham Chapman; and "The Secret Policeman's Other Ball" (1982), a series of comedy skits.

U. A. 85TH ST. EAST, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Nov. 10: "Moonraker" (†) and "From Russia with Love" (†).
Nov. 11-17: "Young Warriors" (Lawrence D. Foldes), with Ernest Borgnine and Richard Roundtree.
From Nov. 18: "Sleep Away Camp."

LOEWS ORPHEUM I AND 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "Richard Pryor Here and Now" (Pryor), a concert film.
Theatre 2: "The Dead Zone" (David Cronenberg), with Christopher Walken and Brooke Adams.

86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"The Osterman Weekend" (Sam Peckinpah), with Rutger Hauer and John Hurt.

R.K.O. CENTURY 86TH ST. TWIN, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "Never Say Never Again" (Irvin Kershner), with Sean Connery.
Theatre 2: "All the Right Moves" (Michael Chapman), with Tom Cruise and Craig T. Nelson.

WEST SIDE

FILM FORUM I AND 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: "Born in Flames" (directed by Lizzie Borden).
Theatre 2: Nov. 9: "The Wild Duck" (1977; Hans W. Geissendörfer; in German), with Jean Seberg, Peter Kern, and Bruno Ganz; and "Black and White Like Day and Night" (1981; Wolfgang Petersen; in German), with Bruno Ganz. Nov. 10: "The Sudden Wealth of the Poor People of Kombach" (1971; Volker Schlöndorff; in German); and "The American Soldier" (1970; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Karl Scheydt and Margarethe von Trotta. Nov. 11-12: "The Tin Drum" (1980; Volker Schlöndorff; in German), with David Bennent; and "Woyzeck" (1979; Werner Herzog; in German), with Klaus Kinski and Eva Mattes. Nov. 13-14: "Alice in the Cities" (1974; Wim Wenders; in German), with Rudiger Vogeler; and "The American Friend" (†). Nov. 15: "Satan's Brew" (†); and "Beware of a Holy Whore" (1970; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Lou Castel, Werner Schroeter, and Eddie Constantine. Nov. 16-17: "Querelle" (1983; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Brad Davis, Franco Nero, and Jeanne Moreau; and "Circle of Deceit" (1982; Volker Schlöndorff; in German), with Bruno Ganz and Hanna Schygulla. Nov. 18-19: "Kings of the Road" (1976; Wim Wenders; in German), with Rudiger Vogeler and Hanns Zischler.

WAVERLY I AND 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Liquid Sky" (Slava Tsukerman).
Theatre 2: "The Big Chill" (†).

GREENWICH PLAYHOUSE I AND 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "The Return of Martin Guerre" (Daniel Vigne; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Nathalie Baye.
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 10: "Moonraker" (†) and "From Russia with Love" (†). Nov. 11-17: "Monty Python and the Holy Grail" (1975; Terry Gilliam and Terry Jones), with Graham Chapman; and "The Secret Policeman's Other Ball" (1982), a series of comedy skits. From Nov. 18: "A Christmas Story" (Bob Clark), with Melinda Dillon and Darren McGavin.

QUAD CINEMA, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Zelig" (†).
Theatre 2: "Rear Window" (1954; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart, Grace Kelly, and Wendell Corey.
Theatre 3: "Rear Window."
Theatre 4: Through Nov. 10: "Blade Runner" (†) and "The Road Warrior" (†). From Nov. 11: "Return of the Secaucus 7" (1980; John Sayles).

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
Through Nov. 10: "Hanna K." (Costa-Gavras), with Jill Clayburgh.
Nov. 11-17: A week-long program of fourteen new Spanish films.
From Nov. 18: "A Christmas Story" (Bob Clark), with Melinda Dillon and Darren McGavin.

ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
Through Nov. 15: "Brainstorm" (Douglas Trumbull), with Christopher Walken and Natalie Wood.
Nov. 16-17: Theatre closed.
From Nov. 18: "Yentl" (Barbra Streisand), with Streisand and Mandy Patinkin.

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"Testament" (Lynne Littman), with Jane Alexander and William Devane.

57TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
Through Nov. 10: "Koyaanisqatsi" (Godfrey Reggio).
From Nov. 11: "Purple Haze" (David Burton Morris), with Peter Nelson and Chuck McQuary.

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Heat and Dust" (James Ivory), with Julie Christie and Shashi Kapoor.

CINEMA 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
Nov. 9: "Zelig" (†).
From Nov. 10: "Star 80" (Bob Fosse), with Mariel Hemingway and Eric Roberts.

LOEWS PARAMOUNT, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"The Big Chill" (†).

LINCOLN PLAZA I, 2, AND 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 12: "Streamers" (Robert Altman), with Matthew Modine. From Nov. 13: "Boat People" (Ann Hui; in Chinese), with Lam.
Theatre 2: "Danton" (†).
Theatre 3: "Pauline at the Beach" (†).

CINEMA STUDIO I AND 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Rear Window" (1954; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart, Grace Kelly, and Wendell Corey.
Theatre 2: "Passion" (Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Isabelle Huppert and Hanna Schygulla.

EMBASSY 72ND ST. I AND 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "Monkey Grip" (Ken Cameron; an Australian film).
Theatre 2: "Experience Preferred . . . But Not Essential" (Peter Duffell).

LOEWS 83RD QUAD, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 17: "Never Say

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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Never Again" (Irvin Kershner), with Sean Connery. From Nov. 18: To be announced.

Theatre 2: Through Nov. 17: "Never Cry Wolf" (Carroll Ballard), with Charles Martin Smith. From Nov. 18: To be announced.

Theatre 3: Through Nov. 17: "The Big Chill" (†). From Nov. 18: To be announced.

Theatre 4: Through Nov. 17: "Fanny and Alexander" (†). From Nov. 18: To be announced.

New Yorker 1 and 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)

Theatre 1: "Deal of the Century" (William Friedkin), with Chevy Chase and Sigourney Weaver.

Theatre 2: "Educating Rita" (†).

Olympia Quad, *B'way at 107th. (865-8128)*

Theatre 1: Through Nov. 17: "Zelig" (†) and "A Midsummer Night's Sex Comedy" (†). From Nov. 18: "Sleep Away Camp."

Theatre 2: Through Nov. 10: "Moonraker" (†) and "From Russia with Love" (†). From Nov. 11: "Monty Python and the Holy Grail" (1975; Terry Gilliam and Terry Jones), with Graham Chapman; and "The Secret Policeman's Other Ball" (1982), a series of comedy skits.

Theatre 3: Through Nov. 10: "Blade Runner" (†) and "The Road Warrior" (†). From Nov. 11: "Young Warriors" (Lawrence D. Foldes), with Ernest Borgnine and Richard Roundtree.

Theatre 4: Through Nov. 10: "Beyond the Limit" (John MacKenzie), with Richard Gere and *Michael* Caine; and "The Lords of Discipline" (Franc Roddam), with David Keith and Robert Prosky. From Nov. 11: "Return of the Secaucus 7" (1980; John Sayles).

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)

Theatre 1: "Never Say Never Again" (directed by Irvin Kershner), with Sean Connery.

Theatre 2: "All the Right Moves" (Michael Chapman), with Tom Cruise and Craig T. Nelson.

Theatre 3: "Risky Business" (†).

Theatre 4: "The Lonely Lady" (Peter Sasdy), with Pia Zadora.

Theatre 5: "Revenge of the Ninja" (Sam Firstenberg), with Sho Kosugi.

Theatre 6: Through Nov. 10: "The Wicked Lady" (Michael Winner), with Faye Dunaway and Alan Bates. From Nov. 11: "Going Berserk" (David Steinberg), with John Candy.

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)

"Trading Places" (†).

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)

Theatre 2: "Flashdance" (†).

Theatre 3: " City of the Walking Dead."

Theatre 4: "Staying Alive" (†).

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)

"Under Fire" (†).

Loews State 1 and 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)

Theatre 1: "The Dead Zone" (David Cronenberg), with Christopher Walken and Brooke Adams.

Theatre 2: "Richard Pryor Here and Now" (Pryor), a concert film.

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)

"Dynasty of Blood."

New Embassy 49th Street, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)

"Beyond the Limit" (John MacKenzie), with Richard Gere and Michael Caine.

Rivoli 1 and 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)

Theatre 1: Through Nov. 10: "Moonraker" (†) and "From Russia with Love" (†). From Nov. 11: "Young Warriors" (Lawrence D. Foldes), with Ernest Borgnine and Richard Roundtree.

Theatre 2: Through Nov. 10: "Possession" (Andrzej Zulawski), with Isabelle Adjani and Sam Neill. Nov. 11-17: "Monty Python and the Holy Grail" (1975; Terry Gilliam and Terry Jones), with Graham Chapman; and "The Secret Policeman's Other Ball" (1982), a series of comedy skits. From Nov. 18: "Sleep Away Camp."

R.K.O. Century National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)

Theatre 1: Through Nov. 10: "Going Berserk" (David Steinberg), with John Candy. From Nov. 11: "Seven Doors of Death."

Theatre 2: "The Osterman Weekend" (Sam Peckinpah), with Rutger Hauer and John Hurt.

R.K.O. Century Warner Twin, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)

Theatre 1: "The Right Stuff" (†).

Theatre 2: "Deal of the Century" (William Friedkin), with Chevy Chase and Sigourney Weaver.

REVIVAL HOUSES

Agee Room, 144 Bleecker St. (473-8306; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays and Tuesdays.)

To be announced.

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)

"In the Realm of the Senses" (1977; Nagisa Oshima; in Japanese).

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)

Through Nov. 10: "The Two Worlds of Angelita" (1983; Jane Morrison; in Spanish).

Nov. 11-17: A week-long program of Yugoslav films.

From Nov. 18: "Vassa" (1983; Gleb Panfilov; in Russian).

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through Nov. 10: "Russ Meyer's 'Vixen' " (1969); and "Beneath the Valley of the Ultravixens" (1979; Russ Meyer).

Nov. 11-12: "The Fountainhead" (1949; King Vidor), with Gary Cooper, Patricia Neal, and Raymond Massey; and "Beyond the Forest" (1949; King Vidor), with Bette Davis, Joseph Cotten, and David Brian.

Nov. 13-15: "Where's Poppa?" (1970; Carl Reiner), with George Segal, Ruth Gordon, and Trish Van Devere; and "The Producers" (1968; Mel Brooks), with Zero Mostel, Dick Shawn, and Gene Wilder.

Nov. 16-17: "Wanda Whips Wall Street" and "Consenting Adults," both X-rated films.

Nov. 18-19: "King of Hearts" (1967; Philippe de Broca; in French and English), with Alan Bates and Geneviève Bujold; and "Harold and Maude" (1971; Hal Ashby), with Ruth Gordon and Bud Cort.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Through Nov. 10: "Return of the Secaucus 7" (1980; John Sayles).

From Nov. 11: Films from the fifties.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 1, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)

Nov. 9: "The Fugitive Kind" (1960; Sidney Lumet), with Marlon Brando, Anna Magnani, and Joanne Woodward; and "Sweet Bird of Youth" (1962; Richard Brooks), with Paul Newman, Geraldine Page, Shirley Knight, Ed Begley, and Rip Torn.

Nov. 10-12: "Being There" (1979; Hal Ashby), with Peter Sellers, Shirley MacLaine, Melvyn Douglas, and Jack Warden; and "The World According to Garp" (1982; George Roy Hill), with Robin Williams, Glenn Close, Mary Beth Hurt, and John Lithgow.

Nov. 13-14: "Fortune and Men's Eyes" (1971; Harvey Hart), with Wendell Burton and Michael Greer; and "Looking for Mr. Goodbar" (1977; Richard Brooks), with Diane Keaton, Tuesday Weld, Richard Kiley, Alan Feinstein, and Richard Gere.

Nov. 15-16: "The Big Country" (1958; William Wyler), with Gregory Peck, Jean Simmons, Charlton Heston, and Carroll Baker; and "Duel in the Sun" (†).

Nov. 17-19: "Interiors" (1978), "Manhattan" (1979), and "Annie Hall" (1977), all films directed by, and with, Woody Allen.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 2, 8th Ave. at 47th. *(246-0717)*

Through Nov. 10: "Tex" (1982; Tim Hunter), with Matt Dillon; and "The Outsiders" (1983; Francis Coppola), with Matt Dillon.

Nov. 11-12: "Prince of the City" (1981; Sidney Lumet), with Treat Williams, Lindsay Crouse, and Jerry Orbach; and "Fort Apache, the Bronx" (1981; Daniel Petrie), with Paul Newman, Ed Asner, Ken Wahl, *and Danny Aiello.*

Nov. 13: "The Wizard of Oz" (1939; Victor Fleming), with Judy Garland, Bert Lahr, Frank Morgan, Ray Bolger, and Jack Haley; and "The Pirate" (†).

Nov. 14-15: "Christiane F." (1982; Ulrich Edel; in German), with Natja Brunkhorst; and "Just a Gigolo" (1979; David Hemmings), with David Bowie.

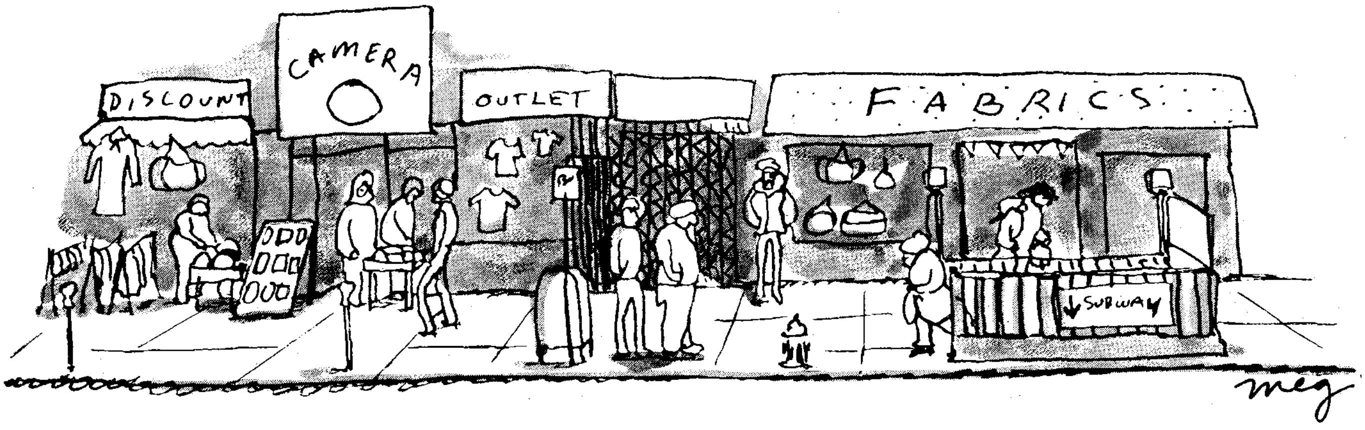
Nov. 16-17: *"Myra Breckinridge" (1970; Michael Sarne)*, with Mae West, John Huston, and Raquel Welch; and "Beyond the Valley of the Dolls" (1970; Russ Meyer).

Nov. 18-19: "Tender Mercies" (1983; Bruce Beresford), with Robert Duvall, Tess Harper, Ellen Barkin, and Betty Buckley; and "Local Hero" (1983; Bill Forsyth), with Peter Riegert, Denis Lawson, and Burt Lancaster.

Metro Cinema, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)

Nov. 9: "A Man Escaped" (1956; Robert Bresson; in French), with François Leterrier; and "Diary of a Country Priest" (1950; Robert Bresson; in French), with Claude Laydu and Nicole Maurey.

Nov. 10: "Angels with Dirty Faces" (1938; Michael Curtiz), with James Cagney, Pat O'Brien, *Humphrey Bogart, and Ann Sheridan*; and "Torrid Zone" (1940; William



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Keighley), with Ann Sheridan, James Cagney, and Pat O'Brien.

Nov. 11: "Say Amen, Somebody" (1982; George T. Nierenberg), a documentary on gospel music; and "Rockers" (1980; Theodoros Bafaloukos; a Jamaican film in Jamaican patois), with Leroy Wallace.

Nov. 12: "Death in Venice" (1971; Luchino Visconti), with Dirk Bogarde and Björn Andresen; and "The Garden of the Finzi-Continis" (1970; Vittorio De Sica; in Italian), with Lino Capolicchio, Dominique Sanda, and Helmut Berger.

Nov. 13: "The Wild Bunch" (1969; Sam Peckinpah), with William Holden, Ernest Borgnine, and Robert Ryan; and "Ride the High Country" (1962; Sam Peckinpah), with Joel McCrea, Randolph Scott, and Mariette Hartley.

Nov. 14: "Ugetsu" (1953; Kenji Mizoguchi; in Japanese), with Masayuki Mori and Machiko Kyo; and "Late Spring" (1949; Yasujiro Ozu; in Japanese).

Nov. 15: "Melvin and Howard" (†) and "Citizens Band" (†).

Nov. 16: "WR—Mysteries of the Organism" (†) and "Innocence Unprotected" (†).

Nov. 17: "The Roaring Twenties" (1939; Raoul Walsh), with James Cagney and Humphrey Bogart; and "Ragtime" (1981; Miloš Forman), with James Cagney and Howard E. Rollins, Jr.

Nov. 18: "Rebel Without a Cause" (1955; Nicholas Ray), with James Dean, Natalie Wood, Sal Mineo, Corey Allen, and Nick Adams; and "Badlands" (1973; Terrence Malick), with Martin Sheen and Sissy Spacek.

Nov. 19: "Stroszek" (1977; Werner Herzog; in German and English), with Bruno S. and Eva Mattes; and "Woyzeck" (1979; Werner Herzog; in German), with Klaus Kinski and Eva Mattes.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Nov. 9: "The Man in the White Suit" (1951; Alexander Mackendrick), with Alec Guinness, Joan Greenwood, Cecil Parker, and Ernest Thesiger; and "I'm All Right, Jack" (1960; John Boulting), with Peter Sellers, Ian Carmichael, Terry-Thomas, and Margaret Rutherford.

Nov. 10: "Oh! What a Lovely War" (1969; Richard Attenborough), with John Mills, Maggie Smith, Laurence Olivier, and Michael Redgrave; and "The Missionary" (1982; Richard Loncraine), with Michael Palin, Maggie Smith, Trevor Howard, and Denholm Elliott.

Nov. 11-12: "Separate Tables" (1958; Delbert Mann), with Rita Hayworth, Deborah Kerr, David Niven, Burt Lancaster, and Wendy Hiller; and "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof" (1958; Richard Brooks), with Elizabeth Taylor, Paul Newman, Burl Ives, and Judith Anderson.

Nov. 13-14: "Outcast of the Islands" (†) and "Breaking the Sound Barrier" (†).

Nov. 15-16: "Brief Encounter" (1946; David Lean), with Celia Johnson and Trevor Howard; and "To Paris with Love" (1955; Robert Hamer), with Alec Guinness and Odile Versois.

Nov. 17-19: "The Detective" (†) and "Murder at the Gallop" (†).

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Nov. 9: "Shiranui, the Blind Court Masseur" (1960; Kazuo Mori; in Japanese), with Shintaro Katsu; and "Chronicle of Pale Cherry Blossoms" (1959; Kazuo Mori; in Japanese), with Raizo Ichikawa and Shintaro Katsu.

Nov. 10: "My Breakfast with Blassie" (1983), with Andy Kaufman and Freddie Blassie; and "The Little Shop of Horrors" (1960; Roger Corman), with Jonathan Haze, Jackie Joseph, and Jack Nicholson.

Nov. 11-12: "Breathless" (1959; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Jean Seberg and Jean-Paul Belmondo; and "Elevator to the Gallows" ("Frantic;" 1957; Louis Malle; in French), with Jeanne Moreau, Maurice Ronet, and Lino Ventura.

Nov. 13: "Coup de Torchon" (†); and "A Week's Vacation" (1980; Bertrand Tavernier; in French), with Nathalie Baye and Gérard Lanvin.

Nov. 14: "Johnny Guitar" (1954; Nicholas Ray), with Joan Crawford, Sterling Hayden, Mercedes McCambridge, and Ernest Borgnine; "Heller in Pink Tights" (†); and "The Woman They Almost Lynched" (1953; Allan Dwan), with John Lund, Brian Donlevy, Audrey Totter, and Joan Leslie.

Nov. 15: "Citizen Kane" (†) and "Mr. Arkadin" (†).

Nov. 16: "Fight, Zatoichi, Fight" (1964; Kenji Misumi; in Japanese); and "Hoodlum Soldier Deserts Again" (1966; in Japanese).

Nov. 17: "The Big Red One" (1980; Samuel Fuller), with Lee Marvin and Mark Hamill; and "Fixed Bayonets" (†).

Nov. 18-19: "In for Treatment" (1981; Erik van Zuylen and Marja Kok); and "Time Stands Still" (1982; Péter Gothár; in Hungarian).

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Nov. 9: "Horse Feathers" (1932; Norman McLeod) and "At the Circus" (1939; Mervyn LeRoy), both films with the Marx Brothers.

Nov. 10: "A Man and a Woman" (1966; Claude Lelouch; in French), with Anouk Aimée and Jean-Louis Trintignant; and "Live for Life" (1967; Claude Lelouch; in French), with Yves Montand and Candice Bergen.

Nov. 11-12: "Rebecca" (1940; Alfred Hitchcock), with Joan Fontaine, Laurence Olivier, Judith Anderson, George Sanders, and Florence Bates; and "The Spiral Staircase" (1948: Robert Siodmak), with Dorothy McGuire, Ethel Barrymore, George Brent, and Kent Smith.

Nov. 13: "You Can't Take It with You" (1938; Frank Capra), with Jean Arthur, James Stewart, Lionel Barrymore, and Edward Arnold; and "The Awful Truth" (†).

Nov. 14: "Breaker Morant" (1980; Bruce Beresford; an Australian film), with Edward Woodward; and "Gallipoli" (1981; Peter Weir; an Australian film), with Mel Gibson, Mark Lee, and Bill Kerr.

Nov. 15: "A Star Is Born" (†) and "State Fair" (†).

Nov. 16: "The Great Dictator" (†) and "A Woman of Paris" (†).

Nov. 17: "The Stars Look Down" (†) and "Kipps" (†).

Nov. 18-19: "Notorious" (†) and "Spellbound" (†).

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium II, 18 W. 54th St. (708-9490)—Nov. 10 at 2:30: "Camilla Horn Sieht Sich Als Gretchen in Murnau's Stummfilm Faust" (1981; directed by Hans Sachs and Hedda Rinneberg); and "Rote Liebe" (1982; Rosa von Praunheim; in German, with English subtitles), with Helga Goetze. . . . ¶ Nov. 10 at 6 and Nov. 11 at 2:30: "Das Gespenst" (1982; Herbert Achternbusch; in German, with English subtitles), with Achternbusch, Annamirl Bierbichler, and Kurt Raab. . . . ¶ Nov. 11 at 6: "Camilla Horn Sieht Sich Als Gretchen in Murnau's Stummfilm Faust" and "Rote Liebe." . . . ¶ Nov. 12 at noon: "The Thin Man" (1934; W. S. Van Dyke), with William Powell, Myrna Loy, and Maureen O'Sullivan. . . . ¶ Nov. 12 at 2:30: "Der Mond Ist Nur a Nackerte Kugel" (1980; Jörg Graser; in German, with English subtitles), with Elisabeth Stepanek and Sigfrit Steiner. . . . ¶ Nov. 12 at 5: "Die Heartbreakers" (1982; Peter Bringmann; in German, with English subtitles), with Sascha Disselkamp, Mary Ketikidou, and Uwe Enkelmann. . . . ¶ Nov. 13 at noon: "The Thin Man." . . . ¶ Nov. 13 at 2:30: "Eisenhans" (1983; Tankred Dorst; in German, with English subtitles), with Gerhard Olschewski, Susanne Lothar, and Hannelore Hoger. . . . ¶ Nov. 13 at 5: "Toilette" (1979; Friederike Pezold; a German film, with no dialogue). . . . ¶ Nov. 14 at 2:30: "Die Heartbreakers." . . . ¶ Nov. 15 at 2:45: "Eisenhans." . . . ¶ Nov. 15 at 6: "Button, Button: A Dream of Nuclear War" (1982; Juan Mandelbaum), "Washington to Moscow Peacewalk" (1982; G. Cullinen and M. Robbins), "Harrisburg" (1979; A. Phillips, I. Wood, and M. Seig), and "Gods of Metal" (1982; Robert Richter). . . . ¶ Nov. 17 at 2:45: "Der Mond Ist Nur a Nackerte Kugel." . . . ¶ Nov. 17 at 6 and Nov. 18 at 2:45: A program of the early works of Charles R. Bowers. . . . ¶ Nov. 18 at 6: Program I of "The Best of Annecy '83." . . . ¶ Nov. 19 at noon: "The Toll Gate" (1920; Lambert Hillyer; a silent film), with William S. Hart and Anna Q. Nilsson. . . . ¶ Nov. 19 at 2:30: Program I of "The Best of Annecy '83." . . . ¶ Nov. 19 at 5: Program II of "The Best of Annecy '83." (A limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—"Primarily Speaking" (1981-83), an audiovisual environment by Gary Hill. Continuous showings from noon to 6 (Tuesday evenings until 8). Mr. Hill will be present on Thursday, Nov. 10, at 2. Closed Mondays.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

The American Friend (1977)—The young German director Wim Wenders is attracted to the idea of telling a story, but he can't quite keep his mind on it; he overdoses on mood—poetic urban masochism—in this adaptation of Patricia Highsmith's crime novel "Ripley's Game." Wenders' unsettling compositions are neurotically beautiful visions of a disordered world, but the film doesn't have the nasty, pleasurable cleverness of a good thriller; dramatically, it's stagnant—inverted Wagnerianism. Bruno Ganz is impressive as the watchful, anxious-eyed hero; with more than a half-dozen directors (including Dennis Hopper, Nicholas Ray, Gérard Blain, and Samuel Fuller) playing crooks. Script by Wenders; cinematography by Robby Müller. In English, German, and French. (Film Forum; Nov. 13-14.)

The Awful Truth (1937)—A classic screwball comedy about one of old Hollywood's favorite subjects: the divorced couple who almost bed down with new mates but get back together. Irene Dunne and Cary Grant are the sparring partners, and Ralph Bellamy plays just about the same role he later played in "His Girl Friday." Irene Dunne's way with a quip is to smile brightly and wring it dry, but she's in top form here. Joyce Compton plays the night-club performer whom Dunne parodies, and the cast includes Esther Dale, Cecil Cunningham, and Alex D'Arcy. Leo McCarey's direction is first-rate; in a memorable sequence toward the end, Grant tries to persuade a door to open without visible assistance. Viña Delmar did the screenplay, from Arthur Richman's 1922 play. (There was a forgettable remake in 1953 called "Let's Do It Again.") (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 13.)

The Big Chill—An amiable, slick comedy that's ostensibly about how the late-sixties campus activists have adjusted to becoming the kind of people they used to insult—but it isn't really political. Directed by Lawrence Kasdan, who wrote the script with Barbara Benedek, it's set in South Carolina, where a group of seven former friends from the University of Michigan gather for the funeral of Alex, the campus radical who brought them together. The friends bury the sixties (which Alex symbolizes) and then dredge them up to talk about during the weekend. The movie may pretend to be about "life," but it's really about being clever (even the title tells you that), and about the fun of ensemble acting. Jeff Goldblum, William Hurt, and Kevin Kline do some of their best work here; Tom Berenger, Glenn Close, Mary Kay Place, and JoBeth Williams do remarkably well with what they've got to work with. And Meg Tilly, who plays Alex's young girlfriend, is an extraordinarily lovely presence. (Reviewed in our issue of 10/17/83.) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews New York Twin, Waverly, and Loews Paramount. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; through Nov. 17.)

Blade Runner (1982)—Ridley Scott's futuristic thriller is set in a hellish, claustrophobic city, dark and polluted, and with a continual drenching rainfall—Los Angeles in the year 2019. The congested-megalopolis sets are extraordinary: this is the grimy, retrograde future—the future as a black market, made up of scrambled, sordid aspects of the past. A visionary sci-fi movie that has its own look can't be ignored; it has its place in film history. But you're always aware of the sets as sets; it's 2019 back lot. The movie forces passivity on you. It puts you in this lopsided maze of a city, with its post-human feeling, and keeps you persuaded that something bad is about to happen. Harrison Ford is the blade runner, a police officer who kills "replicants"—the powerful humanoids manufactured by genetic engineers—if they rebel against their drudgery in the space colonies and show up on Earth. He tracks down four replicants (Brion James; Joanna Cassidy; Daryl Hannah, who has killer thighs and does a punk variation on Olympia, the doll automaton of "The Tales of Hoffmann;" and the blue-eyed scenery-chewer Rutger Hauer), but Ford's mission seems of no particular consequence. The whole movie gives you the feeling of not getting anywhere—of being part of the atmosphere of decay. With Sean Young as Rachael and William Sanderson as the toymaker. From the 1968 novel "Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep?," by Philip K. Dick. (7/12/82) (Quad Cinema, and Olympia Quad; through Nov. 10.)

Breaking the Sound Barrier (1952)—The screen heroes who had been winning the war by killing Japanese or Germans gave way to quiet, worried-eyed heroes in this David Lean epic of the air. The most worried of them all is Ralph Richardson—the courageous, civilized modern man. Sober-faced and businesslike, he keeps his inner tensions under exquisite control (though we are always tipped off that he is suffering more than men who crudely vent their emotions). Terence Rattigan, who wrote the film, didn't exactly break any new ground in the air: he provides Ann Todd with that inevitable role of the prescient wife (the "please don't go up to break the sound barrier tonight, dear" type), and Nigel Patrick, John Justin, Denholm Elliott, and Dinah Sheridan and the others say and do just what you might expect were they carrying the White Man's Burden in remote Outposts of Empire. If you're tolerant, you'll just relax through all this low-keyed English valor and enjoy the soaring cinematography and the supersonic sound effects. Cinematography by Jack Hildyard. (Regency; Nov. 13-14.)

Citizen Kane (1941)—The Orson Welles film is generally considered the greatest American film of the sound period, and it may be more fun than any other great movie. Based on the life of William Randolph Hearst, it's an exuberant, muckraking attack on an archetypal economic baron. With Welles, of course, and Joseph Cotten, Dorothy Comingore, Agnes Moorehead, Everett Sloane, George Coulouris, Ruth Warrick, Ray Collins, Erskine Sanford, William Alland, Paul Stewart, Fortunio Bonanova, Gus Schilling, and Philip Van Zandt. Screenplay by Herman J. Mankiewicz and Welles; cinematography by Gregg Toland; editing by Robert Wise and Mark Robson; music by Bernard Herrmann; art direction by Van Nest Polglase and Perry Ferguson. (Thalia; Nov. 15.)

Citizens Band (1977; also known as "Handle with Care")—A high-spirited, elegantly deadpan comedy, with a mellow, light touch. Paul Brickman, who wrote the screenplay, had an idea worthy of Preston Sturges: that the psychology of those who operate CB radio units might be like the psychology of crank phone callers and obscene phone callers, too—that as disembodied voices, with identities borrowed from pop fantasies, and signal names to confirm their new self-image, people could live another life on the public airwaves. In the film, the CB users are secret celebrities, eloquent on the air, or, more often, aimlessly loquacious. But they dry up when they actually meet. CB functions as an authorized madness; it allows the characters to release their inhibitions while keeping one foot on the ground. The story is about the people in a Southwestern town and the collisions of their free-floating ids. Paul Le Mat is the hero—a small-town Boy Scout who never grew up. Marcia Rodd is a trucker's hard-bitten wife, and Ann Wedgeworth is a trucker's softheaded wife; these two become a tearstained running gag

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when it turns out that they're both married to the same trucker. Jonathan Demme directed, in a soft, subdued style—the film is lyrical and wiggy at the same time. It has the consistent vision of a classic comedy; it undercuts the characters' illusions without a breath of ill will. With jutting-jawed Charles Napier as the impulsive, generous bigamist, Alix Elias as the plump, giggly hooker whose CB name is Hot Coffee, Roberts Blossom as the hero's father, Candy Clark, Bruce McGill, Richard Bright, and Michael Rothman as Cochise, Harry Northup as The Red Baron, Leila Smith as Grandma Breaker, Ed Begley, Jr., as The Priest, and Will Seltzer as Warlock. Cinematography by Jordan Cronenweth; titles by Pablo Ferro; music by Bill Conti. (Metro Cinema; Nov. 15.)

Coup de Torchon (Clean Slate)—Bertrand Tavernier's film is set in some sort of French colonial Dogpatch in Africa, in 1938, just before the start of the Second World War, and it stars Philippe Noiret as a cuckolded weakling who is jeered at by the pimps and the other brutal white men who exploit the natives. He is also the only officer of the law in the area, and he secretly kills off the exploiters, using his reputation for being cowardly and ineffectual as a cover. The movie is torpid even in the early sequences that aim at sly farce, and its thesis is that even such drastic and half-mad cleanup jobs are hopeless. For a while it's a "Dirty Harry" revenge fantasy for liberals, and then the officer lets us know that he thinks he is Christ returned and the picture shifts into Christ mythology. Tavernier may think he's bringing out the rage behind despair, but all he brings out is his sense of futility. He's saying horrible, senseless, inexplicable things (such as the whopper that killing on a small scale is less immoral than killing on a big scale). The film chokes on its own unresolvable ambiguities. With Isabelle Huppert, who frisks about nakedly and amusingly, and Jean-Pierre Marielle, Stéphane Audran, Guy Marchand, Eddy Mitchell as Nono, Samba Mane as Friday, Abdoulaye Diop as Fête Nat, and Irene Skobline as the schoolteacher. The script, by Jean Aurenche and Tavernier, is based on the American pulp novel "Pop. 1280," by Jim Thompson, which was set in the American South. In French. (1/24/83) (Thalia; Nov. 13.)

Danton—Andrzej Wajda and his screenwriter, Jean-Claude Carrière, make Robespierre (Wojciech Pszoniak) into a sociopath who soaks his bed with sweat and cringes if a woman touches him, and Danton (Gérard Depardieu) into a slob and a libertine and a lush who in the end would rather be executed than executioner, and defies the Terror he helped to theorize. In France, where the movie was partially financed by the Socialist government, right and left divided over whether Wajda had a correct appreciation of the French Revolution, not over whether it was a good film or a bad one. By any reasonable standard, "Danton" is terrible. In French. (2/28/83; under Letter from Europe.) (Lincoln Plaza.)

The Detective (1954; known as "Father Brown" in England)—Father Brown, the detective-priest of G. K. Chesterton's stories, is perhaps too facile a role for Alec Guinness, and he shows a hitherto unsuspected tendency toward endearing, owlish coyness. But the film is an amusing series of chases, well directed by Robert Hamer ("Kind Hearts and Coronets"). Peter Finch is the connoisseur-thief who steals beautiful things simply to round out his collection of objets d'art; when he makes off with the cross once owned by Saint Augustine, Father Brown goes after him. Joan Greenwood plays a rich, pious widow; Cecil Parker is Father Brown's bishop; the exquisitely desiccated Ernest Thesiger is a librarian. With Marne Maitland, Sidney James, and Bernard Lee. From the story "The Blue Cross," adapted by Thelma Schnee; music by Georges Auric. (Regency; Nov. 17-19.)

Duel in the Sun (1946)—Hilariously florid—sometimes referred to as "Lust in the Dust." This Wagnerian Western features Gregory Peck and Jennifer Jones as lovers so passionate they kill each other. She's Pearl Chavez, a half-breed wench, and so, by Hollywood convention, uncontrollably sexy, and Peck actually manages to bestir himself enough to play a hunk of egotistic hot stuff—maybe the name Lewt McCanles got to him, or maybe the producer, David O. Selznick, used electric prods. Peck clangs his spurs and leers, while Jones tosses her hair and heaves her chest; when they kiss, lightning blazes. Set in Texas, it's a lavish, sensual spectacle, so heightened it becomes a cartoon of passion; the director, King Vidor, gives much of it a galloping bravura excitement, and the hokum is irresistibly entertaining. With Walter Huston having a roaring good time as a hellfire preacher, Butterfly McQueen going even further with the character she created in "Gone with the Wind," and Joseph Cotten, Charles Bickford, Lillian Gish, Herbert Marshall, Lionel Barrymore, Harry Carey, Sidney Blackmer, Joan Tetzel, Otto Kruger, Tilly Losch, and other well-known performers. The cinematographers include Lee Garmes and Hal Rosson; Dmitri Tiomkin perpetrated the score. The movie was "suggested" by the Niven Busch novel, and Selznick himself takes the screenplay credit. He also directed some scenes and Josef von Sternberg, William Dieterle, Otto Brower, B. Reeves Eason, and others had a hand in it. (138 minutes.) (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; Nov. 15-16.)

Educating Rita—With Michael Caine and Julie Walters, directed by Lewis Gilbert. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Gramercy, Cinema II, and New Yorker.)

Fanny and Alexander—Ingmar Bergman's festive and full-bodied dream play—a vision of family life as a gifted boy might have perfected it—replacing his strict family (Bergman's father was a clergyman) with a generous-hearted theatrical clan. In what Bergman says is his final movie, his obsessions are turned into stories, and he tells them to us—he makes us a beribboned present of his Freudian-gothic dream world. The movie is scaled big; it runs for three hours and ten minutes, and its lovingly placed warm gingerbreading is enormously enjoyable. But the conventionality of the thinking in the film is rather shocking. It's as if Bergman's neuroses had been tormenting him for so long that he cut them off and went sprinting back to Victorian health and domesticity. In Swedish. (6/13/83) (Loews 83rd Quad; through Nov. 17.)

Fixed Bayonets (1951)—A Samuel Fuller action picture, fairly routine, with Richard Basehart as a sensitive, nervous corporal in Korea; the sergeants in his platoon (Michael O'Shea and Gene Evans) are killed, and he has to develop the guts to become a leader. James Dean appears in a bit part. (Thalia; Nov. 17.)

Flashdance—A lulling, narcotizing musical, it sells the kind of romantic story that was laughed off the screen thirty years ago and then made a comeback with "Rocky I, II, and III." The heroine (dewy-eyed face and darling smile by Jennifer Beals, dancing by Marine Jahan) is a welder by day and a dancer in a bar at night. And she has a dream, in which she's a ballerina. The music throughout is synthesizer pop; basically the movie is a series of rock videos. The dancing doesn't go the way a body goes; the dancing goes the way an eggbeater goes. With Richard Colon, one of a group of black "breakers" who do the only real dancing in the movie. Directed by Adrian Lyne, from a script by Tom Hedley and Joe Eszterhas. (6/27/83) (Embassy.)

48 Hrs.—Walter Hill's fast and brutal action comedy is a roller coaster that hurtles along. Nick Nolte is a San Francisco police detective, and Eddie Murphy (making his movie début) is a young hipster thief who outsmarts him by his hustler's verbal finesse and his black man's sense of irony. The two set out as brawling and cursing enemies and, of course, become guffawing pals; the racial infighting is what gives the film its charge. It's like "The French Connection," "Dirty Harry," "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid," and a half-dozen other films all put in a compactor, smashed, and pressed into cartoon form. With Annette O'Toole, Frank McRae, James Remar, Sonny Landham, Brion James, Olivia Brown, David Patrick Kelly, and the Bus boys. (1/10/83) (72nd Street East; through Nov. 10.)

From Russia with Love (1964)—The second in the James Bond series—exciting, handsomely staged, and campy—with Sean Connery pitted against a blond Robert Shaw and Lotte Lenya with a dagger in her shoe. Directed by Terence Young. (U. A. 85th St. East, Green-

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wich Playhouse, Olympia Quad, and Rivoli; through Nov. 10.)

The Great Dictator (1940)—Chaplin plays a small-time Jewish barber and doubles as a mock Hitler called Hynkel, dictator of Tomania, who argues with Napaloni, dictator of Bacteria. The notion of a 1940 farce about Hitler and anti-Semitism works out much less queasily than it sounds. But the last impassioned speech about peace and unity still wrecks everything that has gone before; Chaplin the sentimentalist can always overrule Chaplin the innocent mime. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 16.)

The Grey Fox—The story of a legendary gentleman bandit, Bill Miner (Richard Farnsworth), who served thirty-three years in San Quentin for robbing stagecoaches and then, when he got out, took up robbing trains. This first feature directed by the Canadian Phillip Borsos at twenty-seven, after a number of highly regarded documentaries, has spectacular work by the British cinematographer Frank Tidy. Farnsworth is a superb camera subject, with a lulling sexual presence, and he and Jackie Burroughs, who plays a red-haired suffragette, do some highly photogenic flirting. Borsos appears to have a dandy's approach to crime and social injustice, but he's an inspired image-maker, and the film manages to be an art Western without making you hate it. Based on a script by John Hunter. With Wayne Robson as the little boozer Shorty. (8/8/83) (St. Marks Cinema; through Nov. 10.)

Heart Like a Wheel—With Bonnie Bedelia and Beau Bridges, directed by Jonathan Kaplan. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Coronet.)

Heller in Pink Tights (1960)—Sophia Loren, as a blond international actress, tours the Far West with Anthony Quinn's theatrical troupe, in George Cukor's only Western. The best parts are the theatrical performances of "Mazeppa" and "La Belle Hélène," and some interchanges between Margaret O'Brien and Eileen Heckart, who play a stage mother-and-daughter team. The film is handsomely made, but the material is flat in an inoffensive sort of way, and Cukor dawdles; the final edit was not his, and he was unhappy with it. Adapted from a Louis L'Amour novel by Dudley Nichols and Walter Bernstein. With Ramon Novarro, Edmund Lowe, and Steve Forrest. Hoyningen-Huené was the color consultant. (Thalia; Nov. 14.)

Innocence Unprotected (1968)—A tricky and sophisticated Yugoslav film, by Dusan Makavejev, in which he comments on the first Serbian sound film—an underground melodrama made in 1942 and featuring an acrobat—by bringing the characters up to date. (Metro Cinema; Nov. 16.)

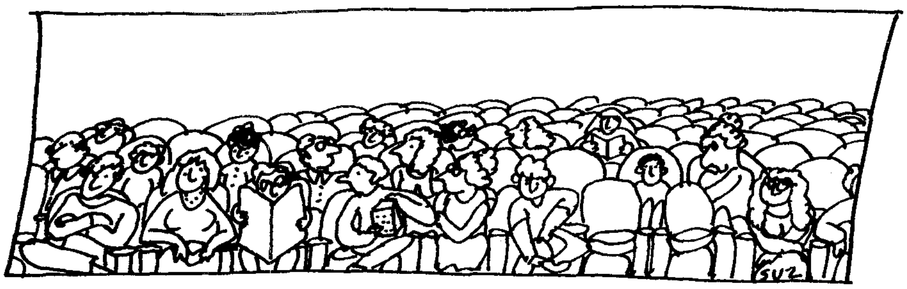
Kipps (1941)—Carol Reed directed this genial, endearingly noiseless version of the H. G. Wells novel, with Michael Redgrave as the orphan who works in a draper's shop and becomes a whiz of a bourgeois success. It's a very satisfying movie—observant without fuss, sly yet substantial. (The story was later inflated to the point of unintelligibility in the musical "Half a Sixpence.") With Diana Wynyard, Phyllis Calvert, Max Adrian, Michael Wilding, Helen Haye, Edward Rigby, Hermione Baddeley, and the famous music-hall artist Arthur Riscoe as Chitterlow. The script is by Frank Launder and Sidney Gilliat; the costumes are by Cecil Beaton. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 17.)

Melvin and Howard (1980)—This lyrical comedy, directed by Jonathan Demme, from a script by Bo Goldman, is an almost flawless act of sympathetic imagination. Demme and Goldman have entered into the soul of American blue-collar suckerdom; they have taken for their hero a chucklehead who is hooked on TV game shows, and they have made us understand how it was that when something big—something legendary—touched his life nobody could believe it. Paul Le Mat plays big, beefy Melvin Dummar, a sometime milkman, sometime worker at a magnesium-oxide plant, sometime gas-station operator, and hopeful songwriter—the representative debt-ridden American for whom game shows were created. Jason Robards plays Howard Hughes, who is lying in the freezing desert at night when Melvin spots him—a pile of rags and bones, with a dirty beard and straggly long gray hair. Melvin, thinking him a desert rat, helps him into his pickup truck but is bothered by his mean expression; in order to cheer him up (and give himself some company), he insists that the old geezer sing with him or get out and walk. When Robards' Howard Hughes responds to Melvin's amiable prodding and begins to enjoy himself on a simple level and sings "Bye, Bye, Blackbird," it's a great moment. Hughes' eyes are an old man's eyes—faded into the past, shiny and glazed by recollections—yet intense. You feel that his grungy paranoia has melted away, that he has been healed. With Mary Steenburgen, who has a pearly aura as Melvin's go-go-dancer wife, Lynda; Pamela Reed as Melvin's down-to-earth second wife; Elizabeth Cheshire as the child, Darcy; Jack Kehoe as the dairy foreman; and the real Melvin Dummar as the lunch-counter man at the Reno bus depot. This picture has the same beautiful dippy warmth as its characters; it's what might have happened if Jean Renoir had directed a comedy script by Preston Sturges. Cinematography by Tak Fujimoto. (Metro Cinema; Nov. 15.)

A Midsummer Night's Sex Comedy (1982)—Woody Allen's overrefined reworking of Bergman's "Smiles of a Summer Night;" it has a meticulous art atmosphere and Mendelssohn on track. This time, it's an American weekend in the country, early in the century, and Woody Allen is the host; he works on Wall Street but dabbles in inventions—small, winged contraptions for flying, and mystical devices such as a "spirit ball" for getting through to the other, unseen world. Mary Steenburgen plays his wife, and the guests are José Ferrer, a pompous genius professor who is a freethinker in sexual matters but is contemptuous of psychic research; Mia Farrow, the prof's glamorous young fiancée; Tony Roberts, a lecherous doctor; and Julie Hagerty as a nurse who's the most trusting and gullible of all human creatures, and is avid for sex (she's the best thing in the movie). The group is rather amusing, but the talk seems somnambulistic and nothing really develops. Woody Allen is trying to please, but his heart isn't in it, and his talent isn't, either. He is so much a man of our time that his comedy seems denatured in this classy, period setting. (7/26/82) (Olympia Quad; through Nov. 17.)

Mr. Arkadin (1955)—Orson Welles directed and starred in this story of a fabulously wealthy dope smuggler who hires a man to trace his past. Ambitious and flamboyant but, whether because of technical problems or script problems or both, a fiasco. With Michael Redgrave, Akim Tamiroff, Mischa Auer, and Katina Paxinou. (Thalia; Nov. 15.)

Moonraker (1979)—The previous James Bond film ("The Spy Who Loved Me," 1977) had been a triumph of design, choreographed action, and self-parody; this one doesn't look too bad, but it has no snap, no tension. It's an exhausted movie; maybe the director, Lewis Gilbert, and the production designer, Ken Adam, just couldn't work up the charge they gave to the earlier film. Roger Moore is dutiful and passive as Bond; his clothes are neatly pressed and he shows up for work, like an



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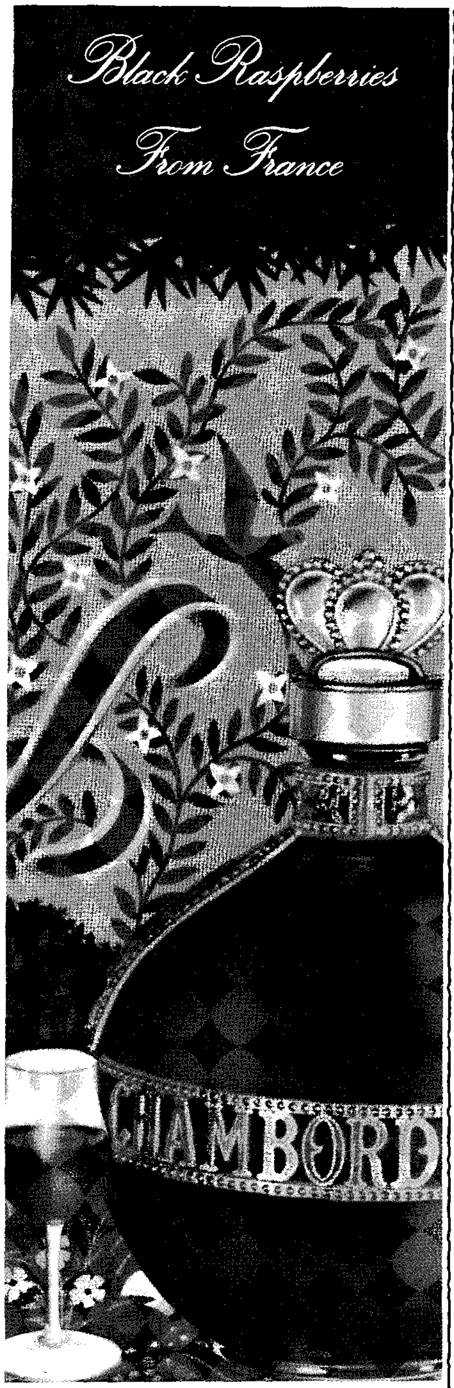

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office manager who is turning into deadwood but hanging on to collect his pension. As the scientist-heroine, Lois Chiles is so enervated she barely reacts to the threat of the end of the world. And as Drax the industrialist, a neo-Hitler with a city in outer space and plans to create his own master race, Michel Lonsdale walks through impassively. The only zest is shown by Richard Kiel, who returns as Jaws; this time, he falls in love. The picture is big, though. (It cost more than twice as much as its predecessor—and even allowing for inflation, that still means a huge rise in expenditure.) And it was extremely successful. The script is by Christopher Wood; the cinematography is by Jean Tournier. With Desmond Llewelyn as "Q," Corinne Clery, and Blanche Ravalec as Dolly. Produced by Albert R. Broccoli. (U. A. 85th St. East, Greenwich Playhouse, Olympia Quad, and Rivoli; through Nov. 10.)

MURDER AT THE GALLOP (1963)—Modest, relaxed follow-up to "Murder She Said." Margaret Rutherford again as Agatha Christie's dotty, blustering Miss Marple; she rides a horse in this one and does the Twist, as well as attempting to solve crimes. With Robert Morley, Flora Robson, Stringer Davis, James Villiers, and Duncan Lamont. George Pollock directed. (Regency; Nov. 17-19.)

NOTORIOUS (1946)—Alfred Hitchcock's amatory thriller stars Ingrid Bergman as the daughter of a Nazi, a shady lady who trades secrets and all sorts of things with American agent Cary Grant. The suspense is terrific: will suspicious, passive Grant succeed in making Bergman seduce him, or will he take over? The honor of the American male is saved by a hairbreadth, but Bergman is literally ravishing in what is probably her sexiest performance. Great trash, great fun. With Claude Rains, Louis Calhern, Madame Konstantin, and Reinhold Schunzel. Script by Ben Hecht; cinematography by Ted Tetzlaff; music by Roy Webb. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 18-19.)

OUTCAST OF THE ISLANDS (1952)—A marvellous film (drawn from Joseph Conrad's work) that relatively few people have seen. It's probably the only movie that has ever attempted to deal in a complex way with the subject of the civilized man's ambivalence about the savage. It also contains some of the most remarkable sequences ever filmed by the English director Carol Reed; it's an uneven movie, but with splendid moments throughout. Trevor Howard is superb as Willems, who makes himself an outcast first through contemptible irresponsibility and through betrayal of those who trust him, and finally and hopelessly when, against his will, he is attracted to the silent, primitive girl, the terrifying Aissa (played by Kerima). Willems is wrong in almost everything he does, but he represents a gesture toward life; his enemy, Almayer (Robert Morley), is so horribly, pathetically stuffy that his family unit (with Wendy Hiller as his wife and Annabel Morley as his child) is absurdly, painfully funny. With Ralph Richardson, whose role is possibly ill-conceived, and George Coulouris, Wilfrid Hyde-White, and Frederick Valk. The screenplay is by William Fairchild; cinematography by John Wilcox. (Regency; Nov. 13-14.)

PAULINE AT THE BEACH—The writer-director Eric Rohmer contrasts the belle of the beach, the voluptuous blond divorcée Marion (Arielle Dombasle), with her dark-eyed fifteen-year-old cousin Pauline (Amanda Langlet). Rohmer has an amazing gift for finding (or creating) actors who embody the tiny, precise psychological observations that he wants to make, and, with the help of the cinematographer Nestor Almendros, he establishes a loose, summery atmosphere that the characters fit right into. But he offers a tedious message ("A wagging tongue bites itself"), and he can't resist setting up the little girl as our moral instructor. The six characters involved in the bedroom-farce misunderstandings include a suave, fortyish stud (Féodor Atkine); a handsome young windsurfer (Pascal Greggory), who's a ninny; and a girl (Rosette) who sells candy on the beach. In French. (9/5/83) (Lincoln Plaza.)

THE PIRATE (1948)—Judy Garland is a nineteenth-century maiden on a Caribbean island, dreaming of a famous pirate, and Gene Kelly, bouncing with élan in the manner of Fairbanks, is a travelling actor who pretends to be that pirate. This Vincente Minnelli musical, based on an S. N. Behrman play that the Lunts performed, is flamboyant in an innocent and lively way. Though it doesn't quite work, and it's all a bit broad, it doesn't sour in the memory. The Nicholas Brothers join Garland and Kelly in the celebrated "Be a Clown" number. The score is by Cole Porter. With Walter Slezak, Reginald Owen, Gladys Cooper, and George Zucco. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; Nov. 13.)

THE RIGHT STUFF—Based on Tom Wolfe's 1979 book, this often satirical epic—a reënactment of the early years of the space program (1947-63)—gives off a pleasurable hum. The writer-director Philip Kaufman is working on a broad canvas and it excites him. The movie contrasts Chuck Yeager (Sam Shepard) and the other early test pilots who risk their lives in secrecy with the seven publicly acclaimed astronauts who replace the chimps that were sent up in the first American space capsules. The movie is more than a little skewed: it's Kaufman's—and Tom Wolfe's—dreamy vision of the nonchalant Yeager and a past that never was set against a comic view of the modern hype-bound world. With Dennis Quaid, Ed Harris, Fred Ward, Scott Glenn, Pamela Reed, Veronica Cartwright, Jeff Goldblum, Barbara Hershey, Mary Jo Deschanel, Kim Stanley, Brigadier General Chuck Yeager as a bartender, Donald Moffat as Lyndon Johnson, and Robert Beer as Eisenhower. Cinematography by Caleb Deschanel; special visual effects by Jordan Belson. (10/17/83) (Bay Cinema, Beekman, and R.K.O. Century Warner Twin.)

RISKY BUSINESS—The high-school-boy hero (Tom Cruise) is equally worried about what college he'll get into and when and how he'll make out with a girl. When his parents go off on a week's vacation and he's left alone, he phones for the services of a call girl named Lana (Rebecca De Mornay). Up until her arrival, he is desperate, horny, and ingratiating. But once Lana glides in, the picture shifts into an enamelled dreamtime; it gets a vacuous soft-core porno look, and everything is dark and slightly unreal. The boy grows up sexually, and financially, too, when the purringly seductive Lana turns him into a pimp and his home into a bordello. There's a stale cuteness in the idea; it's like a George Bernard Shaw play rewritten for a cast of ducks and geese. Directing his first feature, the screenwriter Paul Brickman is overdeliberate, and his control is so tight that there are no incidental pleasures—there's nothing but the one thin situation. With jangling electronic mood music by Tangerine Dream. (9/5/83) (Criterion Theatres.)

THE ROAD WARRIOR (1982)—Set in a post-apocalyptic Wasteland, this Australian film is a mutant, sprung from virtually all action genres. It's one continuous spurt of energy, and the jangly, fast editing suggests wit; so does the broad blacktop highway that cuts across the desert nothingness. And the rampaging vandals—punkish post-nuclear-war bikers, led by a masked bodybuilder called the Humungus—are s.-m. comic-strip terrors. But the picture is abstract in an adolescent way. Director George Miller's attempt to tap into the universal concept of the hero (as enunciated by Jung and explicated by Joseph Campbell in "The Hero with a Thousand Faces") makes the film joyless. He consciously uses his hero, Max (Mel Gibson), as an icon; that's enough to squeeze the juice out of any actor, and Max seems bland and apathetic. For all its huffing and puffing, this is a sappy, sentimental movie. With Bruce Spence and Vernon Wells; the script is by Terry Hayes and Miller, with Brian Hannant. (9/6/82) (Quad Cinema, and Olympia Quad; through Nov. 10.)

SATAN'S BREW (1977)—Rainer Werner Fassbinder's *agent provocateur* of a film about a non-writing writer (Kurt Raab) who decides to plagiarize Stefan George. The anti-hero is an irrational slob. In asking us to accept this sadomasochistic charade, Fassbinder is relying on our trust of his talent. In German. (Film Forum; Nov. 15.)

THE SEARCHERS (1956)—John Wayne is the taciturn loner Ethan Edwards, a Confederate veteran who arrives at his married brother's ranch in Texas in 1868. Learning that there are Comanches in the area, Ethan and Martin (Jeffrey Hunter), a part Cherokee young man who lives with the brother's family, go

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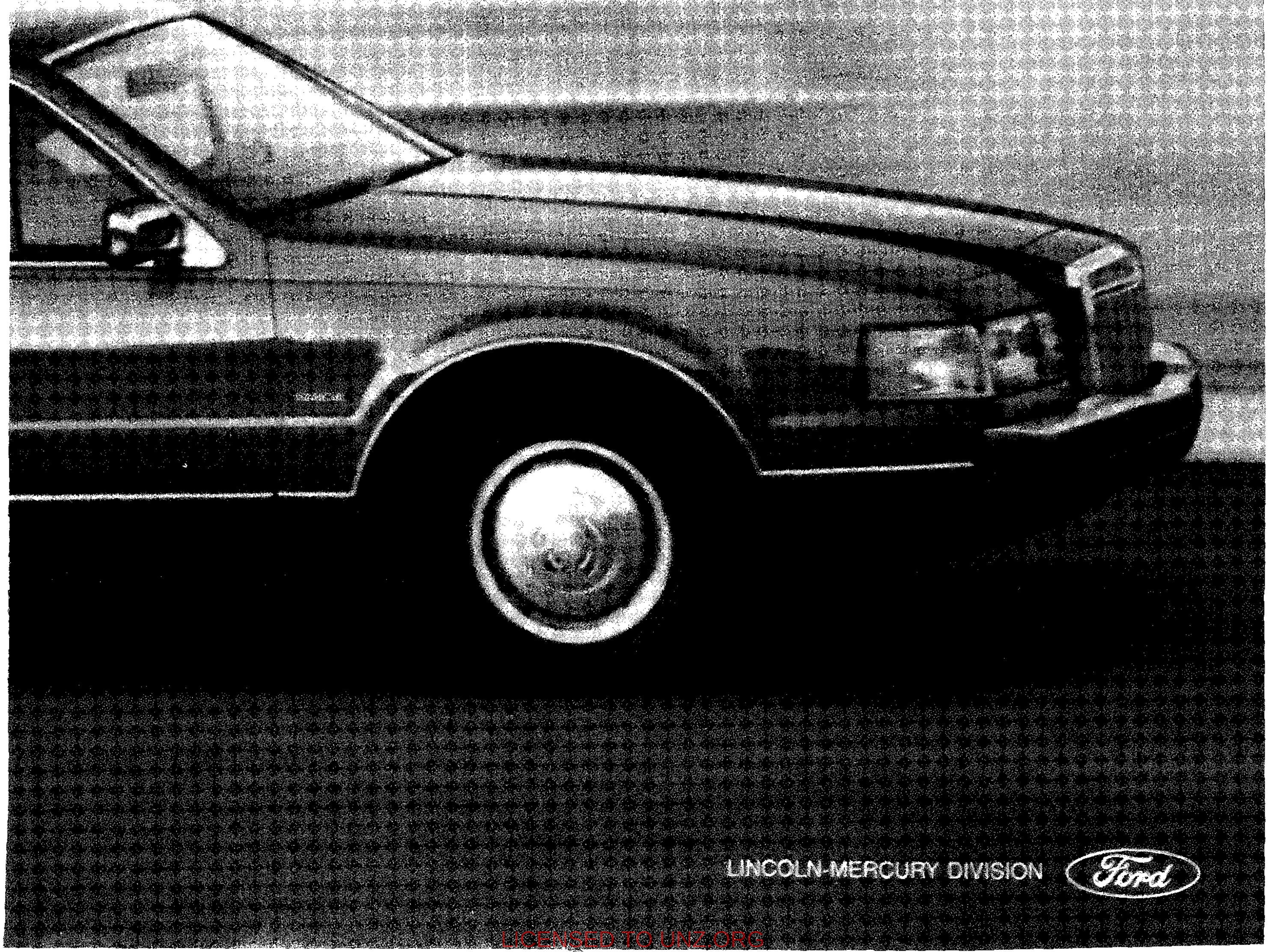

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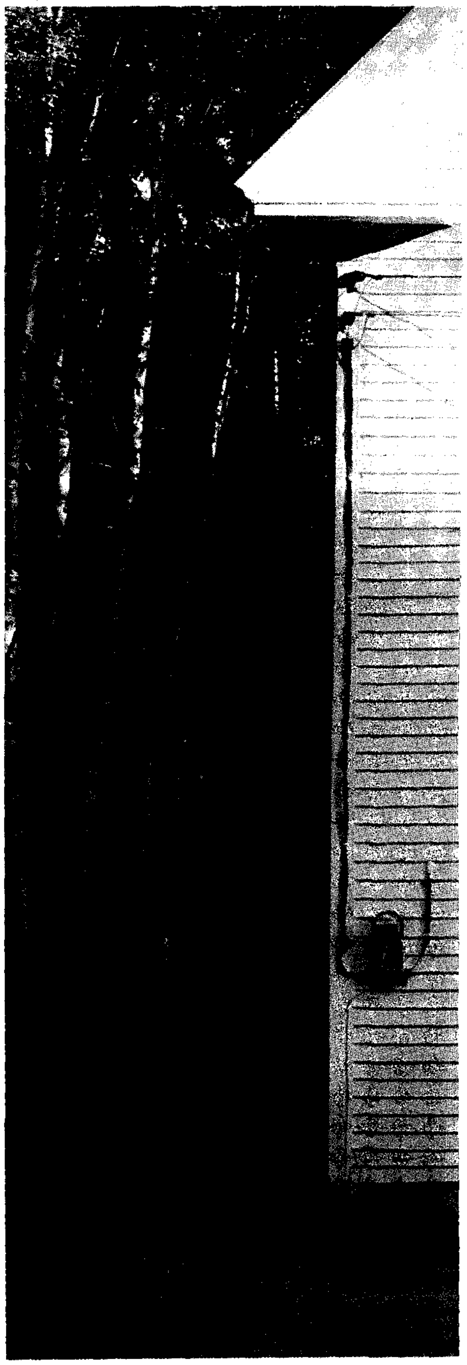

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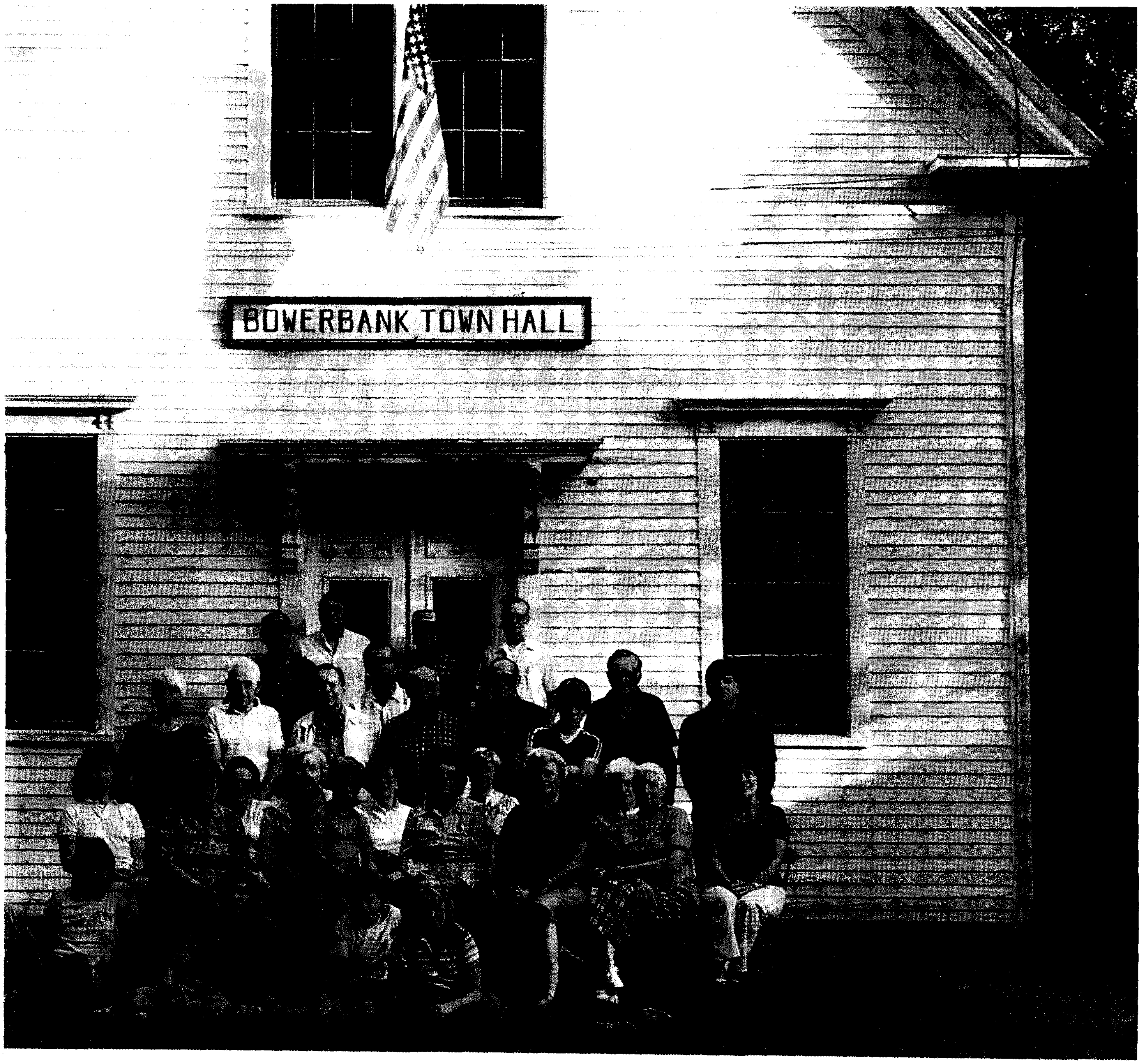
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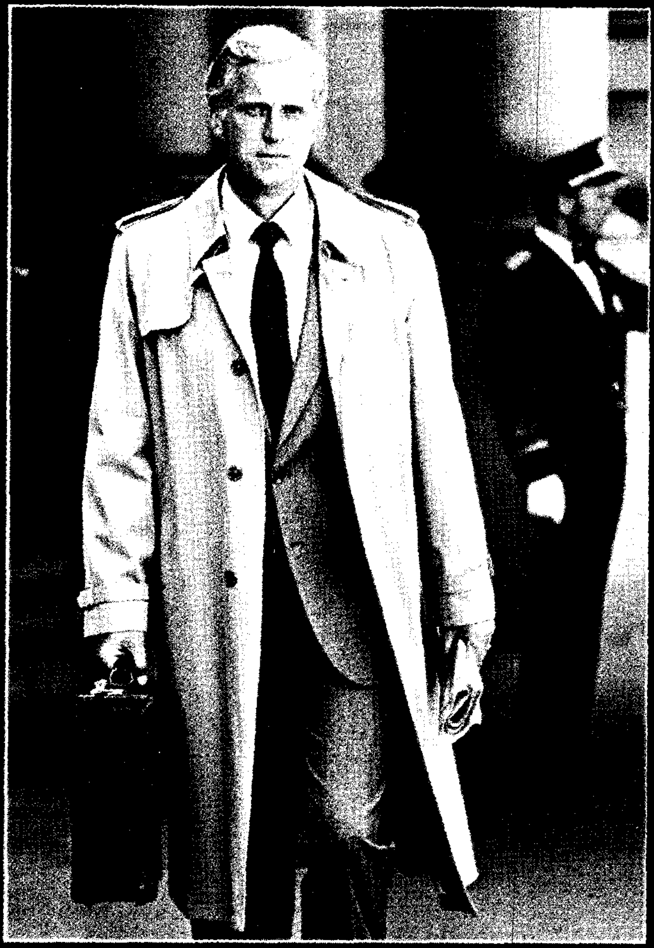

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off to look for them. While they're away, the Comanches attack the ranch; they return to a scene of horror—the house has been burned down and the family slaughtered, all except Ethan's two nieces, who have been abducted. The ravaged body of the older girl is found and buried; the search for the little one (played by Lana Wood) goes on. You can read a lot into the movie, but it isn't very enjoyable. What made this John Ford Western fascinating to the young directors who hailed it in the seventies as a great work and as a key influence on them is the compulsiveness of Ethan's search for his niece (whose mother he loved) and his bitter, vengeful racism. He's surly and foul-tempered toward Martin, who accompanies him during the five years of looking for the girl (who by then has turned into Natalie Wood, in glossy makeup, as if she were going to a fifties prom), and he hates Indians so much that he intends to kill her when he finds her, because she will have become the "squaw" to what he calls a "buck." The film doesn't develop Ethan's macho savagery; it's just there. Ford's attempts at comic relief are a fizzle—especially the male knockabout humor. Throughout, the performances are highly variable. With Vera Miles, Dorothy Jordan, Ward Bond (who wears a fine top hat), Henry Brandon, Ken Curtis, Hank Worden, Peter Mamakos, Olive Carey, John Qualen, Antonio Moreno, Harry Carey, Jr., Walter Coy, Pippa Scott, Pat Wayne, Nacho Galindo, and, in a small part, Mae Marsh. From a novel by Alan LeMay, adapted by Frank S. Nugent; music by Max Steiner. (There are allusions to this film in "Star Wars," "Mean Streets," "Hardcore," and many others.) (St. Marks Cinema; through Nov. 10.)

Spellbound (1945)—The idea is intriguing: a murder mystery set among a group of psychoanalysts, with a solution to be arrived at by clues found in a dream. It was carried out by one of the most highly publicized collaborations of all time: Alfred Hitchcock and Salvador Dali, with Ben Hecht writing the script. Ingrid Bergman is one of the analysts, Gregory Peck her amnesiac patient—the murder suspect. Yet, with all the obvious ingredients for success, "Spellbound" is a disaster. It was fitting that the actress who was once described as a "fine, strong, cow-country maiden" should be cast as a good, solid analyst, dispensing cures with the wholesome simplicity of a mother adding wheat germ to the family diet, but Bergman's apple-cheeked sincerity has rarely been so out of place as in this confection whipped up by jaded chefs. With Michael Chekhov, John Emery, Leo G. Carroll. Academy Award for Best Original Score (!), by Miklós Rózsa. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 18-19.)

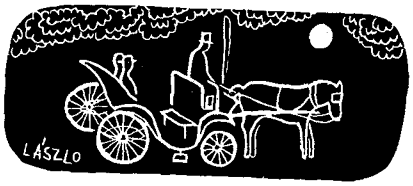
A Star Is Born (1937)—The first version, starring Janet Gaynor and Fredric March. The director, William Wellman, had a hand in the story, and Dorothy Parker, Alan Campbell, and Robert Carson devised the script, which purports to tell the true inside story of Hollywood and the perils of fame—how the fresh young actress, Vicki Lester, becomes a great star, while her spoiled, big-headed husband, Norman Maine, falls from stardom and sinks via alcoholism and despair. The film is peculiarly masochistic and self-congratulatory. The cast includes Adolphe Menjou, Lionel Stander, May Robson, Edgar Kennedy, Andy Devine, and Owen Moore. Produced by David O. Selznick, who acknowledged that the 1932 film "What Price Hollywood" was the source material. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 15.)

The Stars Look Down (1939)—Carol Reed was only thirty-three when he made this film, and he had not yet acquired the technical virtuosity of his later style; it contains nothing as imaginative as the first sequences of his "Odd Man Out," when the Irish conspirators stage their robbery and lose their leader in the getaway. But this straightforward film is, in some ways, his finest. It's a remarkably beautiful work, and until the sixties it was one of only a few English movies with a strong contemporary subject. It sustains an emotional tone like that of a Thomas Hardy novel, and the hero (Michael Redgrave, in his first really distinguished screen performance) is a frustrated idealist, not unlike Hardy's Jude. Growing up in a Welsh mining town, this hero dreams of improving the life around him, but marries naïvely and disastrously. Margaret Lockwood plays the stupid, vulgar, unhappy girl who snares him, and Emlyn Williams is the little sharpie she's instinctively drawn to. One sequence is almost pure Hardy: a group of men are trapped in a mine; the conscience-stricken, criminally irresponsible mine owner, on his way to the rescue squad with the plans that will save the men, has a fatal stroke; the plans fall from his hand, and the trapped men die. With Edward Rigby as the hero's father, Nancy Price as his mother, Desmond Tester as his younger brother, and Ivor Barnard and Cecil Parker. From a novel by A. J. Cronin. The film met with a hostile reaction from organized labor, partly because the miners are seen to be contemptuous of their own union, and few people in this country saw it when it finally arrived here in 1941. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 17.)

State Fair (1933)—Will Rogers in a homey, good-natured comedy romance that was a huge popular success. He is the farmer who takes his big black-and-white hog, Blue Boy, to compete at the fair. (When the hog feels poorly, Rogers accuses it of shamming.) At the fair, the farmer's daughter, Janet Gaynor, meets a newspaperman, Lew Ayres, and the farmer's son, Norman Foster, encounters a trapeze performer, Sally Eilers; meanwhile the farmer's wife, Louise Dresser, wins prizes for her pickles, jams, and mincemeat. Frank Craven has a leading role, playing a storekeeper, and Victor Jory appears as a barker. The romance of Foster and Eilers is dismal, but the rest is highly satisfying. Henry King directed; based on Phil Stong's novel. Has been remade a couple of times, but this version is the best by far. It's folksy stuff, all right, but Will Rogers and Frank Craven knew how to satirize the characters they embodied, and Janet Gaynor knew how to sneak into the audience's heart. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 15.)

Staying Alive—Ludicrous. As producer-writer-director, Sylvester Stallone turns everything into a fight, and this sequel to John Badham's "Saturday Night Fever," with John Travolta once again playing the dancer Tony Manero, seems designed to pound the audience into submission. Stallone doesn't bother much with characters, scenes, or dialogue. He just puts the newly muscle-plated Travolta in front of the cameras, covers him with what looks like oil slick, and goes for the whambams. The film gives the audience such a pounding that if it weren't for the final two minutes of Travolta on the street, moving to the theme music from "Saturday Night Fever," people might not have the strength to crawl out of the theatre. With Cynthia Rhodes, Finola Hughes, and Julie Bovasso, who has a couple of remarkable scenes as Tony's mother. (8/22/83) (Embassy.)

Trading Places—Dan Aykroyd plays a snooty young blueblood and Eddie Murphy plays a con man-beggar. The two don't exactly trade places; they're traded, by a pair of heartless, rich old brothers (Ralph Bellamy and Don Ameche) who have made a heredity-versus-environment bet—something we've been spared in movies of the past few decades. John Landis has directed this comedy in a mock-thirties formal style; it's eerily arch and static. But the picture has its big, chugging structure working for it; the whole apparatus picks up speed toward the end and comes to a rousing, slapstick finish. With Denholm Elliott, Jamie Lee Curtis, Paul Gleason, and Kristin Holby. From a script by Timothy Harris and Herschel Weingrod. (7/11/83) (Embassy 1. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; through Nov. 10.)



Under Fire—A beautiful piece of new-style classical moviemaking. Everything is thought out and prepared, but it isn't explicit, it isn't labored, and it certainly isn't over-composed. Set in Nicaragua in 1979, during the last days of Somoza's dictatorship, the film is a little like Peter Weir's "The Year of Living Dangerously," but visually and in its romantic revolutionary spirit it's more like Pontecorvo's "The Battle of Algiers" and "Burn!" With his subdued, impassioned manner, the director, Roger Spottiswoode, brings the Nicaragua of countless news stories right to the center of our consciousness, by showing us how three grownup Americans react to the Sandinist revolution. The stars are the unostentatiously fine actor Nick Nolte as the photojournalist hero—part artist, part automaton; Joanna Cassidy, strong and stunning as a radio reporter; and Gene Hackman in one of his wonderfully expansive performances as a jaunty, professionally likable war correspondent. The characters around them include Jean-Louis Trintignant as a suave, sleazo Frenchman who works for the C.I.A., Ed Harris as a mercenary with the grin of a happy psychopath, René Enriquez as a Teddy-bear Somoza, and Richard Masur as Somoza's American publicity expert. The often edgy and maliciously smart script, by Ron Shelton (working from a first draft by Clayton Frohman), gives the actors some very knowing material. The cinematography is by John Alcott; the Jerry Goldsmith score, which features a bamboo flute from the Andes with a barely perceptible electronic shadow effect, is a beauty. Shot in Mexico. (10/31/83) (Loews New York Twin, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

A Woman of Paris (1923)—Chaplin's legendary "serious" film, written and directed by him, with a spot appearance by him as a porter. It has all his wit and none of his whimsy. Edna Purviance, benefitting from Chaplin's promise after their long career together that he would one day write a dramatic part for her, plays a French countrywoman parted by disapproving parents from her love (a glazed-eyed, very silent-film figure played by Carl Miller). She goes to Paris and gets involved with a handsome dandy (Adolphe Menjou). Chaplin withdrew the film from circulation in the late twenties, and restored it to us—with a new musical score, composed by himself—only in 1976. A treasure dredged up from the ocean bed of sunken movies. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 16.)

WR—Mysteries of the Organism (1971)—Controversial, comic collage-movie, by Dusan Makavejev, that mixes and parodies left-wing politics and Wilhelm Reichian psychology; the point of view is so unstable that it seems to be more sophomoric than anything else. With the gifted actress Milena Dravić, as well as Jackie Curtis and Tuli Kupferberg. A Yugoslav film, filmed in Europe and the U.S. English subtitles and dialogue. (Metro Cinema; Nov. 16.)

Zelig—Woody Allen's intricately layered parody: a mock documentary about a celebrity of the twenties, the Human Chameleon, who takes on the characteristics of whatever strong personalities he comes in contact with. The film seems small, and there's a reason: there aren't any characters in it, not even Zelig. Allen shafts the almost universally accepted idea that everyone is someone. This is a fantasy about being famous for being nobody. The whole movie is an ingenious stunt; it has been thought out in terms of the film image, turning the American history we know from newsreels into slapstick by inserting the little lost sheep Zelig in a corner of the frame. Zelig's story couldn't have been told any other way—the pathos would have been crushing. The documentary fakery dries it out and keeps it light. Zelig is always just glimpsed and the movie darts on. It's made up of artful little touches. With Mia Farrow as Zelig's analyst. (8/8/83) (Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ Cinema 3; Nov. 9. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; through Nov. 17. . . . ¶ Manhattan; starting Nov. 10.)

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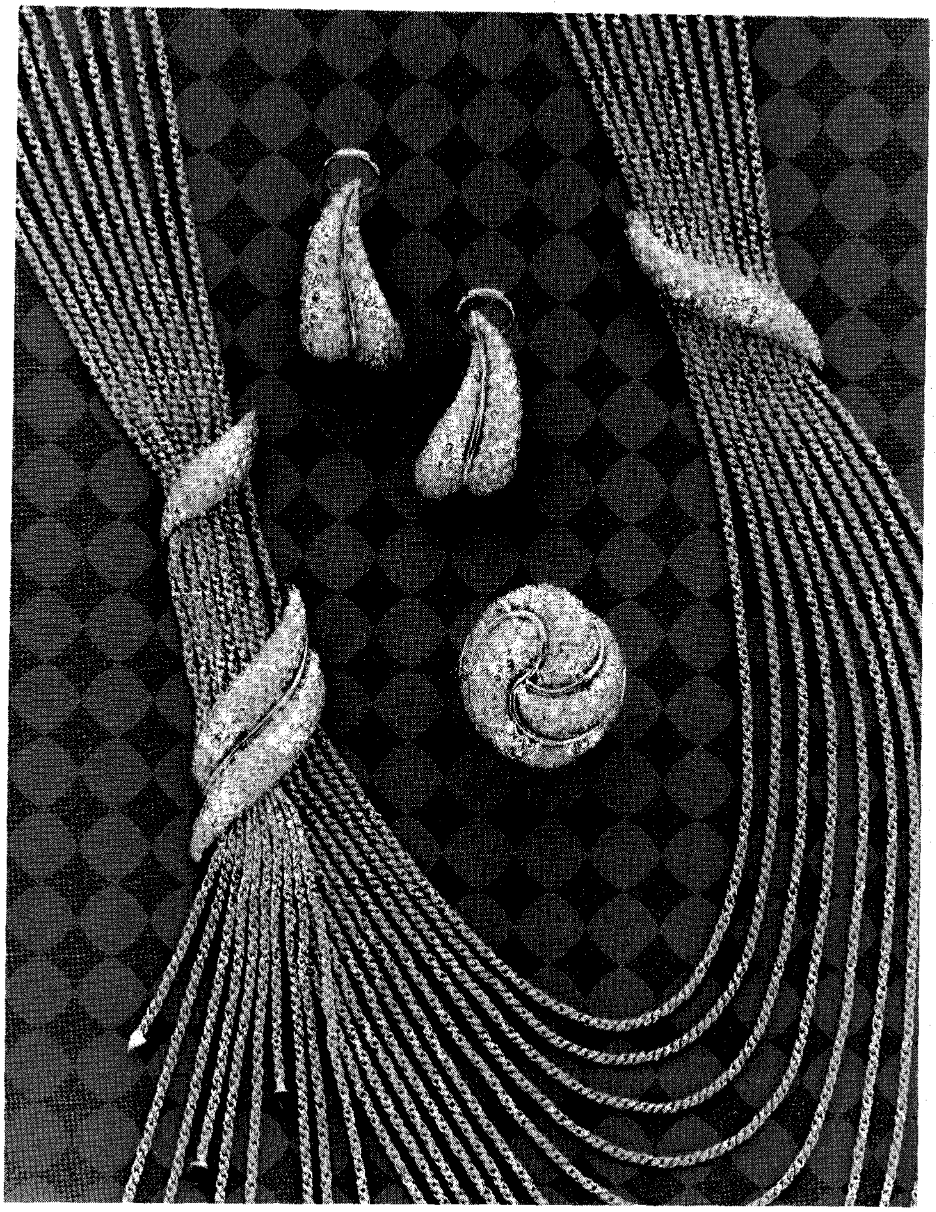

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

IN theory, the United States is a constitutional republic, in which the powers of government are hedged about with checks and balances. In domestic affairs, the United States is a constitutional republic in practice as well. In foreign affairs, however, as the American invasion of Grenada makes clear, a new reality has grown up to supplant the old theory and the old governmental system that it defined. In this new reality, the President acts alone, and no one else has a voice—not Congress, not the press, not the public. All these parties, who are caught up in the consequences of a decision that they had no part in making, are left to respond as best they can to the fait accompli. The President acts. They only react. But in matters of war and peace—and especially in matters of war—*re*action is by its nature feeble. The power to embark on war is a power to create a compelling new reality. War itself unleashes strong impulses that may have little to do with the wisdom or lack of it in the reasons for going to war, and these impulses are likely to dominate public feeling about the event as a whole. When the troops are already in the field, fighting and killing and dying, the overwhelming impulse is to rally to their support, and, almost by implication, to the support of the cause in which they were sent. The time when debate about a military course of action might count is *before* the blood begins to flow, when alternatives still lie open. But now those who might counsel a different policy do not even know what is being planned until after the fact. Then, unable to reverse what is already history, they are consigned to the role of "critics"—of "Monday-morning quarterbacks," as it is said—who "carp and complain" but are impotent to do anything. The War Powers Act illustrates the dilemma. The framers of the Constitution wisely required the approval of Congress for a *declaration* of war, not for its *continuation*. But under the War Powers Act, of course, the President is permitted to get the war going, and the congressmen are, in effect, left, if they dare, to intervene in the combat, as though they were a sort of rear-guard enemy that was threatening to undercut at home what the troops were trying to accomplish in the field. In recent years, Presidents have found it difficult to restrain themselves from *dispatching* troops to foreign wars, for fear of being called "weak," or "soft on Communism," or what have you. How, then, are we to expect Congress to force a President to *pull back* troops already engaged in fighting? Indeed, as the response to the killing of our troops in Lebanon shows, the very fact of casualties gives the troops a rationale for continuing to fight which they may previously have lacked: they must keep fighting to show that they are not "running away" and to prove that those who have already died have not died in vain.

Of course, in a democracy, which is what the United States still is, however little we may choose to make use of the democratic machinery bequeathed to us, public opinion remains a powerful force—one before which even headstrong Presidents have bowed. In the Grenada invasion, however, not only was the public unconsulted beforehand but it was kept in the dark about events afterward, because of the news blackout that the Reagan Administration, in a break with American tradition, imposed on the war. A news blackout is a subversion of public opinion. It cuts public opinion dead at its very roots. The public, of course, still forms opinions—it can hardly do otherwise when its armies are fighting overseas—but those opinions may have little to do with what is really happening. Much, much later, when the facts trickle in—if it turns out, for example, that, contrary to official reports, the American students in Grenada were not in any immediate danger, that there were many civilian casualties, that most of the Cuban construction workers on the island really were construction workers, and not soldiers—the information, though it may reveal the truth about what we have done, has somehow lost its vividness and power. It has all the urgency and interest of last month's newspapers. By then, the die has been cast, and the people, dispossessed of their right to participate in the conduct of the people's business, have become a mere gallery of spectators of their own affairs.

Judith Shahn

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Growth

EVERY year at this season, nature reminds us afresh of the miracles she can work. Annually, frosts turn the lawn tawny, winds blast bare the branches of anything deciduous, the gathering chill humbles even the hardiest perennial. The bloom, so to speak, goes off the rose. With a few exceptions, two of which we witnessed in recent weeks:

"This is a streptocarpus," Abe Cohen told us. "It's not an infection—it's a gesneriad." In fact, it was one of many gesneriads, including the popular Disco Dancing variety, on display at last week's houseplant show at the quarters of the Horticultural Society of New York. Mr. Cohen belongs to the

New York chapter of the American Gloxinia and Gesneriad Society, which was formed a quarter century ago. "What you really need for gesneriads is a pretty good supply of humidity," said Mr. Cohen, and he added that while the African violet is technically a gesneriad his club manages to maintain amicable relations with the New York City African Violet Society. "African violets are an *offshoot* of gesneriads," he said. Gesneriads derive their name from a Swiss naturalist, Konrad von Gesner. "It's not a flowery name, but it's a flowery plant," Mr. Cohen said.

Behaving rather like a pollinator, we caught a flash of color and a whiff of perfume from one corner of the hall and made a beeline for the Manhattan Orchid Society booth, where we learned, among other things, that the black orchids that Brenda Starr's husband, Basil St. John, cultivates in their comic strip are actually *Coelogyne pandurata*, and are not black. "It is a very large green orchid, with maroon markings on the lip," Marquis Z. Hodes, one of a hundred members of the Orchid Society, told us. "It's dark maroon—so dark that from a distance it would appear black. But there are no true blacks in the plant kingdom, though there are some very, very dark blues."

Debby Gazaway, another member, told us that while orchids were beautiful and fun to grow, growing them was "also partly a snob thing—everyone else is piddling around with African violets and you're growing *orchids*."

Since the African Violet Society table sat stamen-by-pistil with the orchid display, we wasted no time in getting a reply from Laura Holland, the society's prexy. She didn't shrink from the charges, answering with calm assurance, "We're the most popular plant of any. Of any! All the pretty colors, that's why." She told us that African violets make ideal apartment plants. "You have your minis, and you have your semi-minis, and you have your standards," she said. "Now, the standard is about a foot across, but some of them are *huge*—some of them are as wide as two feet. That's getting a little big for an apartment, even if you love African violets."

After chatting with the bromeliad contingent, and with an officer of the Knickerbocker branch of the American Begonia Society, and with Rolf Martin, who has designed a calendar featuring endangered plants, and with Phyllis Rosenbluth, of the Cactus and Succulent Society, who told us that she had heard of gardeners falling into their cacti and needing special tweezers to get the thorns out—after all that, just as we were leaving, we saw that we'd missed one display. It belonged to the Rare Pit and Plant Council, whose members wore T-shirts that said "Hug a Pit." We admired the dwarf pomegranate and the mango. "It has a great pit, a huge pit, but it's covered with slime and hair and you have to scrub it with a potato brush before you plant it," one officer told us. The council treasurer, Marty Biesc, sat behind a card table answering questions about passion fruit. We waited our turn, and then asked what, exactly, defined a pit.

"Roughly, a pit is found within the fruit," Mr. Biesc said, "while a seed is found within the flower."

"Yeah," said Deborah Peterson, the editor of a pit newsletter. "But the real way you can tell is that a pit is big. A pit is a big seed."

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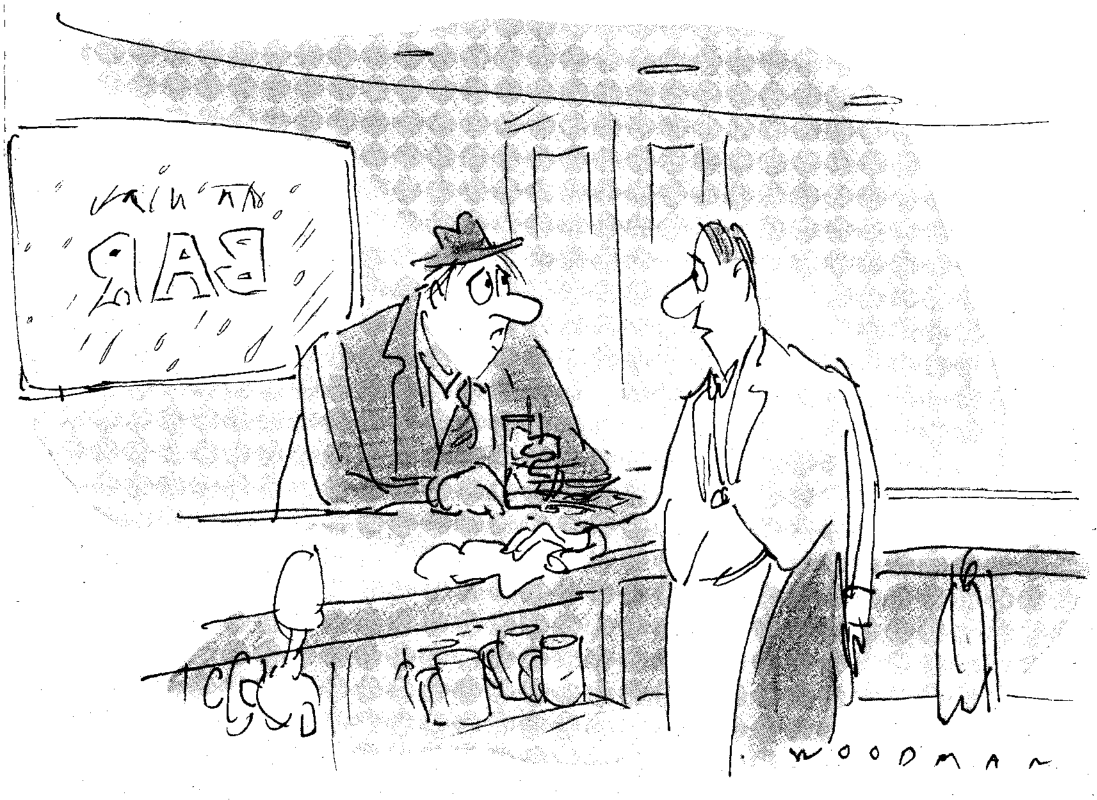
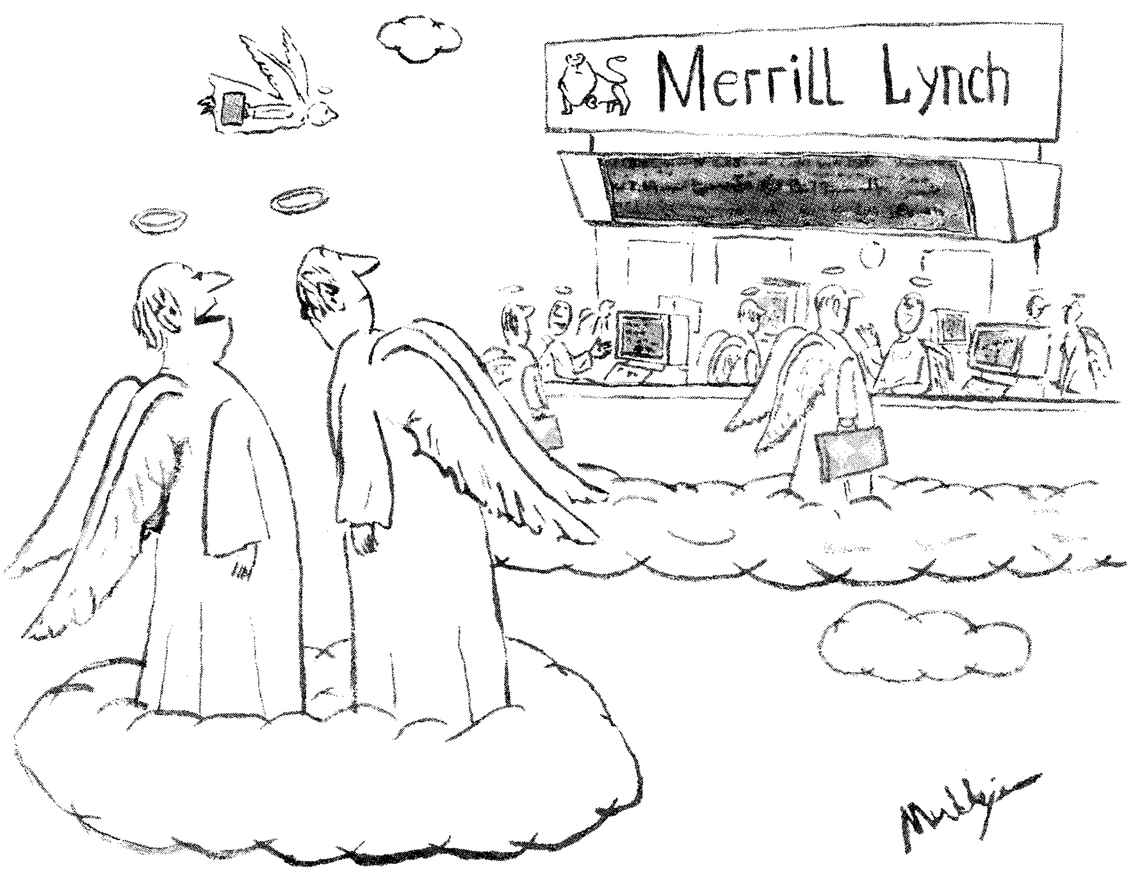
"SOIL is dirt. We don't want any dirt. No dirt," Stephen Singer said. "As soon as all you reporters leave, we're going to sweep out all the dirt you've tracked in, so it will be clean again. This is a clean farm." Indeed it is—none of those muddy barnyards, none of those rich animal odors, none of those blackened fingernails to scrub with 20 Mule Team Boraxo for Stephen Singer and his crew at Aqua Farms, who are using the waste heat from a power plant in Queens to heat a hydroponic greenhouse. The greenhouse, Aqua Farms, is the heart of a one-acre agribusiness that recently opened on the grounds of the Charles Poletti Power Project, beside the East River. Instead of gripping the good earth, the roots of Mr. Singer's cucumber, lettuce, and tomato plants are submerged in a stream of nutrient-rich water. "It is a totally controlled environment in here—there's no dirt in the lettuce," he said. "You can pick up that head of lettuce over there and eat every leaf without washing. This is premium produce—those tomatoes are *red*. If you want winter tomatoes, normally they have to be picked green in someplace warm and sent up to you in a truck. But we harvest



"Quite frankly, I don't think losing your umbrella is anything to get all worked up about."

when they're ripe. I call this a health spa for vegetables."

Walking around the lettuce patch—a half-acre plot capable of producing a million heads a year—we ran into Randy Robinson, an Aqua Farmer who grew up in Luray, South Carolina, which is dirt-farm country. One drawback of the widespread "stick it in the ground" approach to agriculture, Mr. Robinson pointed out, is that lettuce normally fails to grow at waist level, so you must bend over to pick it. This half acre of lettuce grew on racks crossed by plastic water troughs. A little farther on, in the tomato room, the plants stretched far enough into the distance so that you almost felt as if you were in a field, albeit a field with a roof. A young man pushed a broom up and down the rows. "Watch your feet, please," he adjured us as he passed.



"That's for the lucky few who did manage to take it with them."

During the official dedication ceremony of Aqua Farms, a number of people looked down their noses at regular winter tomatoes. Mr. Singer compared them to potatoes, and John Dyson, the chairman of the New York Power Authority, said they reminded him of Ping-Pong balls. Income per hydroponic acre should exceed five hundred and fifty thousand dollars, Mr. Singer said, adding that five years hence he hopes to be "the dominant factor in Northeast produce production."

The statistics didn't interest us as much as the cucumber field, which was vertical, the vines strung up from floor-level canals to horizontal cables some ten feet above and bearing long green cukes. Tom Maiello, an Astoria resident and Aqua Farmer, was tending some plants nearby. "You don't smell the earth, but it's definitely the new thing," he said. "We'll have to go to it. We've gone to the moon, and now this."

Peter Brook

HALFWAY through Peter Brook's "La Tragédie de Carmen," there is a moment of pure theatrical magic. Carmen and her lover, Don José, have fled to the mountains to escape the authorities and are sleeping together on a dusty rug in the center of a stage floor that is covered with earth and pebbles. A mysterious old woman in black draws a circle around them in red sand and then lights three small campfires. As Bizet's haunting interlude flickers through the auditorium, the audience is suddenly transported to a distant and dangerous place where a man and a woman who are violently and fatally attracted to one another have found a moment of peace. There is a reality to the scene—the dust, the smell of the campfires—that overrides stage conventions, and yet there is no surprise when the two lovers wake up and start singing. It is this ability to make artifice seem completely natural that lies at the core of Peter Brook's version of "Carmen," and the result is an extraordinary theatrical experience.

We attended a performance of this stripped-down version of "Carmen" one evening last week and came away from the Vivian Beaumont marvelling at the transformation of a very grand grand opera into an intimate eighty-minute music drama. Choruses and crowd scenes have been dropped, the cast has been trimmed to four singing roles (Carmen, José, Micaëla, and Escamillo) and two speaking parts (one actor plays Lillas Pastia and a smuggler, García, who does not appear in the Bizet opera), and the libretto has been reworked to give the characters stronger personalities. Micaëla, for example, is a sturdy, independent village girl who is not afraid to fight with Carmen for José's love. José kills both his captain, Zuniga, and García (who turns out to be Carmen's husband) before his murderous impulse shifts to the unfaithful gypsy. Escamillo, Bizet's flamboyant toreador, is a man haunted by a premonition of death, and when he dies in the bullring a subdued and stricken Carmen follows José to the mountains knowing that he will kill her there. The large Bizet orchestra has been reduced to a chamber-music group, which permits the singers to deliver their lines thoughtfully and intimately to one another, and although a conductor is listed in the program neither singers nor audience can see him.

We returned to the Beaumont the following morning to watch a run-through with a different cast (Brook has four or five singers for each leading role and rehearses them constantly), and found two young men in bluejeans (José and Escamillo) working on a fight scene. As Peter Brook—a slight, trim man wearing bluejeans, a blue work shirt, and a black leather jacket—watched critically, the singers delivered their lines, exchanged blows, and struggled for the possession of a knife. "Here you lose control when you lunge forward with your knife," Mr. Brook said to a very young José. "And there he drives you back against the wall and kicks stones in your face. Then you rush off."

When the rehearsal ended, we asked Mr. Brook—who has vivid-blue eyes, aquiline features, and an aureole of white hair—what had caused him to choose this particular opera for his musical experiment.

" 'Carmen' arose from the research we've done at our theatre in Paris, the Centre International de Créations Théâtrales," he said. "One of our projects was to see if it was possible to make a natural, living, direct *sung* theatre, and we decided to reinvestigate the story of 'Carmen' in such a way that the singing became more natural than the spoken word. For over a hundred years, opera has been largely considered an art form in which one accepts and cultivates artificiality for its own sake. But I believe that in music drama the emotional experience can be brought to the surface in such a way that it penetrates right to the heart. What matters here is that at the end—whatever techniques you use—the impression should be of such intimacy that form vanishes and you actually believe in the reality of what you see. 'Carmen' is an enormously popular opera, and I think it's popular not only for the virtues of the score but because it's a genuinely archetypal story, like some of the great Greek tragedies. For me, the heart of the story is the clash between two totally different ways of life—the gypsy way of life, on the one hand, and the ordered, civilized world, on the other. When I began working with 'Carmen,' I found amazing parallels with Shakespeare's 'Antony and Cleopatra.' Antony was also a soldier, with all Rome behind him, and Cleopatra, who's called a gypsy all through the play, was both his liberation and his undoing. In 'Carmen,' I felt, if one could cut away the decorations and the exaggeration there was an essential human truth that could be made accessible to the widest variety of people."

"How did you go about rearranging the text and the music?" we asked.

"More than two years ago, three of us—the playwright Jean-Claude Carrière, the composer-conductor Marius Constant, and I—sat down and looked at 'Carmen' from all angles and tried to determine what seemed to us to be the essential material," replied Mr. Brook. "Bizet had started with the Mérimée novella, and the essence of that work is its absolute austerity: not one word wasted, not one superfluous adjective. Spain is there, but it's minimal writing—no fat, no romantic descriptions. And so we felt that in 'Carmen' there was a double image. There was an essential story surrounded by a lot of decoration, and we felt that if we could go back to the spirit of what Bizet might have felt when he first encountered Mérimée we could extract a form, which we would call 'La Tragédie de Carmen.' As we worked with the material, we discovered that there was a coherent narrative central to the drama which one could pick out and which contained not only the most marvellously intimate music but music that truly expressed human feelings. If the essence of 'Carmen' is the clash between two ways of life—the gypsy way and the normal way—the tragedy arises from the fact that José, who clearly has total respect for his village and his mother, has, at the same time, the world that Carmen inhabits inside him as well. When the story begins, he has killed a boy in his village and joined the army; it is his fate that through a desperate series of circumstances he reaches a point of no return and commits three more murders. We have also tried to bring Carmen back to Mérimée's original character. In the book, she has this extraordinary quality of being true to herself at any given moment. She can be genuinely about to go to bed with Zuniga and yet be genuinely and totally in love with José when the two meet a few minutes later. And she is amused, unmoved, and quite practical when Zuniga's murder takes place." (When José kills Zuniga in the inn, there is a bit of low comedy: the conspirators prop his body up against a cushion as Escamillo sings the famous Toreador Song.) Mr. Brook went on to say, "These different sides of Carmen's personality are something that nineteenth-century opera would never have accepted. She is not only immoral but amoral, and she lives with a total honesty and freedom that would have been unthinkable at the time. If you see a remarkable play by Shakespeare, you actually penetrate to the core of madness, jealousy, passion in a way that you cannot do in the course of everyday behavior. In the same way, 'Carmen,' like all archetypal stories, brings us very close to some of the basic realities of human personality which we find hard to recognize when they occur on the surface of the life that surrounds us. Here we have tried to reinterpret the opera and the novella from which it came to achieve that shock of recognition—that impression of simple, living truth—which is for us the essence of theatre."

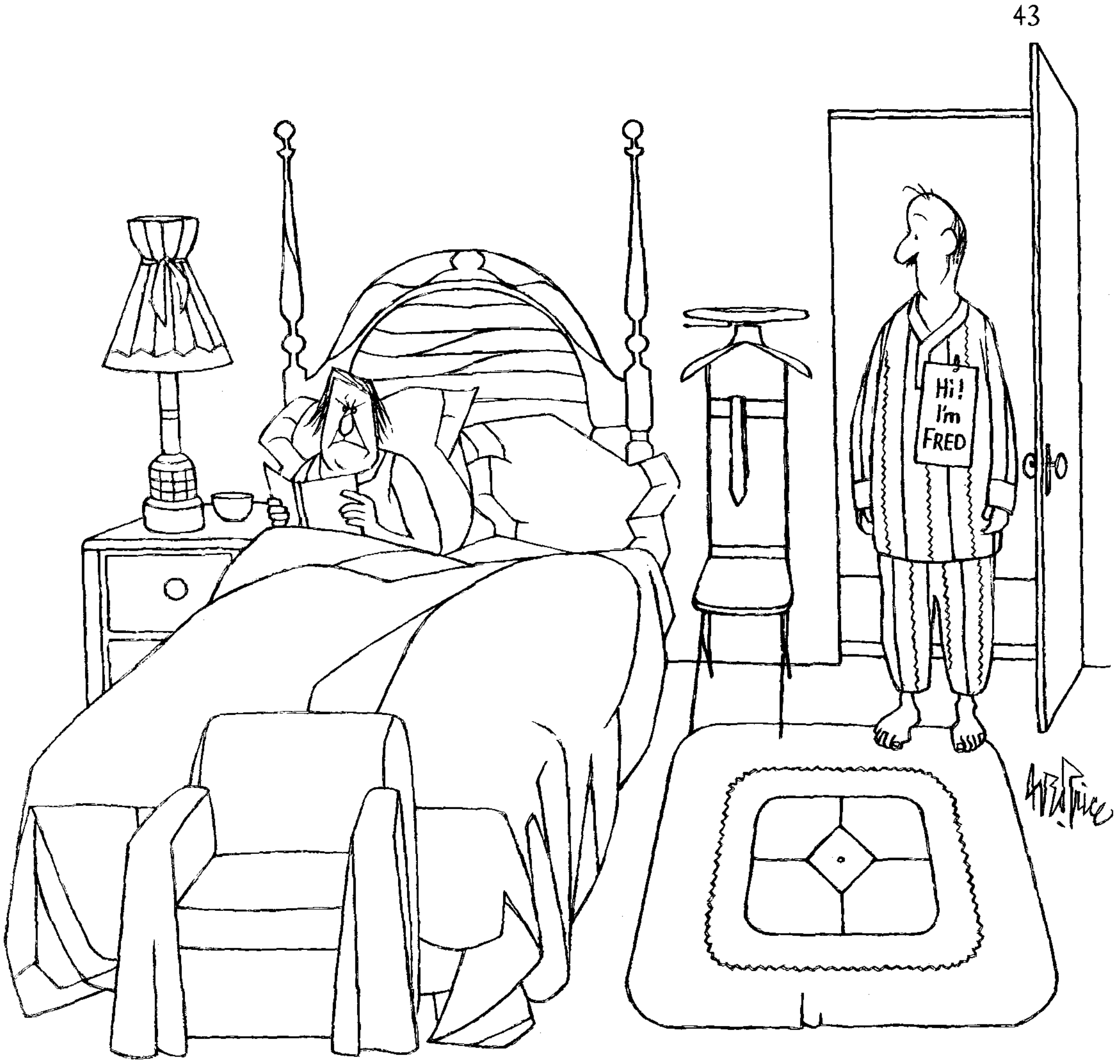
Move

"YOU'RE not too late. Thomas Mann is still here," Jill Dunbar said as we walked into the Three Lives & Company Bookshop at Seventh Avenue South and Tenth Street—one of those lingering independent shops that are still selling books unconcerned with the comic adventures of overweight cats. Actually, the store we had walked into was the *old* home of the bookstore; forced out, as a result of landlord difficulties, the owners of Three Lives—Jill Dunbar, Helene Webb, and Jenny Feder—were moving their operations to new quarters, around the corner, with the help of a battalion of neighbors, patrons, and friends.

The work went quickly; by early afternoon, only Mann, Machiavelli, Malamud, and a few lesser "M"s remained in the old building, along with some people drinking St. Pauli Girl beer and chatting about what a nice bookstore it was. "Warm," "friendly," "helpful," and "literate" were some of the adjectives they used. "We work very hard," Helene Webb told us. "This is a literary neighborhood, and you can't miss a beat."

We accompanied her around the corner to the new store, and there we found a number of authors unpacking and reshelving nearly thirty thousand volumes—Kobo Abe to Stefan Zweig—and drinking St. Pauli Girl. "We sent the writers over to unpack, because they know all about alphabetical order," Helene Webb told us, and, in fact, the shelves were filling quickly.

"We're taking a short break, because we lost Evelyn Waugh," said Laurie Colwin, the novelist and short-story writer, who was working the last third of the alphabet with Robert



Phelps, who edited the new edition of Colette's collected stories. "So far, Gertrude Stein and May Sarton have taken up a lot of space. And Virginia Woolf—she's the all-time winner. We may not have enough room, and if we don't we're going to take a very strong line on Ayn Rand. A *very* strong line."

Over at "I," "J," "K," and "L," a minor crisis brewed: new arrivals from the old store required bumping back entire shelffuls. "I think we're going to have a nightmare in an hour or so, right around Pirandello," Sandra Scoppettone, the novelist, told us. We loitered in the shop, admiring its fittings—beautifully varnished furniture and green-shaded library lights—and noticing a few books that we really should buy.

"We'll be open in four days—just in time for Raymond Carver to give a reading," Jenny Feder said. "Everything is going great. Way ahead of schedule."

At that moment, a groan came from the direction of Miss Colwin. "Proust, damn it," she said. "I really don't think Proust is going to fit."

The Way

"I'M beginning to believe that Barbara exudes some special energy," says Michael K.

"She imparts her knowledge and wisdom to me. Even if Barbara's not here, Barbara's wisdom remains," adds Arthur A.

Who is this Barbara? What is her path? Here are some of the things Barbara has accomplished:

- Trained the dog of the wife of the Aga Khan on a phone hookup to Switzerland.
- Controlled, on the spot, the actions of a praying mantis in Gambia, successfully ordering it to flex its limbs for photographers.
- Trained sixty dogs in one day in Toronto, and eighty dogs in one day in Denver.
- Broken horses on the Argentine pampas by blowing gently up their noses.

Barbara is Barbara Woodhouse, a seventy-three-year-old resident of Rickmansworth, England. Her discipline—outlined in the best-selling "No Bad Dogs" and in the current hit book "Walkies" and on wildly popular television programs—is "the Woodhouse Way," a technique for exacting obedience from followers both human and canine. "It must be both," Barbara says. We met Barbara recently in Central Park, where, on a tour to promote her latest book, she was training a variety of mutts. Her way is powerful.

Magnum, "as in P.I.," the dog of Arthur A., had always been shy and scared of people. Upon arriving in Central Park, Magnum took one look at the small knot of people gathered around Barbara and attempted to jump the wall onto Central Park West. A few words from Barbara, a few tugs on his chain, and he was a new dog. He smiled at us.

Tubby, pug mix of Michael K., is eight years old. "He was bad. He was really bad," says his owner. "I saw Barbara on TV and decided there had to be a better way." A few minutes in person with Barbara, and Tubby was changed. "I've never seen him like this," says Michael K.

How does Barbara do it? She has her methods. The three T's—tone, touch, and telepathy. The three F's—firm, fair, and fun. "It comes down to a few good jerks on the chain, and lots of love. And you must spit out those commands, especially the 't' sounds—'Si-*tuh*.' Those 't's really mean something to a dog. You can't argue with a 't,' " she says. Once, Barbara says, she trained her own dog to strip the bed, put away the dirty linen, and Hoover the floor. Oh, Barbara is charming, all right—a musical laugh, a casual, winning manner, a friendly touch on the arm. When she cries "Walkies!" the dogs within the sound of her voice instantly set to wagging their tails. Barbara is *in control*. "A dog will watch your face as if you were God," she says. " 'God' spelled backwards is 'dog.' "

LOVE

Miss Vera Brown, she wrote on the blackboard, letter by letter in flawlessly oval Palmer method. Our teacher for the fifth grade. The name might as well have been graven in stone.

As she called the roll, her voice was as gentle as the expression in her beautiful dark brown eyes. She reminded me of pansies. When she called on Alvin Ahrens to recite and he said, "I know but I can't say," the class snickered but she said, "Try," encouragingly, and waited, to be sure that he didn't know the answer, and then said, to one of the hands waving in the air, "Tell Alvin what one-fifth of three-eighths is." If we arrived late to school, red-faced and out of breath and bursting with the excuse we had thought up on the way, before we could speak she said, "I'm sure you couldn't help it. Close the door, please, and take your seat." If she kept us after school it was not to scold us but to help us past the hard part.

Somebody left a big red apple on her desk for her to find when she came into the classroom, and she smiled and put it in her desk, out of sight. Somebody else left some purple asters, which she put in her drinking glass. After that the presents kept coming. She was the only pretty teacher in the school. She never had to ask us to be quiet or to stop throwing erasers. We would not have dreamed of doing anything that would displease her.

Somebody wormed it out of her when her birthday was. While she was out of the room the class voted to present her with flowers from the greenhouse. Then they took another vote and sweet peas won. When she saw the florist's box waiting on her desk, she said, "Oh?"

"Look inside," we all said.

Her delicate fingers seemed to take forever to remove the ribbon. In the end, she raised the lid of the box and exclaimed.

"Read the card!" we shouted.

Many Happy Returns to Miss Vera Brown, from the Fifth Grade, it said.

She put her nose in the flowers and said, "Thank you all very, very much," and then turned our minds to the spelling lesson for the day.

After school we escorted her downtown in a body to a special matinée of D. W. Griffith's "Hearts of the World." She was not allowed to buy her ticket. We paid for everything.

We meant to have her for our teacher forever. We intended to pass right up through the sixth, seventh, and eighth grades and on into high school taking her with us. But that isn't what happened. One day there was a substitute teacher. We expected our real teacher to be back the next day but she wasn't. Week after week passed, and the substitute continued to sit at Miss Brown's desk, calling on us to recite and giving out tests and handing them back with grades on them, and we went on acting the way we had when Miss Brown was there because we didn't want her to come back and find we hadn't been nice to the substitute. One Monday morning she cleared her throat and said that Miss Brown was sick and not coming back for the rest of the term.

In the fall we had passed on into the sixth grade and she was still not back. Benny Irish's mother found out that she was living with an aunt and uncle on a farm a mile or so beyond the edge of town, and told my mother, who told somebody in my hearing. One afternoon after school Benny and I got on our bikes and rode out to see her. At the place where the road turned off to go to the cemetery and the Chautauqua grounds, there was a red barn with a huge circus poster on it, showing the entire inside of the Sells-Floto Circus tent and everything that was going on in all three rings. In the summertime, riding in the back seat of my father's open Chalmers, I used to crane my neck as we passed that turn, hoping to see every last tiger and flying-trapeze artist, but it was never possible. The poster was weather-beaten now, with loose strips of paper hanging down.

It was getting dark when we wheeled our bikes up the lane of the farmhouse where Miss Brown lived.

"You knock," Benny said as we started up on the porch.

"No, you do it," I said.

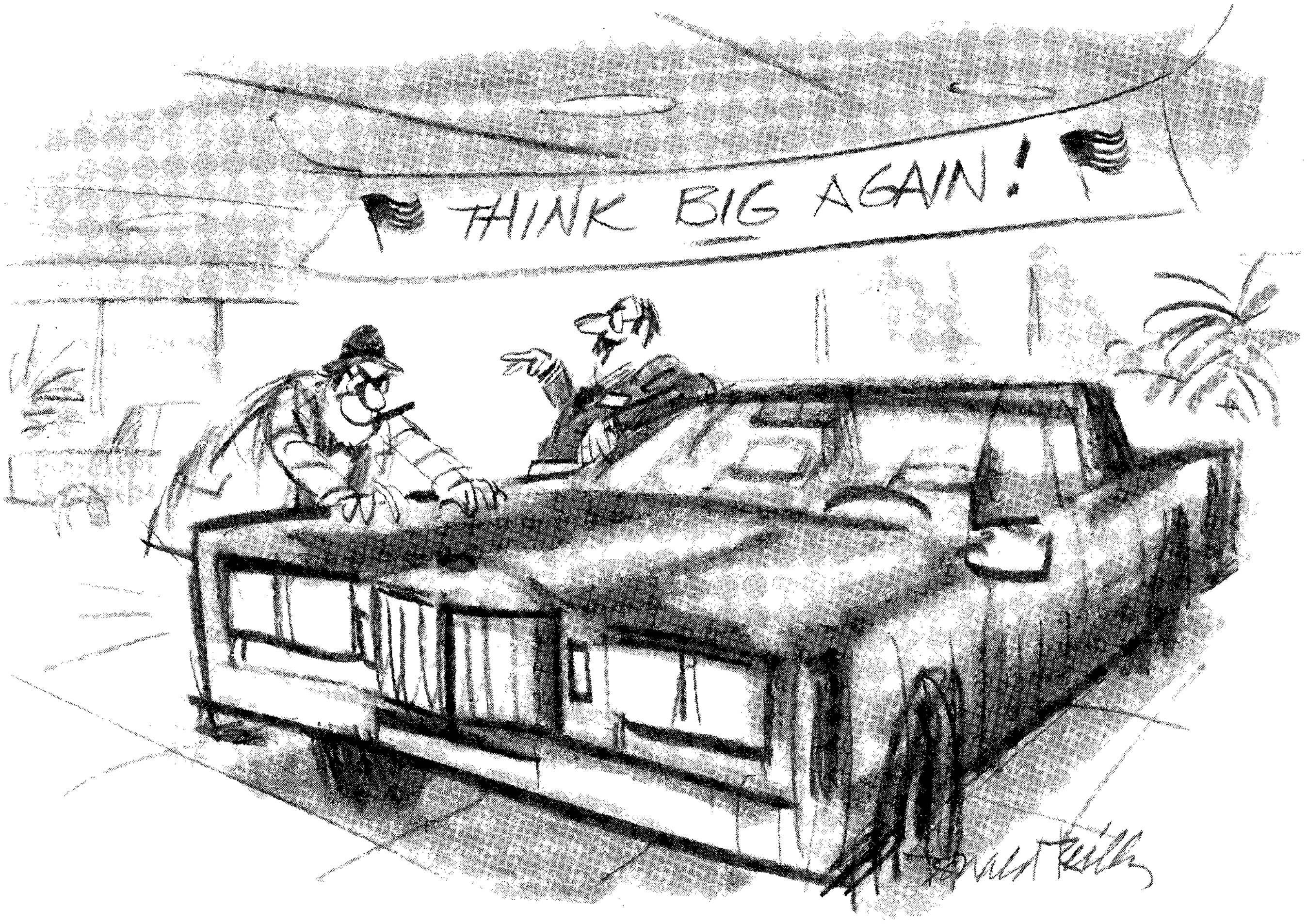
We hadn't thought ahead to what it would be like to see her. We wouldn't have been surprised if she had come to the door herself and thrown up her hands in astonishment when she saw who it was, but instead a much older woman opened the door and said, "What do you want?"

"We came to see Miss Brown," I said.

"We're in her class at school," Benny explained.

I could see that the woman was trying to decide whether she should tell us to go away, but she said, "I'll find out if she wants to see you," and left us standing on the

Frau, Herr, und Hund


THINK BIG AGAIN!

"The minute you walked in, I said to myself, 'There's a guy who's had it up to here with wimpmobiles.'"

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porch for what seemed like a long time. Then she appeared again and said, "You can come in now."

As we followed her through the front parlor I could make out in the dim light that there was an old-fashioned organ like the kind you used to see in country churches, and linoleum on the floor, and stiff uncomfortable chairs, and family portraits behind curved glass in big oval frames.

The room beyond it was lighted by a coal-oil lamp but seemed ever so much darker than the unlighted room we had just passed through. Propped up on pillows in a big double bed was our teacher, but so changed. Her arms were like sticks, and all the life in her seemed concentrated in her eyes, which had dark circles around them and were enormous. She managed a flicker of recognition but I was struck dumb by the fact that she didn't seem glad to see us. She didn't belong to us anymore. She belonged to her illness.

Benny said, "I hope you get well soon."

The angel who watches over little boys who know but they can't say it saw to it that we didn't touch anything. And in a minute we were outside, on our bicycles, riding through the dusk toward the turn in the road and town.

A few weeks later I read in the Lincoln *Evening Courier* that Miss Vera Brown, who taught the fifth grade in Central School, had died of tuberculosis, aged twenty-three years and seven months.

SOMETIMES I went with my mother when she put flowers on the graves of my grandparents. The cinder roads wound through the cemetery in ways she understood and I didn't, and I would read the names on the monuments: Brower, Cadwallader, Andrews, Bates, Mitchell. In loving memory of. Infant daughter of. Beloved wife of. The cemetery was so large and so many people were buried there, it would have taken a long time to locate a particular grave if you didn't know where it was already. But I know, the way I sometimes know what is in wrapped packages, that the elderly woman who let us in and who took care of Miss Brown during her last illness went to the cemetery regularly and poured the rancid water out of the tin receptacle that was sunk below the level of the grass at the foot of her grave, and filled it with fresh water from a nearby faucet and arranged the flowers she had brought in such a way as to please the eye of the living and the closed eyes of the dead.

—WILLIAM MAXWELL

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ROY THINNES (Nick) will not remain with "Falcon Crest" this season. Instead, he will be starring as Guy at Minneapolis' prestigious Guthrie Theatre in "Guys and Dolls."—*Soap Opera Digest.*

Who's playing Doll?

NEW DAWN

I EXPLOSION: SEQUENCE AND SIMULTANEITY

Greenwich Time	11:16 P.M.	August 5		1945
New York Time	6:16 P.M.	”		”
Chicago Time	5:16 P.M.	”		”
San Francisco Time	3:16 P.M.	”		”
Pearl Harbor Time	1:16 P.M.	”		”
Tinian Island Time	9:16 A.M.	”	6	”
Hiroshima Time	8:16 A.M.	”		”

2 GOODBYE TO TINIAN

Now that all the "unauthorized items" are cleared from the bomber, including
The optimistic irrelevance of six-packs
Of condoms and three pairs of
Pink silk panties. Now that
The closed briefing session of midnight
Is over, with no information from Colonel Tibbets, commander, on the
Secret, obsessive question of every crewman—What
Is the cargo? From Tibbets only
That it is "very powerful." Now that
The crew, at the end of the briefing,
Have taken what comfort they can from the prayer
Of their handsome chaplain, a man's man of
Rich baritone—"Almighty Father,
Who wilt hear the prayer of them that love Thee,
We pray Thee to be with those
Who brave the heights
Of Thy heaven . . ."

And now that around the bomber the klieg lights
Murdering darkness, the flashbulbs, the barking
Of cameramen, the anonymous faces preparing to be famous,
The nag of reporters, the handshakes, the jokes,
The manly embraces,
The scrape of city shoes on the tarmac,
The news
From weather scouts out that clouds hovering over
The doomed world will, at dawn,
Probably clear. And,

Now down to brass tacks, Lewis,
The flawless co-pilot,
Addresses the crew, ". . . just don't
Screw it up. Let's do this really great!"

3 TAKEOFF: TINIAN ISLAND

Colonel Tibbets, co-pilot beside him,
Lays hand to controls of the plane, which he
Has named for his mother, Enola Gay.

Pocketed secretly in Tibbets' survival vest,
Under the pale-green coverall, is the
Metal container of twelve capsules of cyanide.
These for distribution to command if facing capture.

Though a heavy-calibre sidearm would serve.

The tow jeep strains at the leash. Wheels,
Under the weight of 150,000 pounds,
Overweight 15,000, crunch
Off the apron, bound for the runway. Position taken.

"This is Dimples Eighty-two to
North Tinian Tower. Ready for
Takeoff instructions."

So that is her name now. At least in code. Dimples.

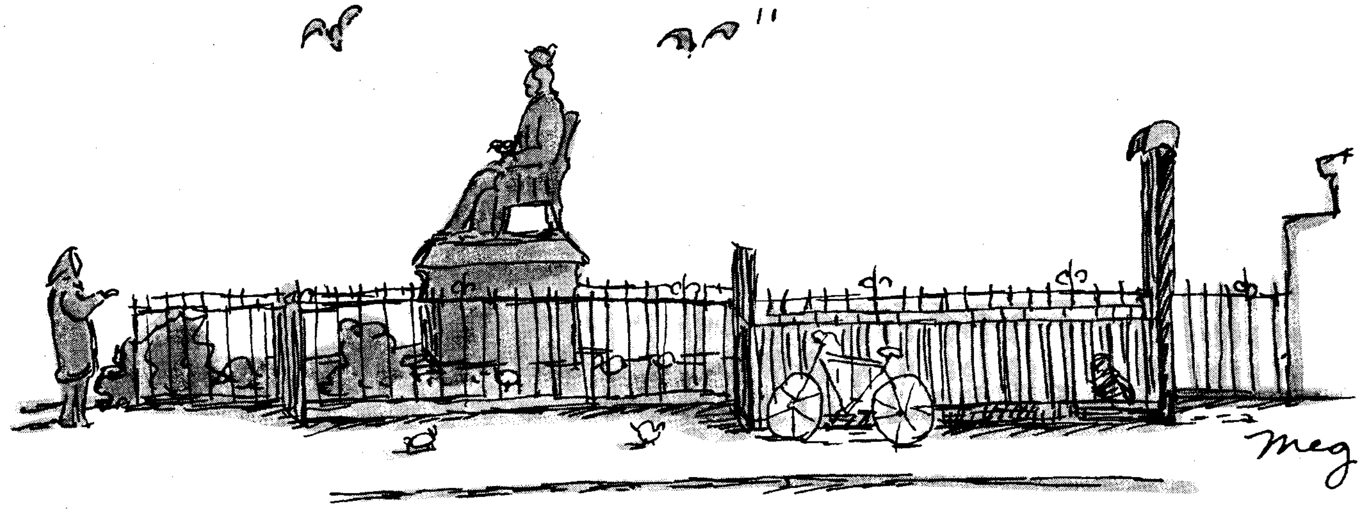
"Tower to Dimples Eighty-two. Clear
To taxi. Take off on Runway A, for Able."

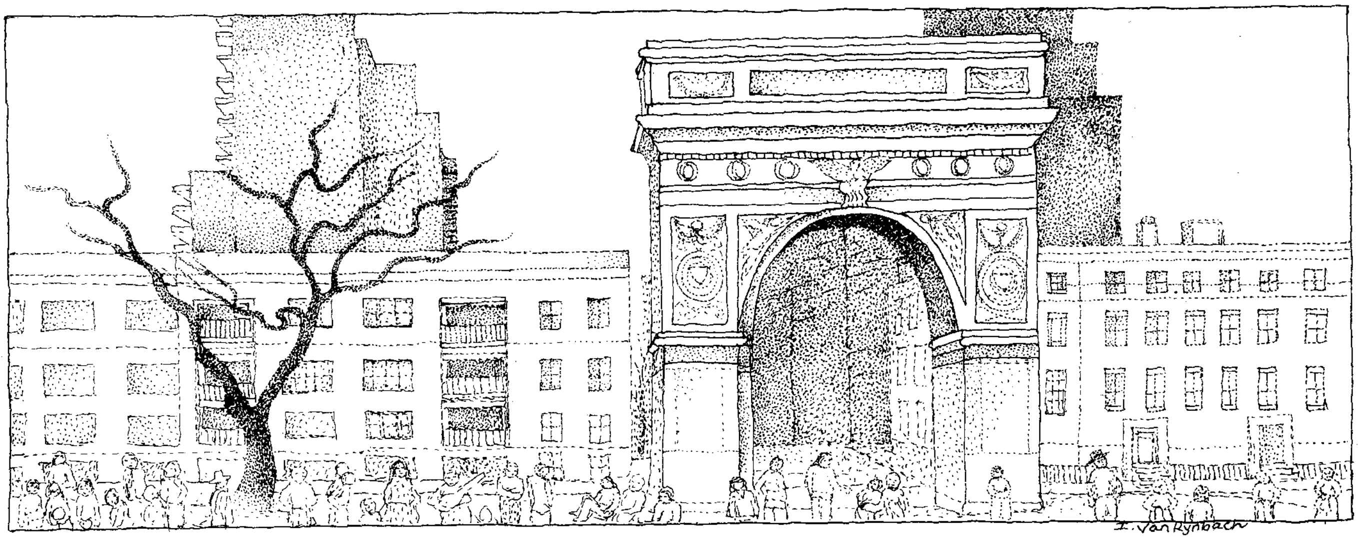
At 2:45 A.M., August 6, Tinian Time,
Tibbets to Lewis:
"Let's go!"

All throttles full forward,
She roars down the runway, flicking past
Avenues of fire trucks, ambulances, overload
The last gamble, and runway
Now spilling furiously toward
The black sea-embrace.

Who would not have trusted the glittering record of Tibbets?

But even Lewis cries out. Grabs at controls. Tibbets,
Gaze fixed, hears nothing. Time
Seems to die. But
Iron hands, iron nerves tighten at last, and





The control is drawn authoritatively back. The carriage
Rises to show
The air-slick belly where death sleeps.

This at cliff-verge.

Below, white skeletal hands of foam
Grope up. Strain up.

Are empty.

4 MYSTIC NAME

Some 600 miles north-northwest to Iwo Jima, where,
In case of defect developing in the "Enola Gay,"
Tibbets will land, transfer cargo to
The waiting standby plane,
And take over. If not necessary,
No landing, but he will rendezvous
With weather planes and the two B-29s
To fly with him as observers.

At 3 A.M., well short of Iwo Jima, code lingo
To Tinian Tower: "Judge going to work"—
Innocently to announce the arming
Of the cargo. The cargo,
Inert as a sawed-off tree trunk ten feet long,
Over two feet in diameter, five tons in weight, lies
In its dark covert.

It is
So quiet, so gentle as it rocks
In its dark cradle, in namelessness. But some
Name it "The Beast," and some,
With what irony, "Little Boy." Meanwhile,
It sleeps, with its secret name
And nature.

Like the dumb length of tree trunk, but literally
A great rifle barrel packed with uranium,
Two sections—forward one large, to rear one small, the two
Divided by a "tamper" of neutron-resistant alloy.
All harmless until, backed by vulgar explosive, the small will
Crash through to
The large mass
To wake it from its timeless drowse. And that
Will be that. Whatever
That may be.

5 WHEN?

When can that be known? Only after
The delicate and scrupulous fingers of "Judge"
Have done their work. After
1. Plugs, identified by the color green,
   Are installed in waiting sockets
2. Rear plate is removed
3. Armor plate is removed
4. Breech wrench frees breech plug
5. Breech plug is placed on rubber mat
6. Explosive charge is inserted,
   Four units, red ends to breech
7. Breech plug is reinserted, tightened home
8. Firing line is connected
9. Armor plate is reinstalled
10. Rear plate is reinstalled
11. Tools are removed
12. Catwalk is secured

In that dark cramp of tunnel, the precise
Little flashlight beam
Finicks, fastidious, over all.

Soft feet withdraw.

Later, 6:30 A.M., Japanese Time, last lap to target, green plugs
On the log, with loving care, tenderly, quietly
As a thief, will be replaced by plugs marked
Lethally red.

6 IWO JIMA

Over Iwo Jima, the moon, now westering, sinks in faint glimmer
Of horizon clouds. Soon
The heartbreaking incandescence of tropic dawn,
In which the "Enola Gay" loiters for contact
With weather scouts and two B-29s,
Which rise to attend her: observers.

Weather reports good from spotters.
Three options: Nagasaki, Kokura, Hiroshima.

But message of one spotter:
"Advise bombing primary"—i.e.,
Hiroshima.

Already preferred by Tibbets.

What added satisfaction it would have been to know that
At 7:31 A.M., Japanese Time, the all-clear
Signal sounds over Hiroshima.

7 SELF AND NON-SELF

Tibbets looks down, sees
The slow, gray coiling of clouds, which are,
Beyond words, the image
Of sleep just as consciousness goes. He looks up, sees
Stars still glaring white down into
All the purity of emptiness. For an instant,
He shuts his eyes.

Shut your own
Eyes, and in timelessness you are
Alone with yourself. You are
Not certain of identity.
Has that non-self lived forever?

Tibbets jerks his eyes open. There
Is the world.

8 DAWN

Full dawn comes. Movement begins
In the city below. People
May even copulate. Pray. Eat. The sun
Offers its circular flame, incomparable,
Worship-worthy.

9 THE APPROACH

Speed 200 miles per hour, altitude
31,060 feet, directly toward the
Target control point of Aioi Bridge. On time. On
Calculation. Polaroid glasses
(Against brilliance of expected explosion)
Ordered on. Color
Of the world changes. It
Changes like a dream.

10 WHAT THAT IS

What clouds remain part now, magically,
And there visible, sprawling supine, unfended,
the city.
The city opens itself, offers itself,
As in breathless expectancy.

Crossed hairs of bombsight approach
Aioi Bridge, as specified, on time,
For the target. Ferebee, bombardier, presses
Forehead devoutly to the cushion of bombsight.
Says, "I've got it."

The bomb is activated,
Self-controlled for the six-mile earthward
Plunge, and at that instant the plane,
Purged of its burden, leaps upward,
As though in joy, and the bomb
Will reach the calculated optimum of distance
Aboveground, 1,890
Feet, the altitude determined
By the bomb's own delicate brain.

There,
The apocalyptic blaze of
New dawn

Bursts.

Temperature at heart of fireball:
50,000,000 degrees centigrade.

Hiroshima Time: 8:16 A.M., August 6, 1945.

11 LIKE LEAD

Of that brilliance beyond brilliance, Tibbets
Was later to report a taste "like lead."

12 MANIC ATMOSPHERE

Now, after the brilliance,
Suddenly, blindly, the plane
Heaves, is tossed
Like a dry leaf in
The massive and manic convulsion of
Atmosphere, which, compressed, from
Earth, miles down,

Bounces.

The plane recovers.

Again, then, the heave, the tossing.

With recovery.

13 TRIUMPHAL BEAUTY

Now, far behind, from the center of
The immense, purple-streaked, dark mushroom that,
there, towers
To obscure whatever lies below,
A plume, positive but delicate as a dream,
Of pure whiteness, unmoved by breath
of any wind,
Mounts.

Above the dark mushroom,
It grows high—high, higher—
In its own triumphal beauty.

14 HOME

Later, home. Tinian is man's only home—
The brotherly hug, the bear-embrace,
the glory, and
"We made it!"

Then music, then solemn
Silence of the pinning of the medal,
The mutual salute. At last,
The gorging of the gorgeous feast
To the point of vomit, the slosh
Of expensive alcohol
In bellies expensively swollen.

15 SLEEP

Some men, no doubt, will, before sleep, consider
One thought: I am alone. But some,
In the mercy of God, or booze, do not
Long stare at the dark ceiling.

—ROBERT PENN WARREN

EDISTO

HERE'S the assignment. For me to tell what has been going on since this fellow came trying to serve a subpoena to we think Theenie's daughter and scared Theenie, our maid, so bad it about blued her hair. I don't know. Something brought him down here, though, and, whatever it was, Theenie took off like he was Wrath itself when she saw him and has not come back. I haven't seen her since. And he—the process server—moved into her shack up the beach from our house. It's a famous house. My mother—the Duchess, the locals call her—bought it from a failed developer for a price everyone shakes his head at it was so cheap. This developer looked like Eisenhower. He bought fifty square miles here on Edisto and cut roads all through it and planned to make ten fortunes selling this desert to the next wave of vacation affluents, like they did over at Hilton Head. Only no one came, and the bank called in the paper. Then somehow the Doctor and I come along on a Sunday afternoon and catch him sitting miserably in his one lone, garish pagoda-like model home right on the beach. The Doctor (that's what her colleagues at the college call my mother, because she's so rough on the students) shows him her legs, they have some drinks, and Eisenhower gives the place away. It doesn't get sexy or anything, just sad, then better, and then he doesn't have any more to lose and she has the deed. Names it the Savannah Cabana, her version of Here 'Tis or Thisldu.

Anyway, it's a rich man's house to locals, and if a hundred more had been built it *would* be one. It's an octagon, with eight sets of sliding glass doors, a cupola on top with a widow's walk, a porch halfway around it, all on stilts practically standing in the Atlantic. Theenie's quarters and every other house within fifty miles are shacks without paint, except for bright purples and yellows on the windows and doors to keep haints out.

Well, the process server—before I know anything he's living in Theenie's shack and taking me to school, all fine with the Doctor. "A gentleman will call for you to take you to school in the morning" is all she says. It's not so strange. There's been a run of suitors since the old man pulled out, after we moved up here from Savannah. Mostly coroners and other legal types that heard about the bustup—the old man's a lawyer. Sometimes professors. One set swinish, the other milquey. But this guy's different I notice right away, it's hard to pinpoint how. It sounds funny, but I named him. And it is less ridiculous, someone being named Taurus, than you might think. Look at me. I'm named Simons Everson Manigault—you say it "Simmons." I'm a rare, one-"m" Simons.

I named Taurus the first night we went to the Baby Grand—Marvin's R.O. Sweet Shop and Baby Grand, where I used to spend most of my time. I'm a celebrity there, because I'm white, not even teen-age yet, and possess the partial aura of the Duchess ("The Duchess boy heah!"). And I look like I hold my liquor ("Ain't he somp'm?"). The trick there is to accept a new can when anybody offers and let your old one get drunk by somebody else. And besides playing the freak I can jive a little, too, like the Arab alarum I like to ring. "If it wasn't for the *Marines* down the road, these Arabs'd do more than *buy* this place!" "Shih! Boy *crazy!*" And the dudes there play a tune back, a constant message: life is a time when you get pleasure until somebody gets your ass. And one of the ways to prolong pleasure is to not chop up time with syllables. They go for something larger than words but no essays. This way nothing large is inaccurate, presumptuous. "Bitch look heavy." "Tell *me*." Like those James Brown guitar riffs of five notes that run twenty minutes and then *one* of the five notes goes sharp and a statement is made. A whole evening hums by, and then there's a new note—razor out. I still hit the Grand, but less now with Taurus showing me things.

We strolled in that first night, I the homunculus and he the true circus

"Two weeks in Bermuda is too long. We had to do some things twice."

property, because any dude that looks white who walks into a sweet shop *without the credential of knowing* someone *very* well or of wearing a badge is like a circus clown and his safety will depend on the dudes deciding he *is* a clown. That is what good race relations means. So we go on in past Jinx and Preston at the pool table and I supply a nod up in the air while I walk, and sort of overdo it in order to point at Taurus without using the geek's gesture of a direct indication—we walk right past them like nothing's new. That casualness tells them that I know him very well and they must continue shooting pool not to blow protocol. They see I am bringing an inside guest, not an outside guest, and they must meet him as if at a big party, with gracious informality, when they happen to find themselves within speaking range.

It's a high show, because even though I am boy wonder in here, the Duchess's little duke, I've never brought a guest. In fact, the only whites I've ever seen in the Grand are the old-family boys who come in stoned and with goods to share when there's some music.

"Two 45s," I tell Jake.

He reaches down in the silver icebox and looks up at us before hauling them up.

"*Cold* ones, now, Jake. My friend is *thirsty*." You try to put the world in simple terms when it's complicated.

Two tallboys hit the bar, sixteen ounces and long as howitzer shells.

"Jake, want you to meet—"

Jake and Taurus were ahead of me. Taurus had one hand on his beer and the other up in the air, with his elbow on the bar as though to arm-wrestle, and Jake swung into it in the Negro sidewinder handshake. They paused, and Jake gave a most delicate knuckle bump with his free hand before touching both his hands to the bar rag tucked into his apron string.

"We heard you had a potner," Jake said to me.

Taurus watched us both.

"But I'm worrit about you bringin' him in *heah*." Jake picked up the beers and wiped the water off the bar and set them down. I was unsteady on my stool, legs up in the air like one of those famous Southern ladies whose feet never touch the floor when they sit in chairs.

"Why?" I said.

" 'Cause if he tries to keep up wid *jew*, we mought have to *care* him out." And he laughed his girlish laugh, very artificial, very considerate: he was putting on a bit of the old nigger act while watching my new potner. Everything would be fine.

"Jake," Taurus said, easily settling his can down on Jake's side of the bar, "I would genuinely prefer a *Slitz*, please."

"Malt?"

"Malt."

Jake got it. "Say, I know you take care of Sim and no problem, iss no problem. He all reet."

"I got you," Taurus said then, split open his brand, and he was in. *Slitz*—Jesus, he hit the dialect *and* drank fast. It was then that I named him. It was weird. I didn't know his real name, but there in the Grand I had to call him *something* and it took me by surprise.

He set out for Preston and Jinx at the pool table and I had to climb down the stool like Tarzan's boy down a chrome vine. Just then two women came in (you call them anything but that—sistahs, snakes, or momma if the relationship is a close one) and bumped into Jinx and Preston, who were turning their backs to the front door to adjust for Taurus's coming up to the table. Well, it would have been a regular meeting like at the bar except the snakes had action on their minds and saw Taurus with me scrambling after him carrying a beer can as big as my arm, and one of them said, hip-setting, "Who *dis*?"

It was out before I thought to say it, with a certitude that gave the name all the undeniability of a flat plastic decal across the rear windshield of a low Buick: "Taurus. This is my fr—"

"Mistah *hoo*?" If a baby owl could hoot, it wouldn't be any higher than that sound was. She was mocking, of course, especially with the "Mister," but she was interested enough to mock.

"Taurus," I said again. Where did it come from? The miracle was nobody laughed.

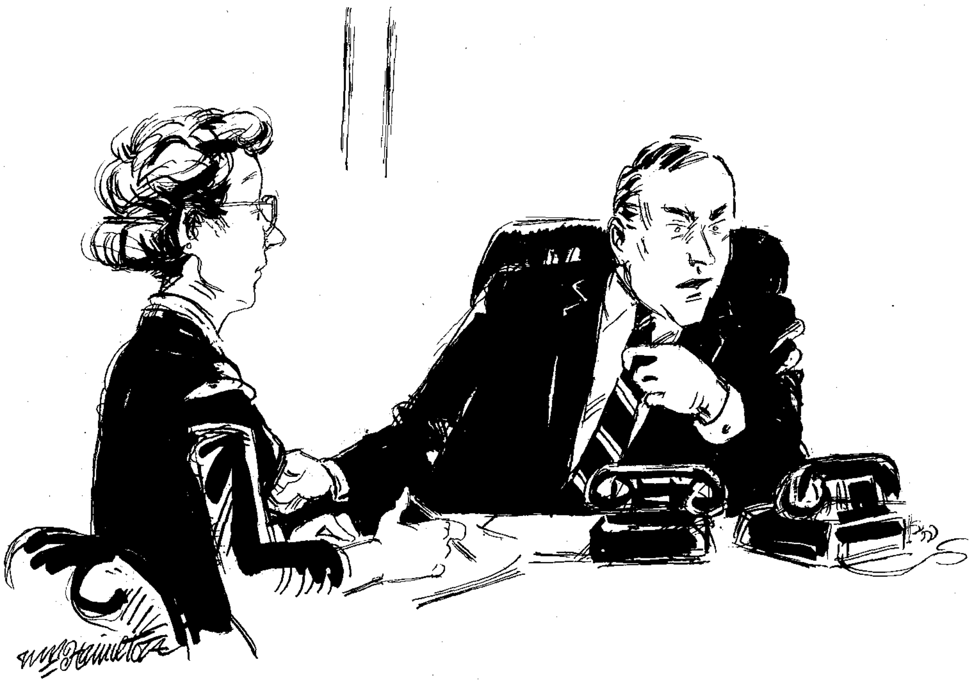
"*Tau*rus?" the second snake said.

"Tau*rus!*" said the first. And he was veritably laminated into the community, as easy as you please, a fixture like me. I thought for a long time that it went so easily because of my diplomatic powers and immunities, that he moved like a fish in cool water because I stocked the tank.

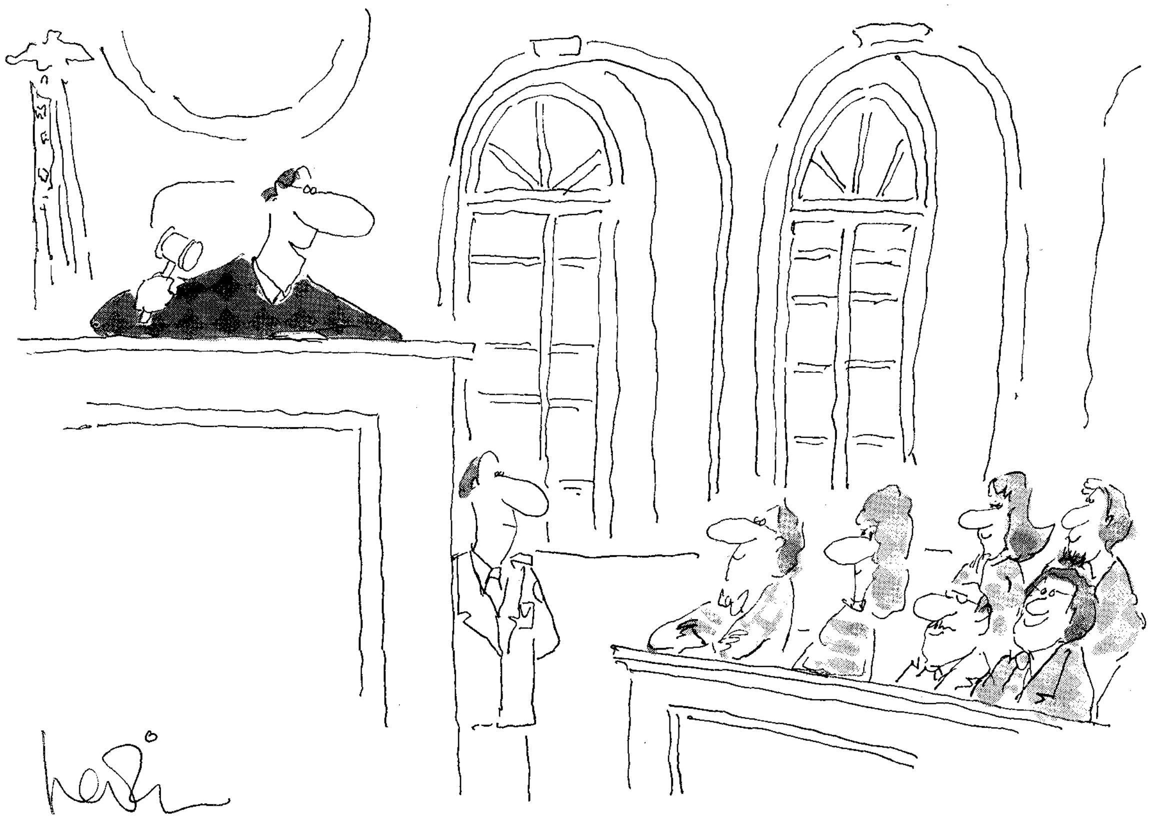
"This is Preston and this is Jenkins," I said.

"Preston," Taurus said, and shook Preston's arm and looked into his eyes, which are like eyes deep in a gorilla suit, and the same with Jinx, who is more shy and whose eyes bulge out so he looks at the floor to hide them.

"They call me Jinx," he said, and looked up. Already Jinx's eyes had that liquid, yellow, mullet look, from drinking too much that night and I guess the nights before. Preston's were drier but too dark and low to really tell. If there had ever been a raid or a fire or anything at the Grand, I thought Preston would carry me out like I was Fay Wray and Jinx would



"I can feel it. The phones are cold today."



"Before I adjourn this trial, I would like to commend the jury for laughing in all the right places."

• •

be caught rear guard—grabbed by his leg going out a window or burned up or something. Of course I knew everybody and they me, but these guys always seemed genuinely happy to see me, unlike the others, and Preston even understood what I meant when I offered him my warm, undrunk 45s, and he drank them without a show of thanks or anything, to preserve my reputation.

Cold air that night drove a bunch of people in and everybody drank to keep warm, and Jake fried chicken wings half the night and kept putting beers and chicken wings in wax paper on the bar, and greasy faces and fingers took them. A deep press of people kept coming by and so everybody met Taurus in the party-decorous way, and late (kind of, for me) we got ready to go.

Taurus stopped and said to Preston on the way out, "Preston, I need you to do me a small favor. Tell Louester Samuel that I'm not going to serve her the paper about the mixup in Charleston. It went back to public service—the sheriff." Taurus walked out and Preston looked down at me.

"You know this Louester?" I said.

"Yeah, she heah now."

"She's *in* here?"

"She in heah, shih. You saw her, first bitch in the door. He saw'm, too. Hell, Simaman, she momma work for you momma, if iss the right one. That Theenie's daughter."

"Well, I've never seen her, Preston."

"*He* know her?"

"I don't think so."

"He know sump'm. How he know I know her?"

"Later on, Preston. Later on."

The next day Taurus told me a couple of stories about serving paper and said it was good money on a loose schedule but he didn't like to do it. What got me that night was how he watched everything and waited patiently for the moments to unfold before him. To the extent he lets me *name* him. He never corrected me. I called him Taurus from there on, fine with him. And little things like that Slitz trick. He was controlling things, but, like the elephant promised the monkey, he wasn't going to force it.

It was this quality that set him apart from the coroner stampede. I tested him early. "We need a *Weltanschauung*," I told him, proposing we cut a four-by-four hole for a sea window in Theenie's shack. By common sense it had faced inland up till then.

"Get the saw" was all he said.

He was testing *me*, it looked, so I got it, and we undid the genius of the builder. No screen in the world could stop the wind from pushing sand fleas and mosquitoes like tiny, hungry Houdinis through that *Weltanschauung*. For larger pestilence, like hurricane, we finally had to put up iron-hinged warped green shutters he got from Charleston.

SOMETHING more than all get out. That was the phrase at school one year. Sharp as all get out. Fast as all get out. Where did it come from? What could it mean? Well, the night the Doctor had her faculty associates over to inspect her circus property, it was ludicrous as all get out.

I had to get the party condiments out of the Cadillac. She'd got a bunch of things she never drank herself, like Wild Turkey and J&B Scotch, to impress the guests with. And a box of Coke and things for mixing it. It was quite a load, though at the time I didn't notice, except for the insane trips with one bottle in each hand so I wouldn't break anything like I did once. "Please, honey, no more than two at a time. I don't want you to strain." She was always referring to this time a blue crab scared me on the kitchen steps and I bailed out because I was still in my childhood mode. He was perfectly crushed and pickled by the best discount liquor money could buy by the time she got there, holding the door open, looking down truly aghast, the lame crab waving his last threats from a pile of glass and wet paper sacking and sharp whiskey stink. She replaced everything with one stop at the Grand bootleg door. That was the day I first heard her called the Duchess and the day they first saw her little prince. Apparently I did something to impress them, like pet a bad dog or look in its ears and tell them it had mice, which I thought was plural for "mite" then. We went home and transferred the cheap stuff to her decanters and got ready for *that* party. And ever since I have been a two-bottle lackey. Tonight was big if you considered the number of my trips. And on one of them I met her coming down with a coat on her shoulders, and she went up the beach toward Theenie's. I thought she meant to get Theenie for a vacuum run or even for maid work during the bash until I remembered Theenie was gone. She was up there to talk to Taurus, the star boarder. I was so dense, picturing him cracking ice for them or driving the blumbery ones home. He was going to be *it*, guest of honor.

The party collects very quickly because it is so casual, twos and singles parking up the road in the palmettos, which they think of as the jungle, and they walk in like soldiers on leave from all their trenchwork teaching all their *ignorami*, which great parts of their conversation dwell on in the early going. No one can write or read or—brace yourself—*think* in any of my classes. Nor mine. Nods. Toasts. A few more rounds and the culprit has been determined: the President of the College! Not the dean, not social promotions, not even their less adept colleagues (everyone not present). It's the President. Then President stories.

The President was a general in the Army before he was a college president, which allowed him to view academic developments in martial terms. So funds were not appropriated by budgetary solicitation, the till was sacked. The fine-arts department was not enlarged, it was reinforced. So-and-So would not be denied tenure, he would be discharged without dishonor. They called him the General.

"The General went up to poor Bill," somebody says, "and smiled so effusively Bill thinks he's in trouble. Then he said he'd heard Bill planned to get married." They howl, because Bill knows the General knows he's homo. He's so scared for his job he can't teach!

But the way the General most significantly ruined the school was by designating department heads from the outside rather than by promoting from within. This not only leaves them all unpromoted but at one time eight department heads were from military colleges or West Point itself, and the faculty meetings "sounded like Yalta," somebody said. "*Enfilades*, for Christ's sake. I need smaller sophomore sections and he says to me, in public, if I can't run a full company fall to the rear."

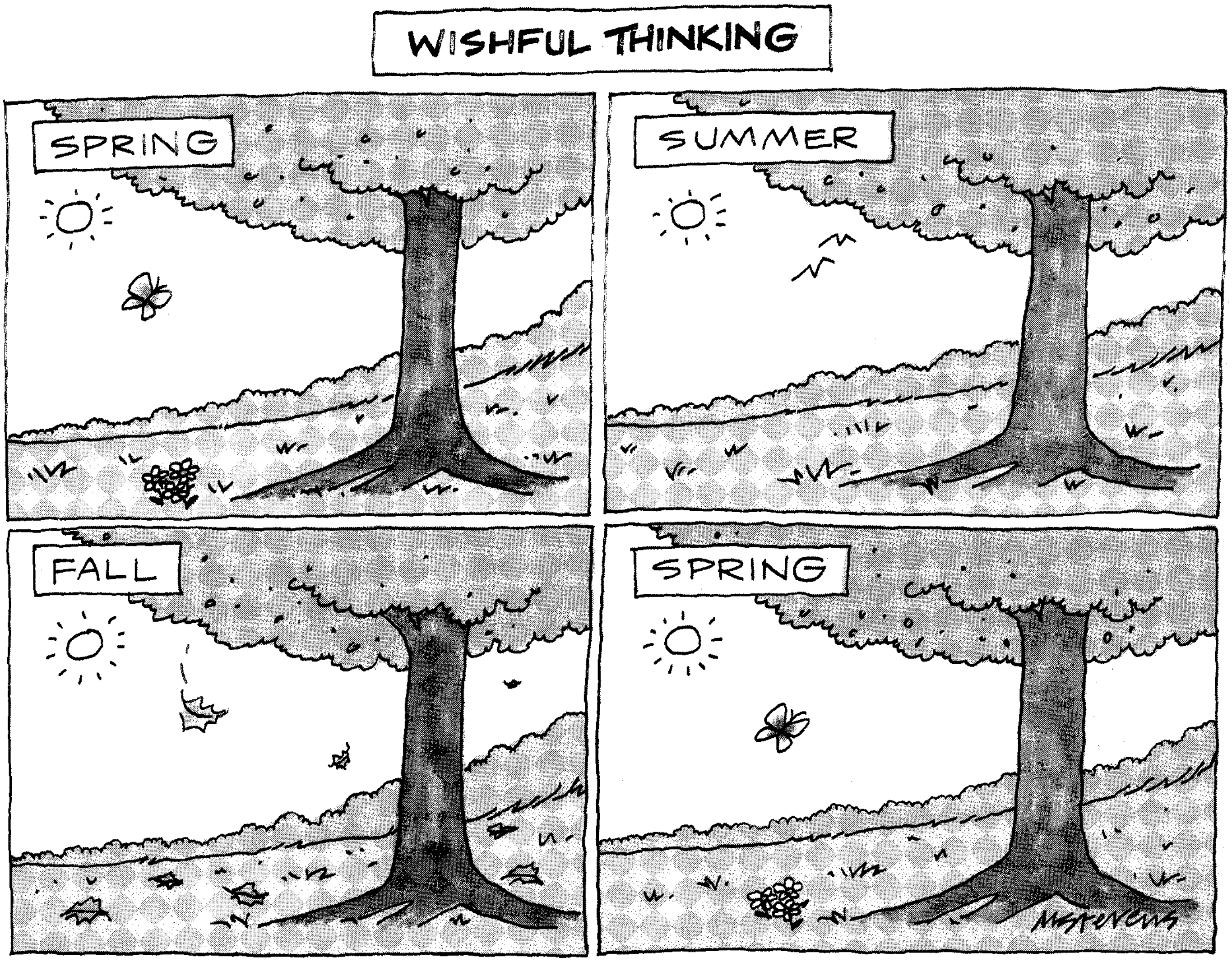
"Get off the pot," somebody seconds, the party beginning to roll. But they never get very far with the General, because the campaign he runs is successful. They just don't like the language. And he's so powerful that even their most inept colleagues are reprieved and warmly taken back, because their fragile roles in the total ruination of education are by comparison so minor and incidental.

But after a time gossip beats out professional problems, and all gossip is finally about sex and a lot of giggling gets going, with grown men putting their heads between their knees and laughing at the floor about, say, a wager someone present has made that someone absent always takes a shower after "doing it." "Whenever she'll let him." "Whenever he'll let *her!*" Red faces buried in the bouncing knees, people going to the sideboard and losing count—something they rarely do. These are drink accountants.

Well, it's one of these when Taurus drops in and hurls the talk backward through sexual indiscretion and the faults of the President and the failure of mind in America to a *real* problem: How to accommodate a nonprofessional guest who is not a servant or a child or an old friend of the hostess? Play it by ear, play it by ear.

Well, he knows his moves, I see. Goes to the sideboard and he's got a decanter top off and the decanter on tilt when he sees no glass, only the Doctor's metal Depression tumblers, which make stuff taste like water squeezed out of electrical cord. He turns and gives me a high sign (I'm in the kitchen see-through) to bring him a glass. I carry it out like I was just going that way anyway and he pours into it, still in my hand, sets the decanter back, and turns and takes the drink after he's surveyed the whole room. They are studying other things, in other directions than his, to a man. So I know and he knows, I see him smiling. It's the first time since

"I just want somebody clearly established as a front-runner, and, frankly, I don't give a damn who it is."



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Theenie took off like all get out that I've really considered the large public questions about him and the situation. Like who is he? What's he doing here?

Before I even get out of the way, a woman of whom it's rumored her husband was found in a motel room with another man on the faculty comes up and puts her hand on his arm and says, "We've heard quite a bit about you, young man." That's a title I get a lot during these parties, but tonight it's his and it's different. It sounds more suspicious on him, because he *is* one. I guess about twenty-five. Maybe thirty.

"I'm Margaret Pinckney," she says to him, adjusting her arm on his. "I'd introduce you to Henry, but he's not here." Henry's the one they said was in the motel. She's dressed up more than any other woman there.

"Well, Mahhgret, I see you've *met* him." It's the Bill they howled about in the President story, fluttering his eyelids and blushing—won't look at either Margaret or Taurus, but holds out his hand, without saying his name, to Taurus, who shakes it. Then, I guess before they can regroup, Taurus cruises off toward the Doctor, who is entertaining.

"Bill, isn't *Henry* enough?" says Margaret.

"Enough whaat, Mahhgret?"

"Enough you *know* what."

Bill blushed. "Mahhgret, you don't understayan—"

"Yes I do," she says, turning from the sideboard with a whole tumbler of bourbon. "I understand perfectly that you people can't just be per*nic*ious. You've got to be pro*mis*cuous on top of that." I hide, more or less, under the sideboard.

"Mahhgret, now who is *we*? And anyway, *we* didn't do anything to Henry, honey. Why, that tendency's been around quite some—"

"*Schmendency!* It's cannibalism, human larceny! And you've got to come over here just now when I'm talking to the Doctor's new—"

"New *what*, Mahhgret?"

"Her new friend."

"Free-yend. Look at that bohunk. *I* heard he's her second *thesis*, honey."

This one confused me at the time, made me suddenly self-conscious, crouching like a halfback, in full view under the sideboard, so I trotted off to the kitchen, kind of burning somewhere, almost wishing I had for cover a broom horse between my legs. But I saw Margaret Pinckney leaving the area, too—at an angle, but holding her tall tumbler at plumb, letting it lead her. I think she took all the attention.

You can't retreat to your room during one of these deals, because browsers stroll in and look at the book titles and try to talk to you. So I went down to Theenie's shack to read W.P.A. stories. They've been up there since 1937 and the roaches have eaten the flour paste but not all the ink, and you can still read them. For a long time I thought that the Negro who papered those walls just did it at random—a pile of newspapers on his worktable in the center of the room, and there were so many W.P.A. stories in the papers of 1937 that he just slapped up story after story or page after page and they were all accidentally on the W.P.A. Right next to a full feature on the Fair Park they built in Dallas, with all that heavy extra stone, was an account of how many new ditches were dug in Montgomery, which was going to be bad news for mosquitoes, and next to that how many writers had been assigned to make new plays for the stone-heavy theatre that was going up, etc. And one day it came to me: the paperhanger had to select the stories out. There had to be breadline stories before there were W.P.A. stories, and stock-market stories before that. So a Negro with scissors in that shack so new it had good fresh black tarpaper on the outside goes through a ton of newspapers and pulls out the stories he likes, a man with no job clipping out all these manufactured jobs he couldn't even get to or probably land if he did get to, with a bucket of flour and water and a stick to stir with and his hand to wipe it on and lay in the wonderful stories. They were good enough stories on their own, but when I figured out this new aspect they got better. Somehow, standing on Theenie's bed or on a chair reading them I was closer to what really happened, if not to how it was to hold a made-up job, then how it was to hold in reverence their getting made up. It was a swell, poor time, I know.

There was always a new story to read, it seems, or even if you thought you had read one before, a new way to imagine the Negro reading it first, and so it became a new kind of story. Or maybe he couldn't even read! Maybe he could just detect W.P.A. and cut out the connected columns, knowing or trusting it was the good stuff. Maybe he was even not in gloried awe of the Project, didn't even know what it was. He could have thought W.P.A. was for "White People's Advantages" or something. Maybe he was bitter and political in that shack in 1937. Who knows?

But anyway, you could always read and reread, changing your opinion about the Negro and so changing the stories and their effect now. I read them that night until Taurus showed back up.

"Is it over?" I said.

"Near enough."

"You want to do something tomorrow?"

"Yeah. Come get me—*after* cartoons."

Cartoons. Consummate comedian he was. I went back to the house and slipped in, and it wasn't over. It was blumberville. Infamous motel Henry Pinckney had just got there.

"Well, what's this guy like?" he said.

"Her second *thesis*?" Bill giggled.

"Or her second honeym—" Margaret was slurry and too slow.

"I don't believe a word of it," Bill said. "Not a word. A Neeegrow. He's as much black as I am."

Everybody looked at Bill, who blushed.

"A *Nee*-grow!" Henry said. "Jesus Christ." Henry was Old Guard.

"So she sayez," Bill put in. "Moreover, sired by a famous writer."

"Of the school—the Famous Writers School? 'Sired by Famous Writer out of Negress—' "

"Shut up, Henry," said the Doctor, who on her folded-up legs was weaving slightly in the wicker settee.

"Yesss, honey. *Do*," said Margaret, who was patting the Doctor. "*Some* of us still have regular *hopes* in this world."

Peals and knee-bouncing by Bill and Henry, Bill looking at the ceiling finally with tears in his eyes.

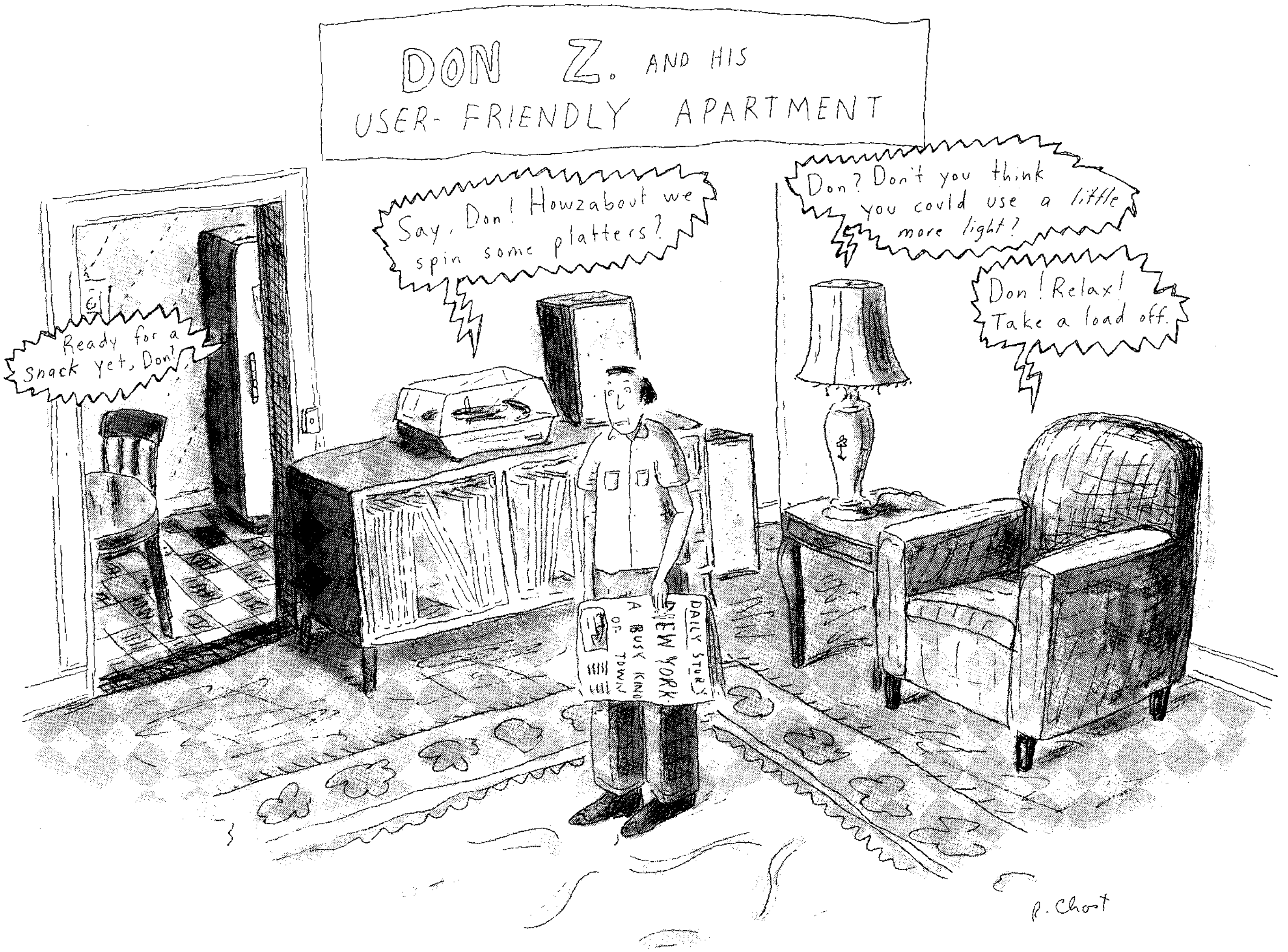
I slipped outside and climbed in the window to my room and didn't hear any more of it. But this is where I learned all the crap on him they had and, I thought, the main reason she was hyped up on him. If she even *thought* his father was a writer, then any way he could he was supposed to influence me.

My old man coached me into the best eight-year-old shortstop in the history of the world, then when the book crap really hit he gave me a Jack London and cut out. "That kid's supposed to *read* all that?" he said. "I thought that was *your* library." He was shocked by the Plan: the bassinet bound by books, which I came home from the hospital to sleep virtually in the lee of—my toys. Like some kids swat mobiles, I was to thumb pages. Some get to goo-goo, I had to read.

It was something. He (the Progenitor) had actually built the shelves that held the books that took me straight away from our after-work grounder clinic and his idea of things. They really got in it over this, one charged with sissifying and the other with brutalizing.

I suppose I became my momma's boy—at least she was still *there*—and in fact all this scribbling is directly re-

"That's not my special. That's Gristede's special."


DON Z. AND HIS USER-FRIENDLY APARTMENT
Ready for a Snack yet, Don?
Say, Don! Howzabout we spin some platters?
Don? Don't you think you could use a little more light?
Don! Relax! Take a load off.
DAILY STORY
NEW YORK
A BUSY KIND OF TOWN
P. Chast

lated to her training program. It's an assignment, like I said. I'm supposed to write. I'm supposed to get good at it.

ABOUT this time, after the party, began a run of events. The first one was so weird that I remember what shirt I was wearing. It was Friday, and I came home from school on the bus (Taurus was out serving, I guess) and had run up the steps before I saw both the Doctor's and the Progenitor's cars, his a little crooked in the driveway. It was one of those deals where you become an eavesdropper accidentally and then have to pick your moment to declare yourself so they won't know what you heard or at least will think you didn't hear the worst of it. Through the screen I could make out their silhouettes like in a TV interview of double agents or criminals or state witnesses, where they backlight and underexpose to protect the identity and sometimes they even woof out the voices so they sound like speech-therapy patients or retards or robots.

"The hell I can't," I heard him say.

"Everson, I still don't see what you're so worked—"

"What's so difficult? Every God-damned *doctor of philosophy* is one thing, but I can go a lot further with —with your bounty hunter."

"You're a *son* of a *bitch*." She snapped it hard.

"I will take him."

"No you won't. You can't."

"The hell I can't."

I figured I had the beat, so I stepped three steps down from where my lips had been pressing on the rusty, fly-smelling screen and stomped back up and sashayed in with a perfect whine-bang door slam and was on them so fast they never knew or suspected. Looked like big doings—she didn't have a drink, he did.

"Hi, Daddy." We did the hug. "Am I late or you early?"

"I'm early," he said, and looked at the Doctor. "And late."

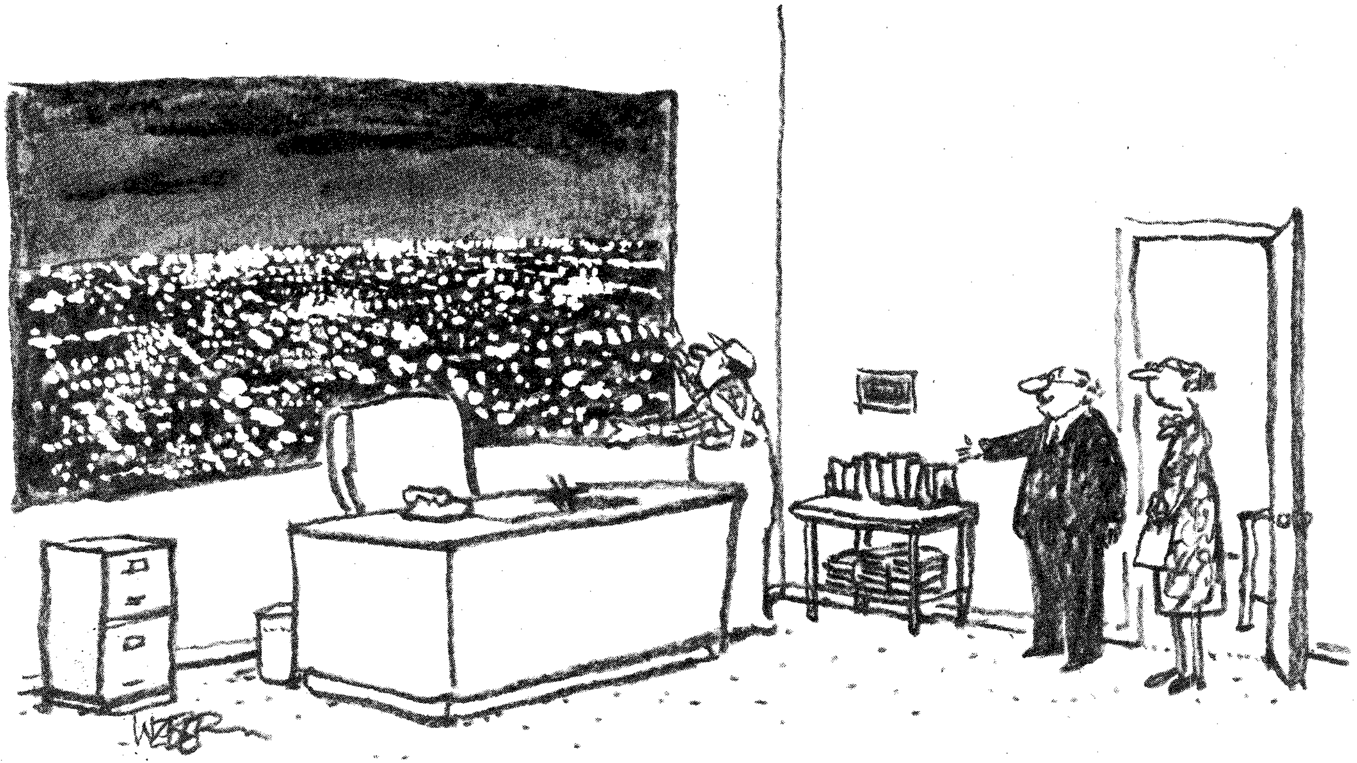
"We still going?" I asked.

"Sure—why not?"

"I don't know," I said, going to my room for my tote bag. It was highly unusual for him to come inside the house like this to get me. The shirt I had on was my red Rugby.

That weekend was the second event. We usually did everything like it was the state fair. It was like he took me out to show me a good time and I could play games or ride rides if I wanted to, except it was movies and restaurants we went to. But this time we went over to a woman's house I thought was his secretary and then later got the idea a lawyer herself. She had this kid about two years older than me, and they put us together to entertain ourselves while they sat and talked. She lived in a carriage house and they had the whole yard of the big house, which looked empty.

Sometimes kids just hit it off despite the artificial confinement, which is strange. Fully aware of the difficulty of liking each other, like in an arranged marriage, we just put all that aside and had a blast. I don't know how it started, but Mike (her kid) said



"How do you like it? It's a backdrop of L.A., like on the Johnny Carson show."

• •

that we could ride his go-cart if we put on the new wheel and didn't go in the street. The new wheel was wrapped in brown paper and was in a closet full of his mother's shoes, and when he went in to get it he had to walk on the shoes and he fell over. Well, the wheel was heavy and he couldn't pick it up lying there, so he tried to get up and the shoes kept buckling and sliding and turning his ankles and we started laughing.

"Here. Roll it to me."

We rolled it out over the crumbly terrain—all these Italian high-heeled shoes and boots as soft as puppies—and we couldn't stop laughing. Anyway, we got the wheel out and put it on the go-cart, reusing the cotter pin, and fired it up. Mike called it the cocker pin. He had this track charted out through little places where you could hardly make it, and every time one of us hit a banana tree it was funnier than the shoes. You just get laughing and can't stop.

We ran the course until white roots were showing in the mud at the turns and the engine smoked and ticked out a blue vapor. Then we went in and Mike, who had got the idea I was smart because I said we could use a nail if straightening out that cotter pin was too hard, showed me this kind of altar in his room. It was his books—about ten books and some magazines like *National Geographic*. He told me he was through with comics. Over the books on a small banner he had written:

MY GOAL IN LIFE: NOT TO BE A
IGNORAMUS
THATS MY MOTO

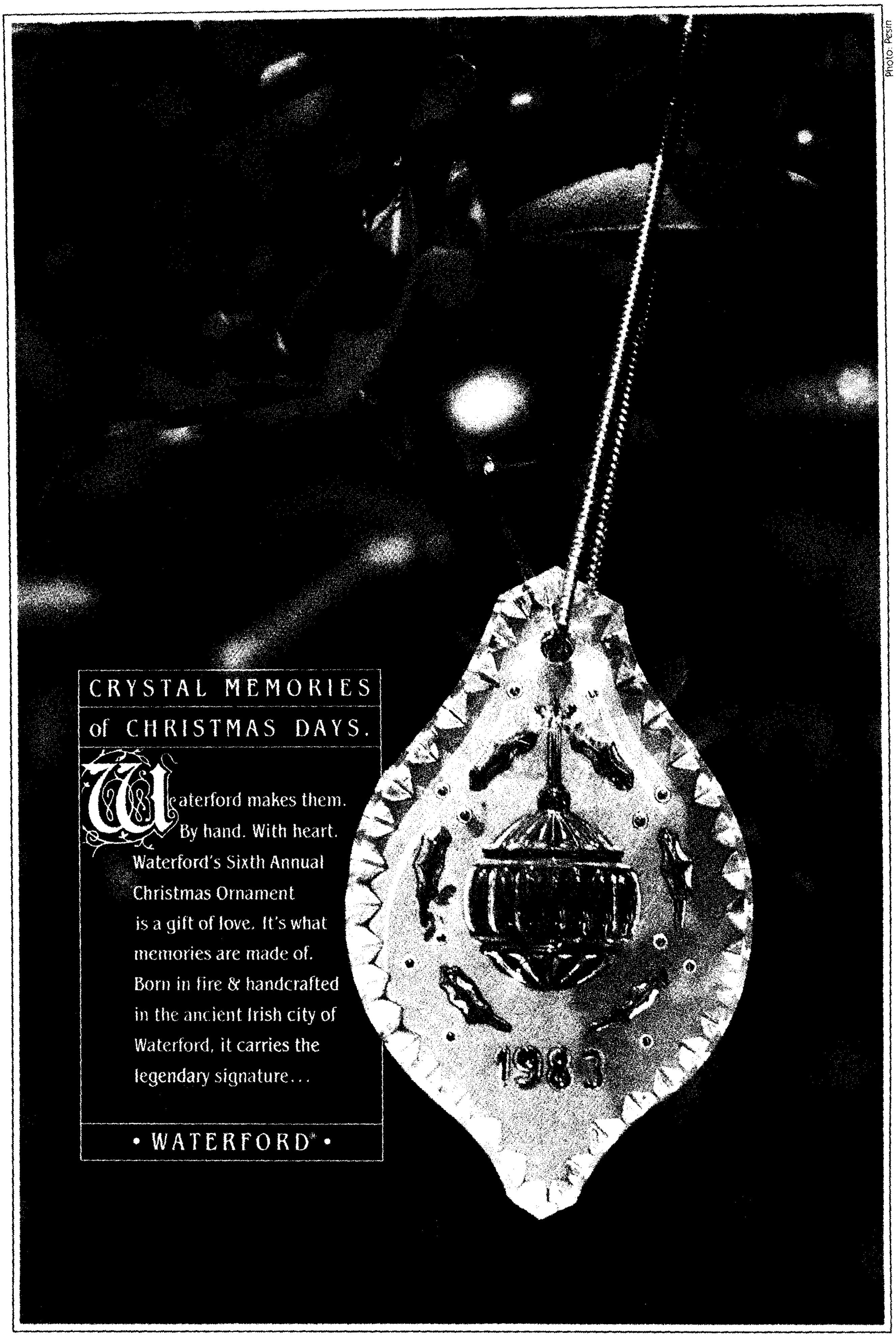
He showed me this shrine very proudly.

"That's a good motto," I said. I didn't know what to do about the spelling, so I didn't do anything.

The important thing, I suppose, is that this weekend was the first one we spent that wasn't entirely at the state fair or big-brother Disneyland. It was the first time Daddy sort of ignored me like the Doctor, and I must confess that I had a better time than ever before on these custody junkets. It's heavy pressure, you know, to find your role four days out of the month, a little two-day run every two weeks with no rehearsal. I suppose it was no fun for him, either, being director as well as actor and still not getting it right. But that weekend he seemed a lot more regular in a way it's hard to describe. I think that woman (Mike's mother) looked sexy, for one thing, but that is strictly my opinion.

On Monday morning early, when I got back, there was fog in the palmettos and the tree edges looked blue. Taurus's car was parked, running and spiffing out white balls of smoke into the fog, like smoke rings. Daddy stopped his car with the shift stick and it clicked to a stop like the ratchet stands I got to help set up for the drums one night at the Baby Grand for this old drummer with a band that had been everywhere. It was the saxophone player that was famous and the rest of the band was nobody, so they had to do all the work. The drummer let me open out these chrome stands that had silver feet and arms you stood up and set the right-sized drum in. He did that part. The stands clicked until they were open and then wouldn't close. The drum heads were worn clean in the centers but had this crud all around the edge you could scrape off with your fingernail, like a crayon deal where you color all the colors on the paper and then black all over that and then etch a design by scraping off the black, leaving a rainbow design. On the drum this left a pure-white scratch mark.

Anyway, he stopped the car like a ratchet stand and was up the stairs before I had the tote bag out of the back seat, and I thought he was going in, but he stopped. He turned and waited for me on the landing and said goodbye and left. That was very



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MERCEDES-BENZ

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As invigorating as the 380 SE's turbine-smooth acceleration is its willing throttle response at almost any speed. Power reserves seldom feel less than massive. Yet in stop-and-go urban traffic, the Mercedes-Benz 380 SE feels as docile as the proverbial lamb.

This robust V-8 engine is testimony to how far Mercedes-Benz has advanced performance-engine technology since the age of the cast-iron behemoths.

A LIGHTWEIGHT V-8

For example, the block itself is one of numerous engine components fabricated in *aluminum alloy*–making this V-8 as notable for the weight it saves as for the power it generates.

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The 380 SE's performance is maximized by its extremely low wind resistance. (Why battle the wind, when you can outwit it?) Its 0.37 aerodynamic Cd comes within a whisker of the most ballyhooed aerodynamic sensations of the day.

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The 380 SE's forged light-alloy wheels are the most visible elements of a suspension system set up for determined driving.

Mercedes-Benz believes that a performance automobile that was all speed and no handling would be an act of engineering irresponsibility. Thus, you may be as taken with the 380 SE's roadholding as with its power.

You may be equally taken by its steering precision. A power-assisted recirculating-ball steering system lets you guide this substantial machine with pinpoint accuracy. No luxury-car sponginess.

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380 SE SEDAN

d four-wheel disc brakes, this is one performance sedan meant to go, to handle, and to stop.

Automobiles built to move this well should also be built to stop with equal responsiveness. The 380 SE is engineered to stop with the power of four disc brakes. Total swept brake area: 456 square inches.

CRAFTSMANSHIP LIVES

The cabin accommodates five persons within 93.6 cubic feet of volume. Their comfort is further enhanced by an array of electric, electronic and other amenities. Especially ingenious are the 10-way electric adjustment controls for each front seat–activated by a tiny facsimile of a seat.

The 380 SE confirms, among other truths, that patiently crafted automobiles are still being produced in the 1980s. It is an example of consummate workmanship–from the precise fit of every panel to its hand-finished Zebrano wood interior trim.

Mercedes-Benz wants your 380 SE to be as pleasurable to own as it is to drive. One proof of this is a new *48-month-or-50,000-mile* limited warranty.*

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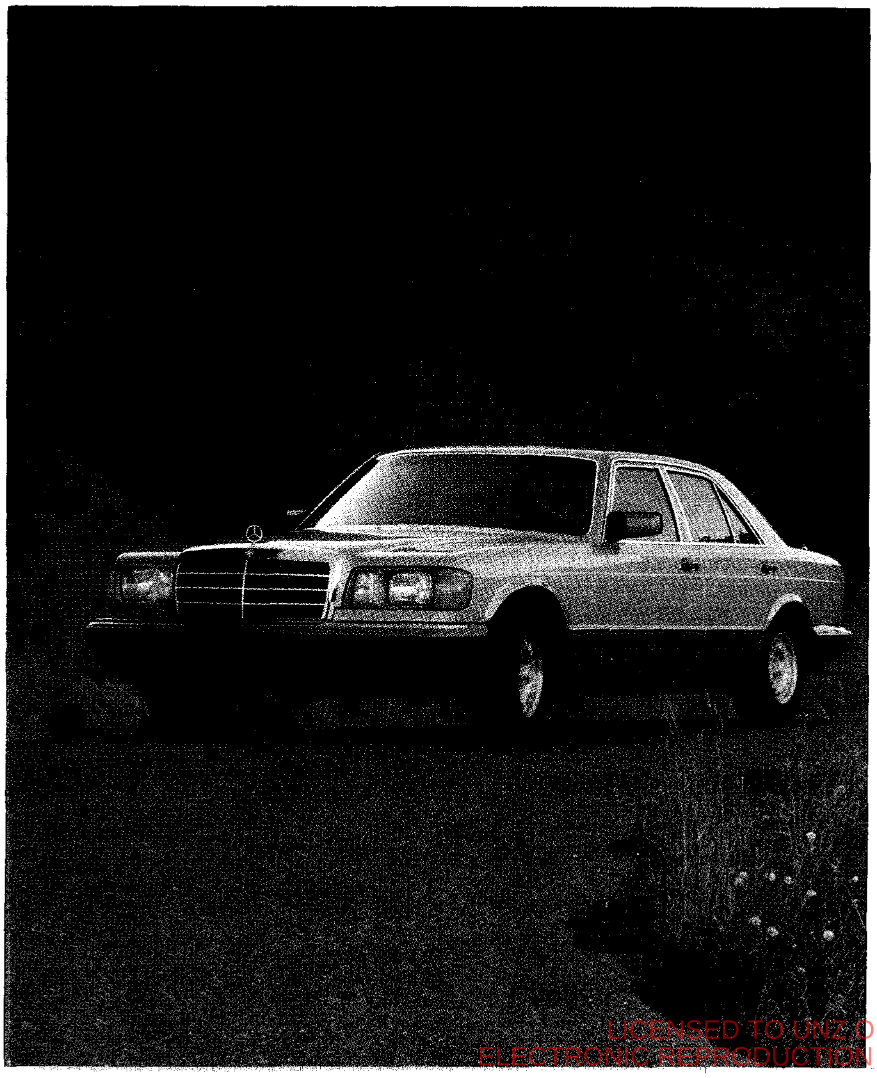
Mercedes-Benz automobiles have been shown, year after year, to retain a high percentage of their original value. This performance can be as reassuring, in its way, as the 380 SE's over-the-road performance.

The ultimate 380 SE accolade may have been voiced by the Editor of *Car and Driver,* in a recent survey of America's most desirable automobiles: "There is nothing like a big Mercedes V-8. Nothing. It is a car that is simultaneously fun to drive, strong as a D-8 Cat, and luxurious enough for all but the irresponsibly sybaritic."



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strange—getting out, for one thing, and then going up there and *not* going in but turning and seeing me up like a guest and then our doing the hug and him leaving. They were waiting inside as I crossed the unswept floor. I noticed all the windows were open and the drapes standing out like air-conditioner sales strips. You couldn't see it but you could feel the damp clam of fog on everything. The Doctor was in her wicker pose and the settee was cricking crisply in the cool air and they both had these steaming black coffees and were looking patiently at each other.

"Hi, ducks," she said.

"Hi."

"Everything O.K.?"

"Just fine."

"Ready for school?"

I was in my room and stopped. "Ready as ever," I said. I got out my black Western rig with bat-wing shoulders, makes me look like Wyatt Earp.

When I came out Taurus was saying to her, "It sounds queer to me."

"Well," she said, sipping coffee to punctuate as for a lecture point. "What have you seen out here that wasn't?"

"Well," he said, doing the same coffee thing. "Aren't you separated?"

"We can still be friends then?" she hurried on, ignoring him.

He tipped his cup at her. "Why not?"

"I mean . . ."

"Sport, let's go."

We were off, me to school to drive fat pencils into newsprint, him on up to Charleston to catch crooks too cheap for the government to bother.

So my little run of non-events suddenly was a veritable domino-phenomeno. What waked me up? Another crooked-parked car. There it was again, Friday, parked close up. I imagined six-inch angry skid marks just behind the tires. Daddy was early and inside *again*.

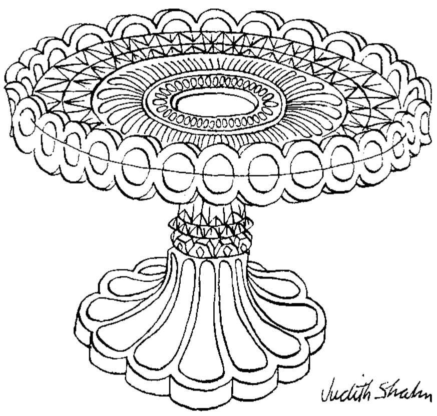
A little bud told me not to try the trick of listening at the door and then stomping in at an innocent note. That's what Theenie used to say—that she heard stuff on me from a little "bud." Anyway, this one said stick my head up into the intake duct.

When we got the place from Eisenhower the Developer, it had a five-thousand-dollar Carrier cool-heat unit on a concrete pad under the house. The first season, the first hint of a hurricane, the first trickle of a high tide, that was it for Carrier. *Gihhhjjj* POW!—magnesium flares, house trying to hop up and run off on its stilts, transformer blown off the pole by the hard road (you could hear it), and no power for three days anywhere out here. Candlelight at the Grand! That was most pleasant. Jake said he never had seen rowdy niggers so serene.

So they yanked it—looked like a burned-out Army tank. They gave the Doctor a replacement price and she gave them a drink of ice water and me a Girlhood speech: "Honey, when I was little we didn't have air-conditioning. Just consider we're going back through Margaret Mitchell's wind."

To get some of that wind, we spent half a day bruising our hands trying to crack windows loose from their paint, and the sliding doors had these miniature locks down in the runners that Theenie said to prize out. "Prize 'em out with a crowbar or call the lock man, because you ain' gone get nare one out with this hammer." She had this hammer with one claw left, like a kid with a front tooth knocked out. She held it in an attitude that looked like one of those Walker Evans photographs of sharecroppers.

Theenie's got the sharecropper patience that seems so sure of the world even in its humility that the Doctor, who I thought would take out glass and all before calling anybody, stopped and called Vergil at the Texaco station and told him to get a locksmith who didn't have to have an arm and a leg and who might like a drink after a long day and bring him on out and look at the Cadillac (Vergil, that is), and she got them so well lubed there was no bill at all and we had those drapes standing out in the breeze in no time, like the capes of flying superheroes. And the roaring crowd of the surf was brought in—we had only heard the muffled rumble of it before.



Well, they pulled the burned hull of the heat pump and left all the ductwork, thinking the Doctor would change her mind about ordering a new unit. They didn't know she was one of those readers of Southern literature who talk about progressive light changes at dusk and how the air in the country is different than in the city, and how country crickets sing a different, more authentic tune than city crickets, which just get in your woodwork and keep you awake. It was many things like this that earned her the Duchess status.

So there was this square vent with silver insulation that came down to within four feet of the slab and I could stand on a block and go up in it to my shoulders. It was like putting your head in a speaker cabinet. You could hear the Doctor move on the wicker. It sounded like when a bad folksinger changes chords and the squeak on the frets is louder than the picking. You could hear the whole house, like a giant conch shell and its internal sea. You could hear, believe me, voices.

So this Friday in question I get on the block and go shoulder-high into the Voice of the Theatre.

". . . can *not* be h-wealthy forum," Daddy was saying.

". . . can not buttabean h-wealthy forum," the Doctor said. I think I was too far up in the speaker.

". . . whoever evah hearded of a dearded child uvah twelvild runnnwellve vilding inilda nigger road nigoadhouse rrrouse!"

"I havehv."

"You're un*fit* tittit . . ."

I stepped down and moved the block and just stood under the vent, maybe only my hair up in it.

"Everson, frankly the place worried me, too, before. But he *has* to have some life other than—" A small wicker squeak.

"Than what?"

"Than this." A big wicker squeak. This was much clearer.

"Well, *what*, pray tell, doesn't worry you *now*? Before *when*?"

"Before he had his new companion to—escort him."

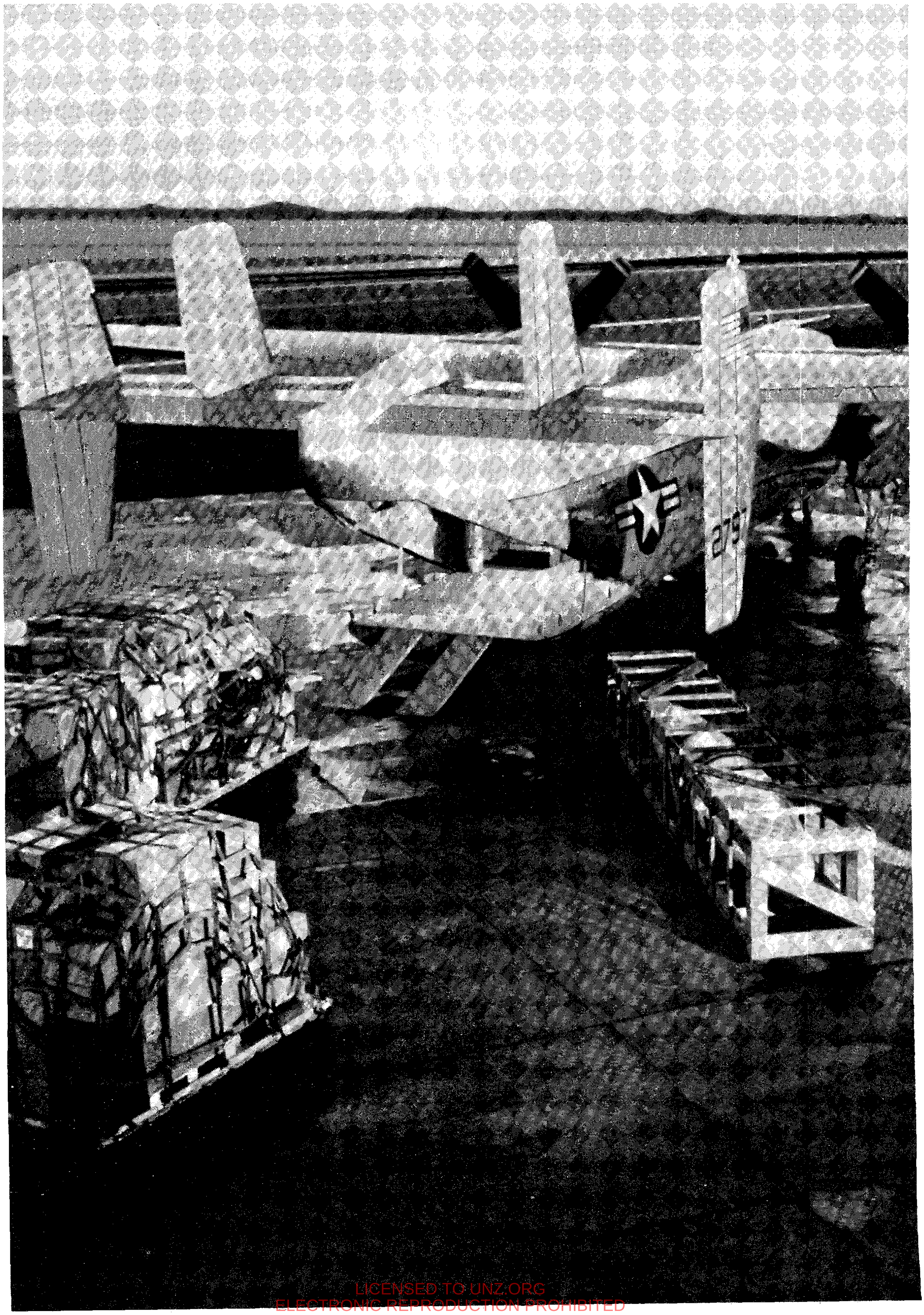
"Companion. And not the first—"

"Don't start that tape—"

"I'll start it—"

"You're a boor."

A giant scraping and tinkling and



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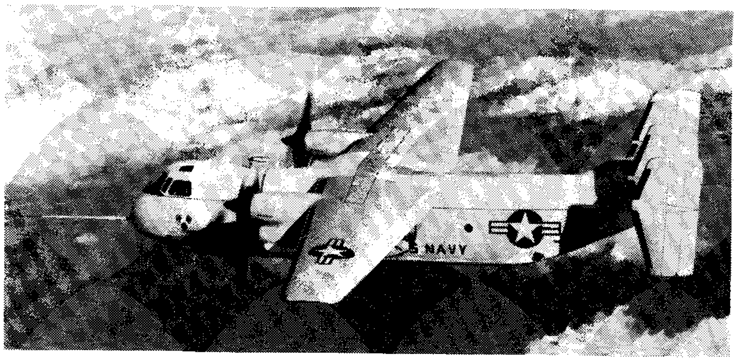
This cost-effectiveness can be applied to other projects. For example, the Grumman A-6E. It's the only carrier-based, all-weather, low-level, night attack aircraft in the U.S. inventory. Right now, A-6E production authorization is on an annual basis. Converting this to a multi-year program would save millions of defense dollars.

The message is clear. Multi-year procurement is more than good business for the Navy and Grumman. It's good business for America.



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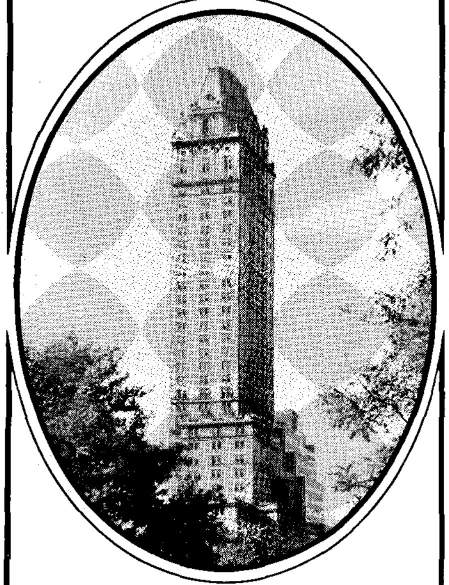

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gushing, pouring noise came down.

"Here. The ice is gone," Daddy said.

"Thanks."

It was quiet for so long I got scared they might be sneaking down. I could see the stairs, where their shoes would show up long before they could see me, but I went over to the stairs just in case. Then they started talking again. I tiptoed back over, missed a few words.

". . . think either one of us," she said, and a pause like for a lecture note-taker, "has been *chaste*, has we, Iv?"

"In my book discretion still beats valor."

"Quite," she said. "So what sets us so far apart in this spectrum of morals, my lovely?" (Sounds weird, but that's what I heard.)

"That *I* don't with every coroner, convict, drifter, and, what's more, entrust a boy to—"

"Who *left*, Everson?" The volume nearly scalped me. I was weak. I can only think of one noise like that—a gun went off in a pawnshop on King Street and it was like the air itself was black for a moment, and we weren't even inside the shop. I eased back up into the tube.

". . . if there's a difference. One leaves, one doesn't. You couldn't, I could. Don't make me out . . ."

"I know." An easy whine of wicker.

"Same?" Another chinking and wash sound.

"It's none of your business but I'll tell you anyway. He came out here and found Theenie in her gin and she decided he's her long-lost grandchild by her crazy daughter." Still another punctuation of glass-and-liquid noise. "And I asked him to stay here. For Simons."

"You don't know him from—"

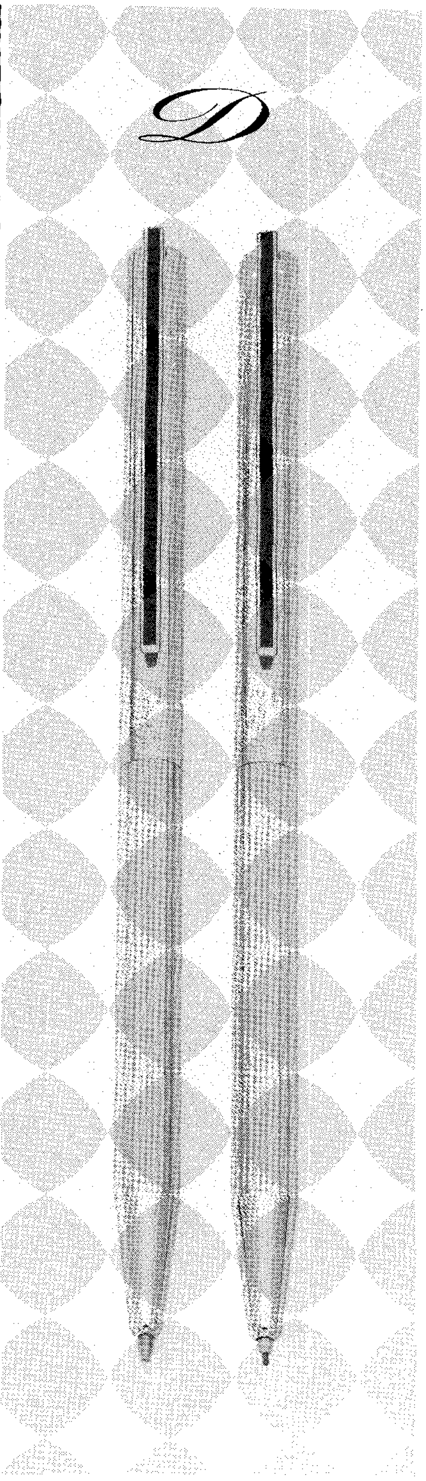
"Everson, did I know you? Did you know—"

"That was just for marriage. This, you've got, he's *raising*—"

"Necessity of invention." Then, quickly, "O.K., look. I liked the kid. At school the gossip mill has done about as hysterical a thing as you want to. He's the son of a white writer, my hired governor for Simons, et cetera. God, this is strong. Look, Iv, we're all coming down a bit, but I'm not addled yet. And the thing on Simons, the book thing . . ."

"The book thing," he said.

"It's no good without the baseball thing." Then she adds, "That's why



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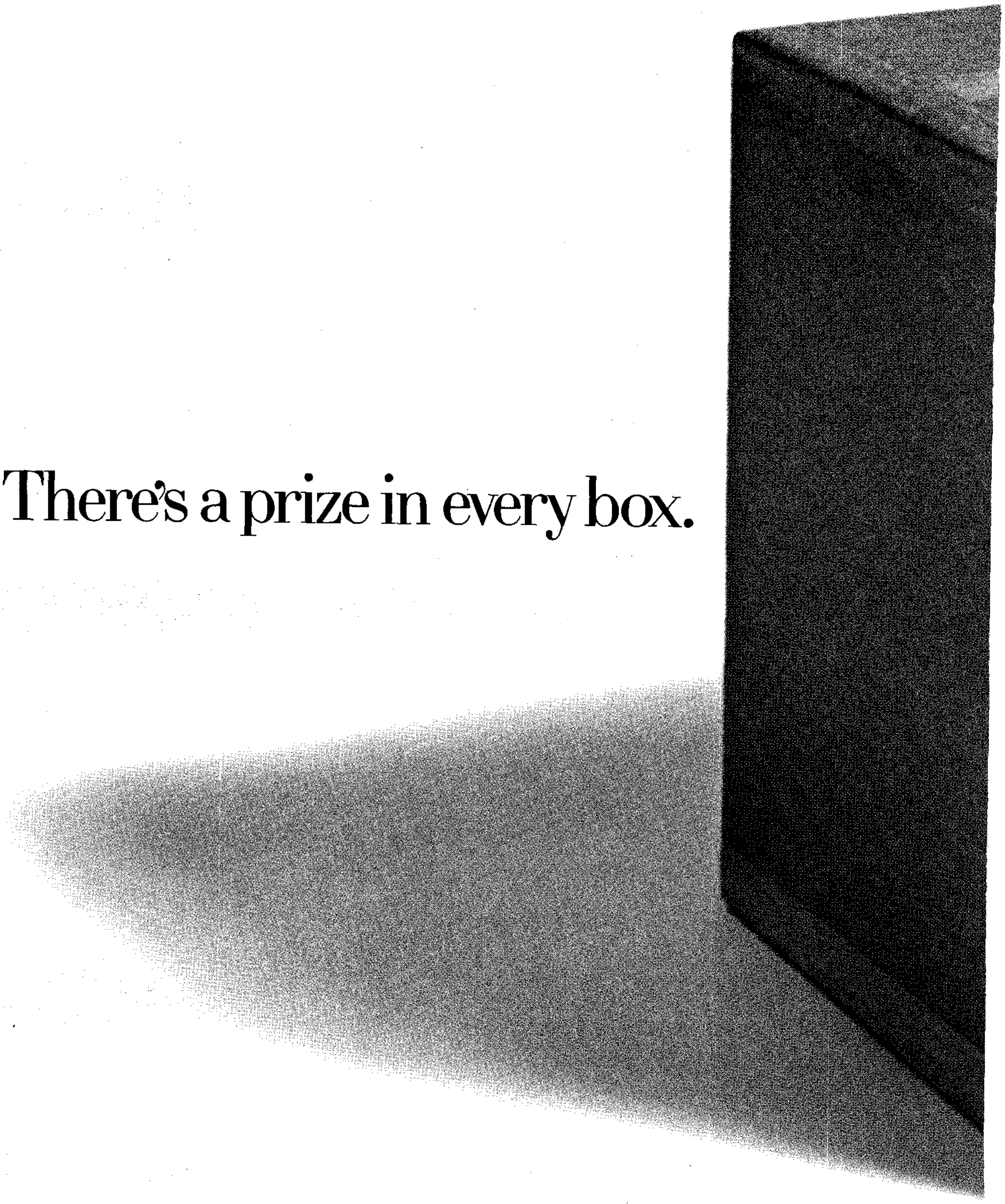

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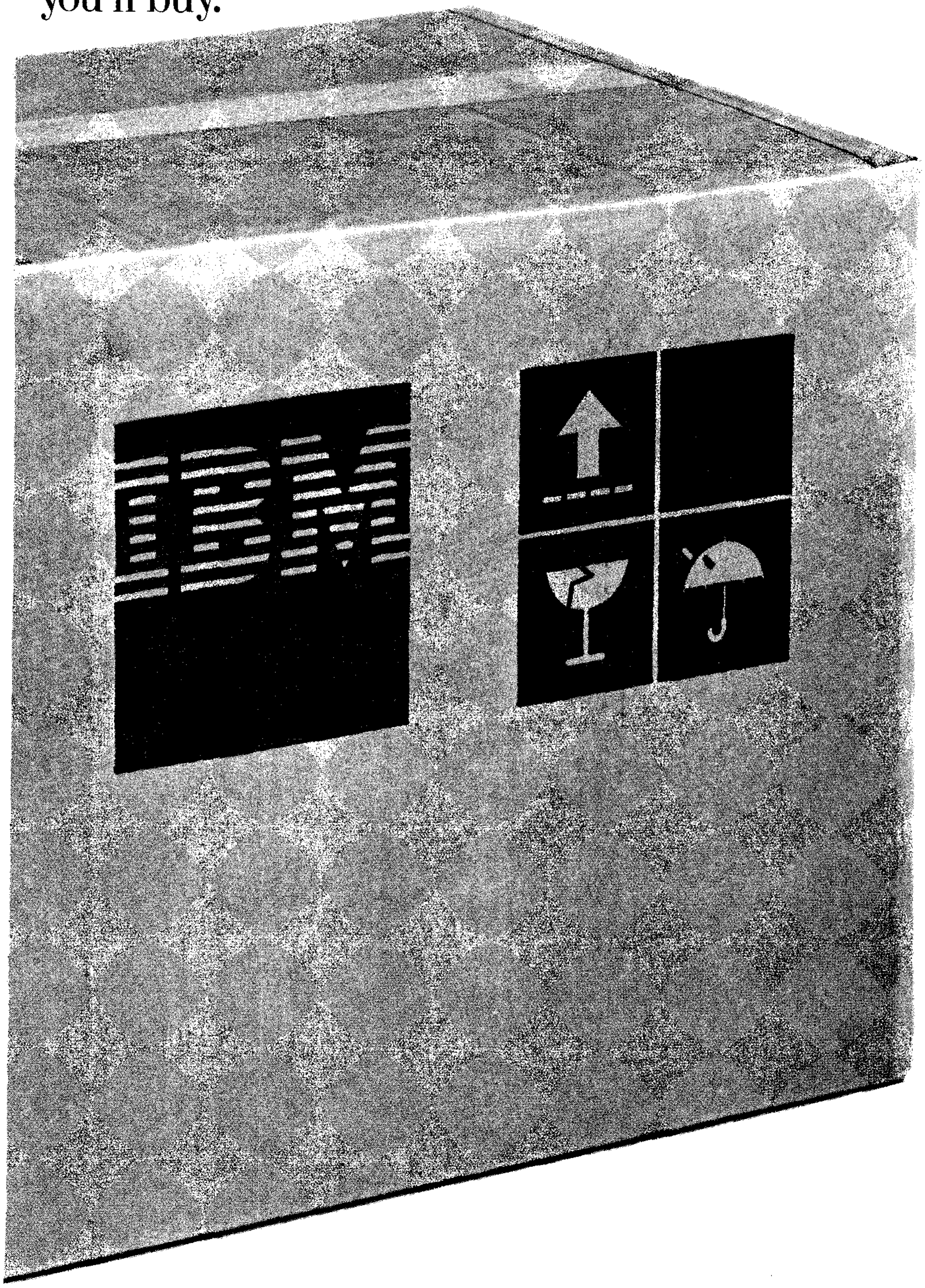

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the man's here, known or not. He's duty-free, cuts a figure, keeps him straight. That's all there is."

I'd had enough. All I had to do was figure out how to model my face for going in the house. This was some of the weirdest verbiage I ever heard. I don't know why I thought so at the time. It looks reasonable now.

But I was hypered out, so I walked all the way back up to the Grand. When I was almost an hour late I called them.

"Where are you?"

"I'm up at Jake's. I thought Daddy could pick me up here."

"It's *your* weekend," she said. "When he gets here I'll tell him."

"O.K. Thanks." Thanks for mendacity, I should have said—mendacity and lies.

Well, I got a cold one. For the first time I needed one, I thought. I rolled it on my forehead. It felt like the reverse of ironing, heavy cold metal to smooth things out.

Jake came up and shook the can and put another one up without asking, like I was a real regular customer. "Drink dis slow. Your momma called, said sit tight."

I sat tight. After that one I didn't need to iron my head anymore.

Daddy came in.

"Mist'Iv," people said. "Mist'Iv." I guess they knew him from their troubles. Daddy took their cases on time, I thought. Or they just knew he was the Duchess's old man. But anyway he came in and had Jake's attention before he got to the bar and handed Jake a bottle in a sack.

"Do you have soda?"

"Got Coke soda," Jake said.

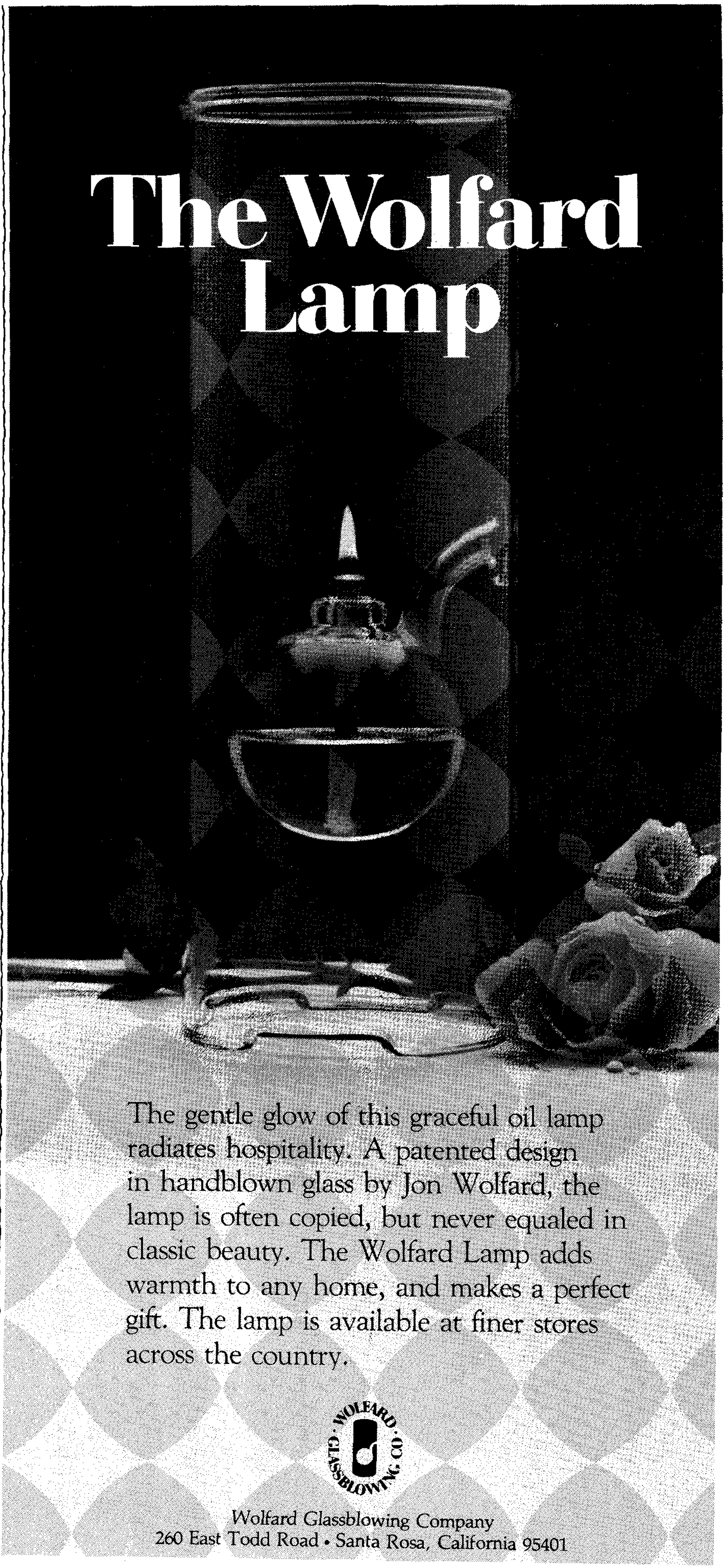
"Water then, Jacob."

Jacob. I had the feeling he'd been there before, or knew him somehow, which was a hard sensation to accept, like believing that sexy things are not your own private province of knowledge, that your parents must know, too. And here I thought Jake and the Grand were all mine, and Daddy's calling Jake Jacob, like they go back years into a formal history together.

"Hi. Sorry if I'm in trouble," I said to cut him off, in case I was. "You know Jake?"

Jake handed up a jigger of whiskey and a jelly glass with tap water in it. Daddy nodded down. Jake nodded up.

"His father." Daddy was about titrated out. His lips were under control except they sort of looked like he'd been to the dentist. His eyes were mullety. "This place is just a juke joint



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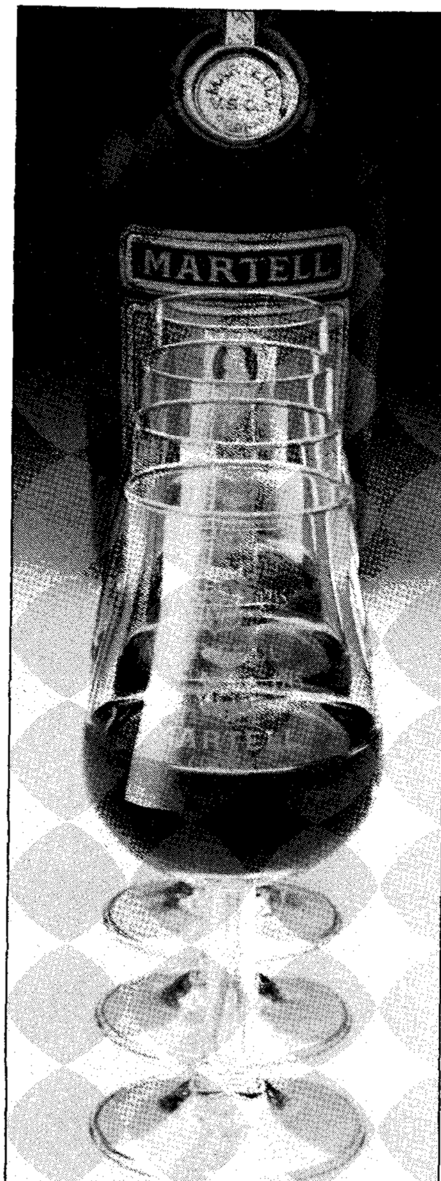

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now, son. In my day, it was the biggest whorehouse-casino-bootleg operation we knew of. Do you know what a whorehouse is?"

"Well, I know what one *is*. I don't know what you *do*, though."

He chased the jigger. "Me either." He laughed.

We sat there awhile.

I had a bunch of questions about the joint before, under Jake's daddy, but they seemed like too much effort. I could just put it together myself, with a hint or two.

"Daddy, was it what they call a class operation?"

"What?"

"Jake's joint in the good old days."

"Class operation is right!" He got excited. "That's *exactly* what it was. Everything was clear. They had the fun and we had the money. Buyers, sellers."

"*Refined* vice?" I said.

"What?"

"Like Chicago and things. Was it refined vice with a code of manners—"

"Son, do you believe in God?"

"What?"

"Do you believe in God?"

"Yeah, I guess."

"Well, O.K. I guess it was refined vice."

I motioned to Jake and got my first true third cold one in my life. Daddy had said something I couldn't figure out. Today I sort of know. And I sort of don't.

Anyway, we left together and drove home to the Cabana. And he stayed there that night. I didn't need any air ducts to know that.

"God, Iv," I heard come from their room.

"God what?"

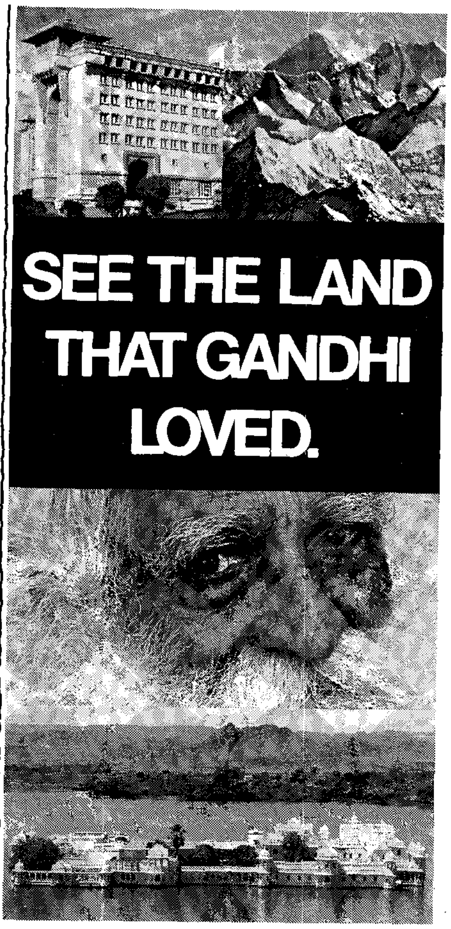
"Chemistry."

"Chemistry what?"

"Chemistry never changes."

And then a set of groans no oracle ever bettered. And I'm drunk, which probably made it worse. If chemistry never changes, why'd they split up? I guess somebody could wonder that, but it's probably only me, drunk. Everyone who knows them says they split up because the Doctor's a bitch, if they are on his side, or because the Progenitor's an ass, if they're on hers, and some people say both. That leaves me to wonder. I don't. I know.

The Doctor is a Democrat and the Progenitor is a Republican. I don't mean registered voters now, I mean their whole attitude. They both went down and voted for Nixon, so it's not that simple. They both vote for



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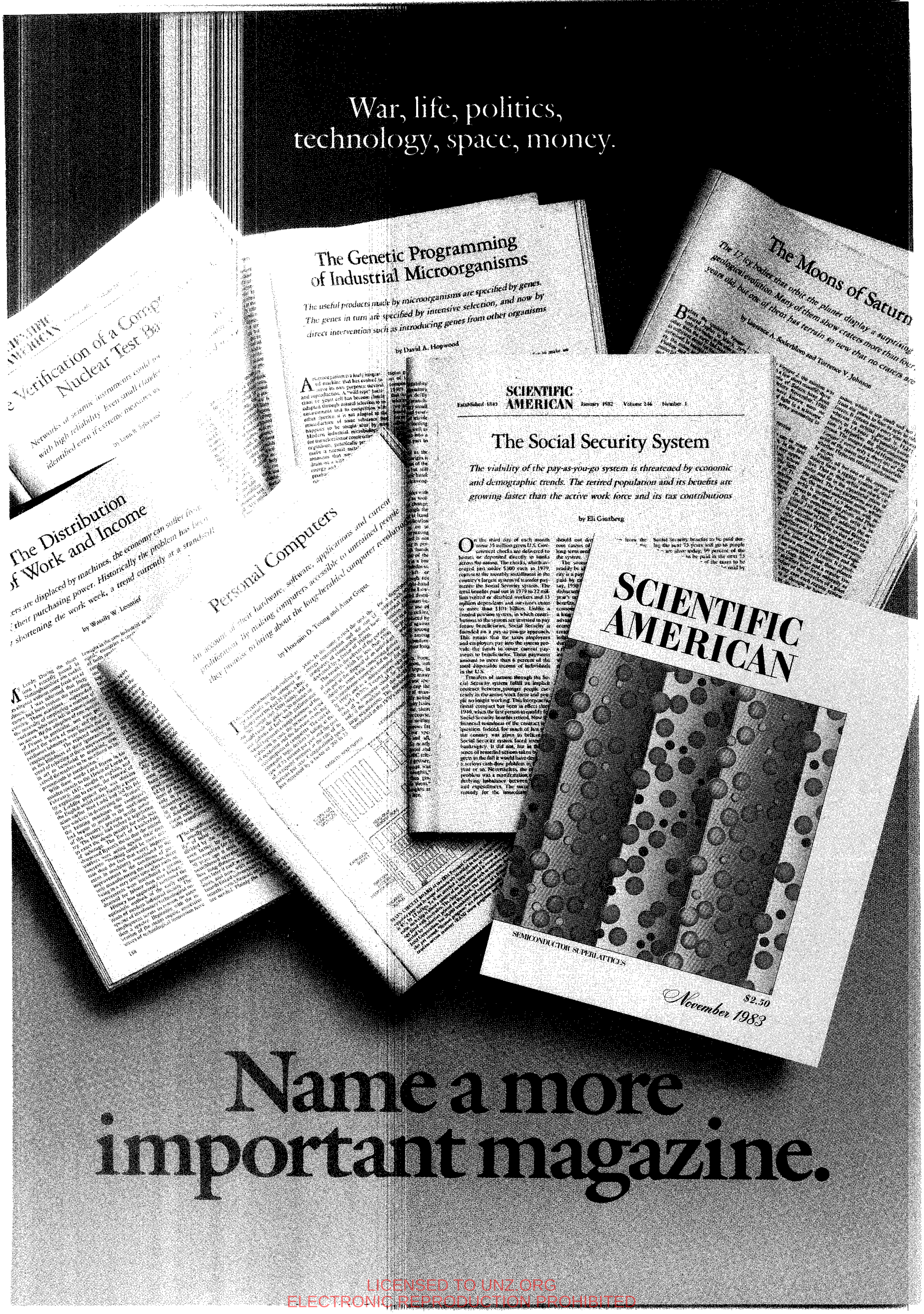
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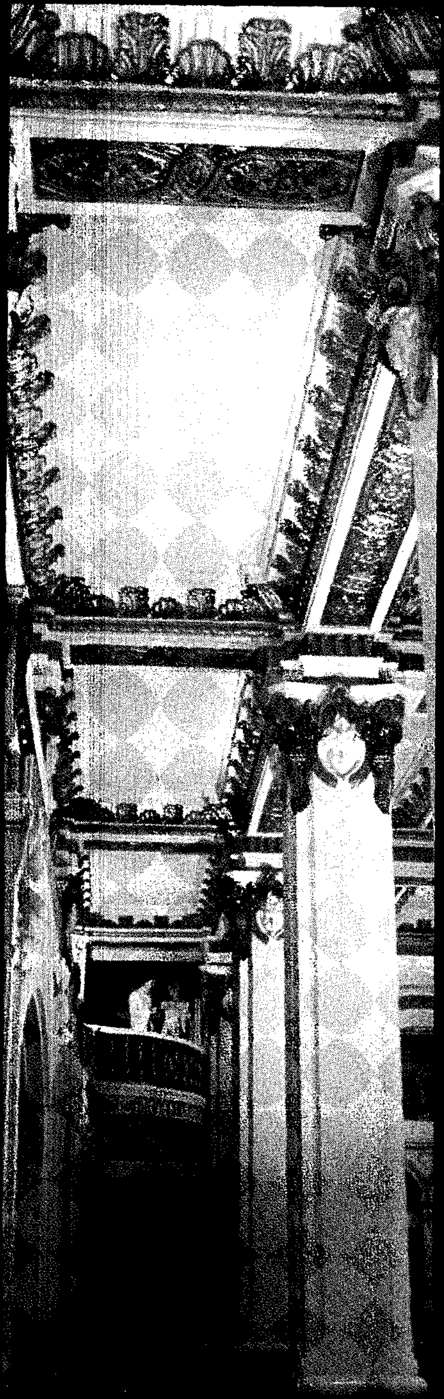
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Nixon, but she thinks it's a land where you decide your boy is a novelist and feed him books and he *is* one, and he thinks in these supply-demand curves and says book reading's fine but there will have to be baseball for balance and law school in order that I be a producer and not a ward of the state, and *bam*—they are in it, fighting in a corner.

"He's bright enough. Let him read if he wants to."

"He has to *work* on it, Iv."

"He's a boy, for God's sake."

"Not any boy. *My* boy."

Crack!

"If you hit me again, it'll be the last time."

I wondered about that one for years. How did he do it? A short, deft blow that broke her nose? A high-handed Cagney slap? Or a schooled punch, like a hook? We boxed, twice. He got me these gloves the size of plums and put them on me and placed my guard and said keep your guard up and come on. I did, with whirring weightless arms, concentrating on his T-shirt near his armpits, enveloping him in a storm of bad ideas until he reached out and thumped my mouth and I quit.

So what he did to her I don't know. I did not see any mark the next day. But I knew that in a universe which is alleged to contain only men who beat their wives and those who don't he was a doer. At least he was in principle, because I'm not sure one shot is a true beating. It wouldn't be if she had cracked him one, which for all I know she was trying to do, like me, swinging away, when he produced the audible whap.

They could have this same kind of talk about business or money or careers or jobs, which is why I say their differences fall under the loose heading of political.

"I sold the Market Street property," he'd say.

"You *what*?"

"I sold it."

"*Without consulting me?*"

Silence. Then she orates: "If it weren't for me, you wouldn't—*we* wouldn't—have two quarters to rub together. I'm through with you." A sweeping noise of drink and napkin, a cabinet door slams, she heads for the bedroom, door locks. He must sit there with a solid look on his face. He mixes another drink.

Once, though, they worked up to the ignition point, and she said, "It's over. Get out."

"Hell, it's my house. You get

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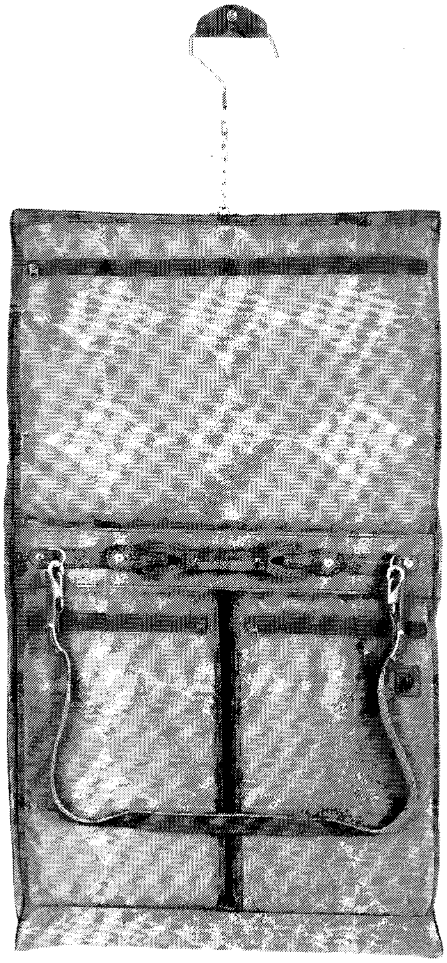

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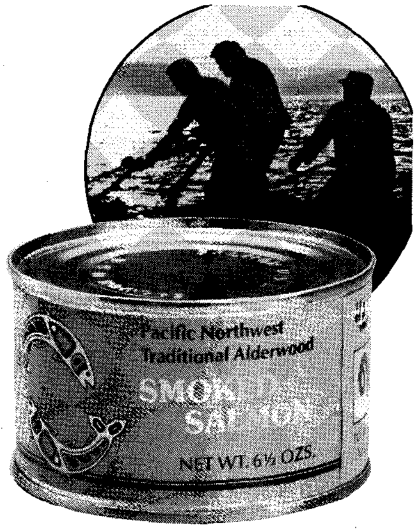

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"ESCAPE from the ordinary"

out." And beat her to the bedroom. That one tickled me.

But it's still kind of hard to lie there hearing all this, even though some of it's funny. Too much of it's about you, in the third person, when they could just get you in there for your opinion instead of relegating you to misfit. Hell, I would have told them all they needed to know. They'd have both been jaked up if they ever asked me. I don't know how they managed to ever dream that they had an object, like a commodity on a market, they had to invest this way or that. And finally there was a feeling I had that they had quit being themselves in favor of *my* becoming themselves, like they were sacrificed to me. They assumed this sacrifice willingly together and only later discovered there were two lives being gambled on one.

THE next morning Daddy was still there and I was sort of glad, but more certainly embarrassed. Now the Progenitor was with Penelope. Great Olympic siren squeals had issued forth from the rocks of their bed. It hypered me out. About 6 A.M. I cooked a hamburger and listened to the fishing broadcast and then hit the beach to get out of there.

Taurus wasn't at the shack, but I saw some smoke up at the abandoned Boy Scout camp and kept walking. It was Taurus, with a fire lit up under a triangle-shaped coffeepot like in a cowboy movie. It was just like the open range. He was stoking dead palmetto fronds in. You could smell the coffee. It almost had a scorchy smell.

I was going to go up like a drifter and ask for some grub and do a movie parody but didn't. He just handed me a cup. I was drinking it before I realized I hate coffee and then realized I didn't hate it anymore, and that those first three true cold ones had probably produced my first true hangover and had changed coffee, like liquor, into something to drink, not to fake-drink with milk. Did he know about this, my blowout?

The fire was down quickly, because the fronds burn so fast, and I got up to pull a sabal branch. I had to about swing on it to get it loose and when I did I fell with it, and on the ground beside me was a sparrow, dead. He was still able to move his head if you did it for him. I couldn't figure out where he came from—under the branch, in the shelter they make against the tree? Was he in there and I somehow killed

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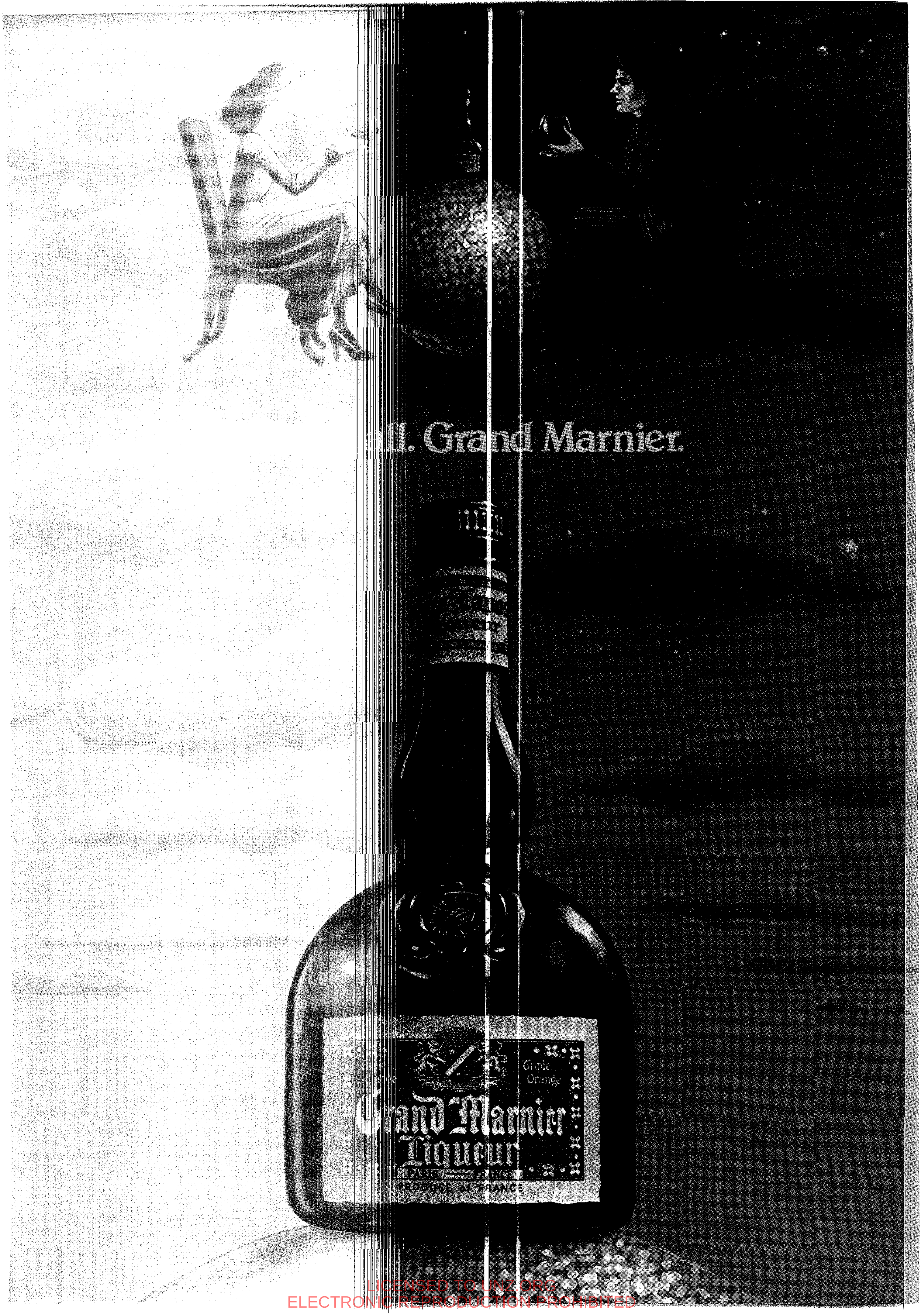
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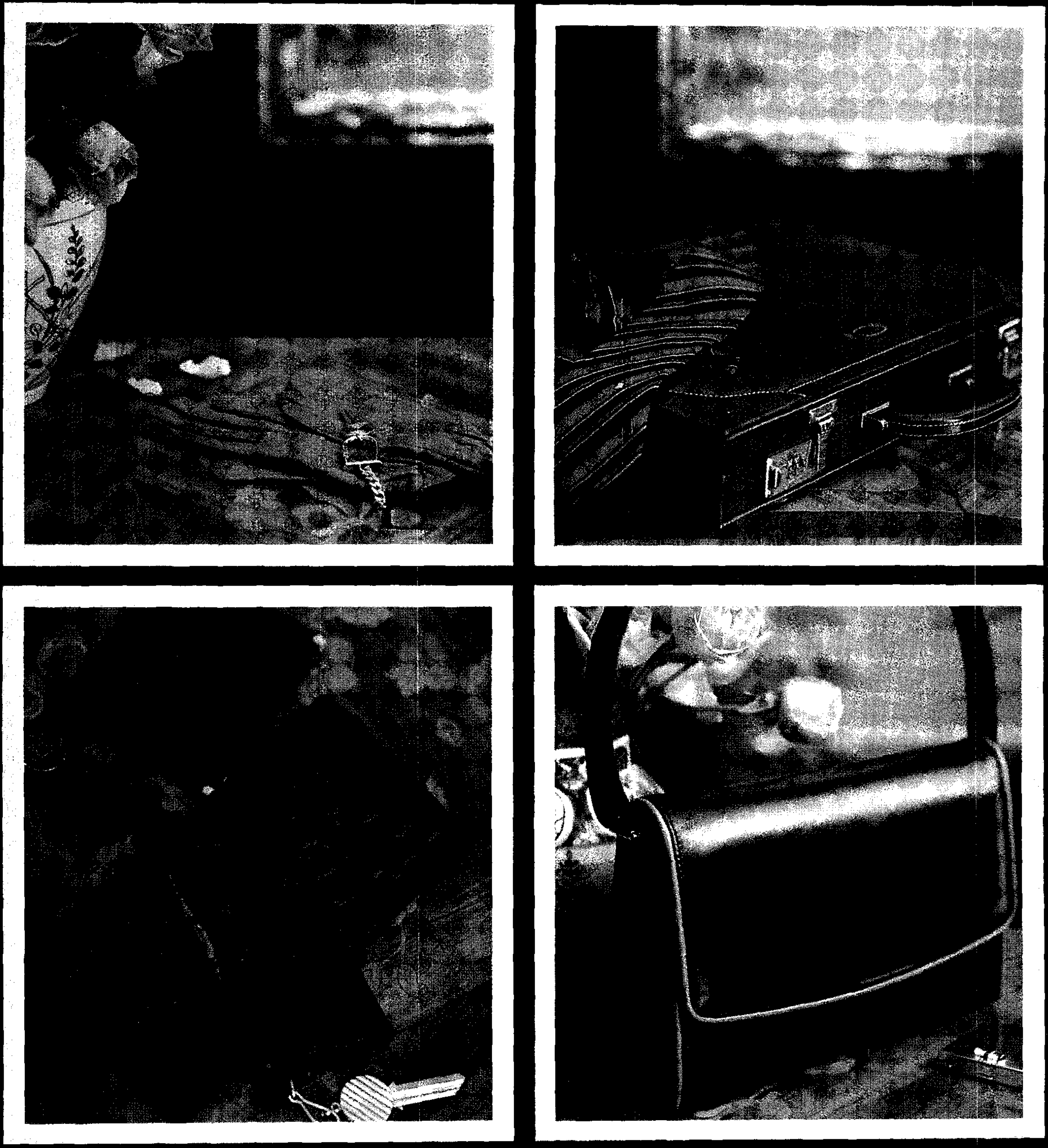

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him? Or was he already on the ground and I didn't see him?

"You seen this bird before?"

"No," he said.

"I think I killed him."

"I wasn't really looking, though."

"He . . . you can still move him. I must have."

He didn't say anything more, so we drank coffee.

"The oracle at the heating system spoke of great new formations in my fate," I said. "There are what you might have to call propitious portents."

"What would they be?"

"It looks like Daddy's back."

"That's good."

"It's good?"

"Sure it's good."

"You know him?"

"Heard his name around. Serving."

"Never met him?"

"No."

"I seem to know this means you'll be going."

"Could."

"How is that?"

"What?"

"That you'll have to go."

He looked at me. I was blabbering. It was one of those times when you're supposed to act indifferent, or knowing, to what you don't know. I saw these ninth graders pull it off by keeping their traps shut one night on a school-bus field trip and kissing the cheerleaders instead of yapping like younger kids with no one to kiss. All you had to do was shut up and the girls got very adult about you.

"Well, like Frank Zappa said."

"What'd he say?" It worked. I turned him into the curious one.

"That's where it's *at*, baby."

He said nothing—turned the tables again.

"Yessiree*bob*," I appended. "Yes*sireebob*."

There was the funny pot and the sparrow.

"Look," I said, "I don't want to get lugubrious but I have to say it—I'll miss you, we've had my most fun in my life, so thanks."

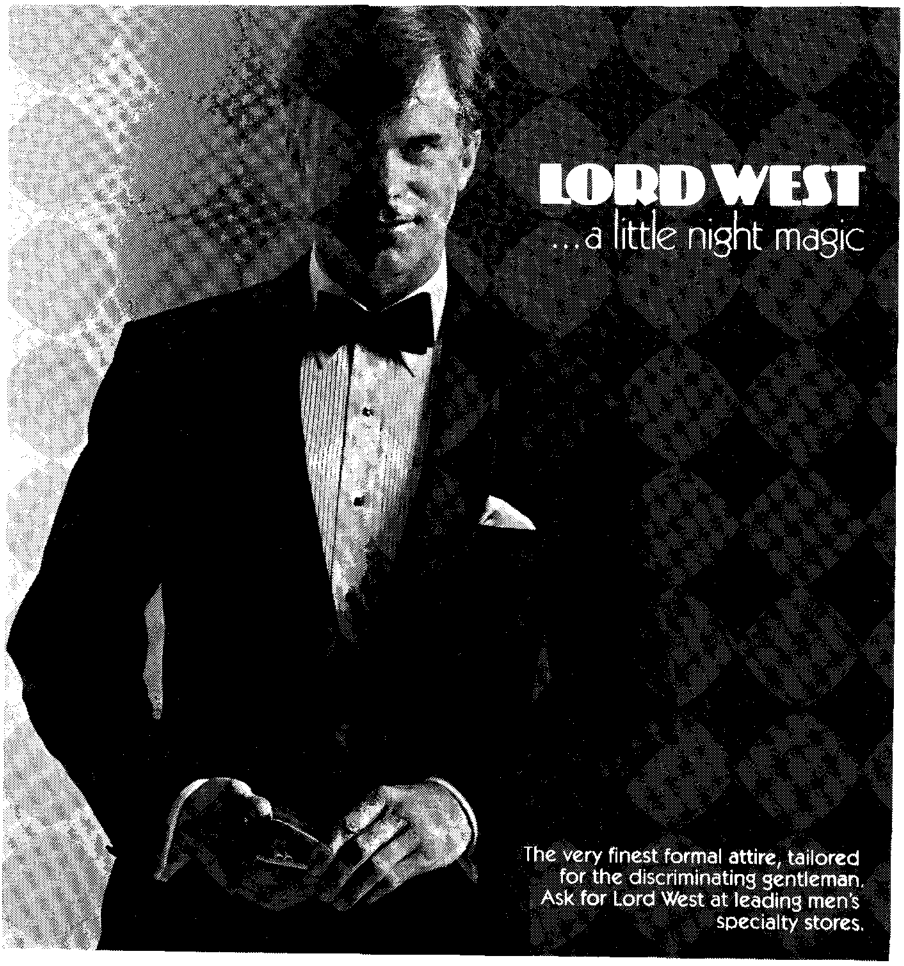
"Me, too, Sim."

"Annh."

"Let's bury this vulture you slew and go somewhere."

"Before you go off to the middle of nowhere maybe we better go fishing, to ratify our experience together," I said.

So I stopped off at the Cabana and got two mullet specials all fixed up. You need a long pole in case they're



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deep. Not too small a hook. The idea that mullet have small mouths is specious. It's actually part of a racist wives'-tale scheme of lies which relegates mullet as fish to a similar position known by Negroes as people, but we don't have time for all that. Their mouths are plenty large is all. But delicate, so you have to pull them in a firm but not exuberant fashion. (Also part of this bogus press on mullet is they don't even bite hooks, which is already a bit obvious in its error, or I wouldn't be under the house untangling cane poles and rusty hooks.) And a cork—not too big there. You want a good, subtle cork, preferably a thin one capable of doing things other than simply going under, because most mullet will not take a cork under. The cork should be able to shiver.

We took off to get worms. The best place is behind the Grand, by Jake's old house, where you're supposed to believe there was a still and I suppose there was. There's plenty of worms, I know that. You have to go in through the Grand, where Jake will be cleaning up, and tell him and he'll never say a word of greeting. You just tell him and he calls his mother, who still lives there, and she'll chain up that dog which I said had mice in his ears the day I began becoming famous. Or maybe it's one of his descendants. Mice in his ears or not, it is a very crazy dog that tightens out this chain from a log truck.

"The story is they dumped the mash in this pit," I told Taurus. "All the corn and potatoes and vegetables they couldn't eat went in the mash. Here they use anything. Or did. I don't think anybody runs one now. They just get the bootleg stuff without tax stamps. It's the modern world."

"Where's a shovel?" he said.

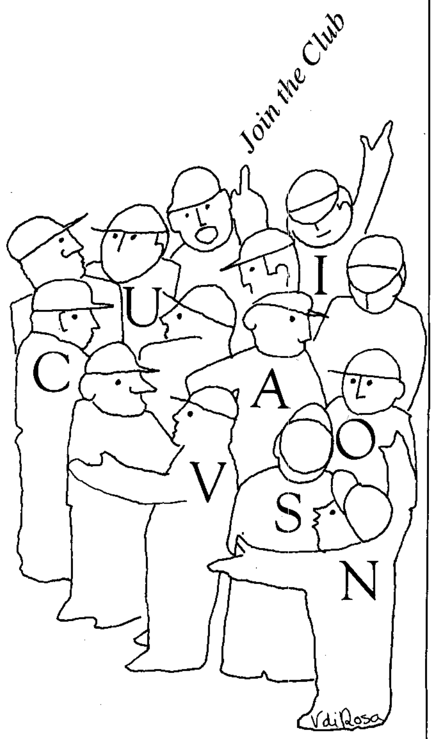
"You can't shovel worms," I said. "It's too gross."

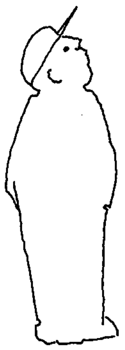
So I showed him how you have to use your fingers if you care about the worms or you'll have half a mash pit of halved worms.

"Another thing—you can't profane this mash pit, because of Jake's boy."

"Who's Jake's boy?"

"He's Jake's boy, but it's on the q.t. because he's in a state hospital in the retard section. I've never seen him. The story is they fed him the wood chips for coloring the shine and he ate them like potato chips and that did it. All they meant to do was kind of slow him down so they didn't have to mind him so close, but it slowed





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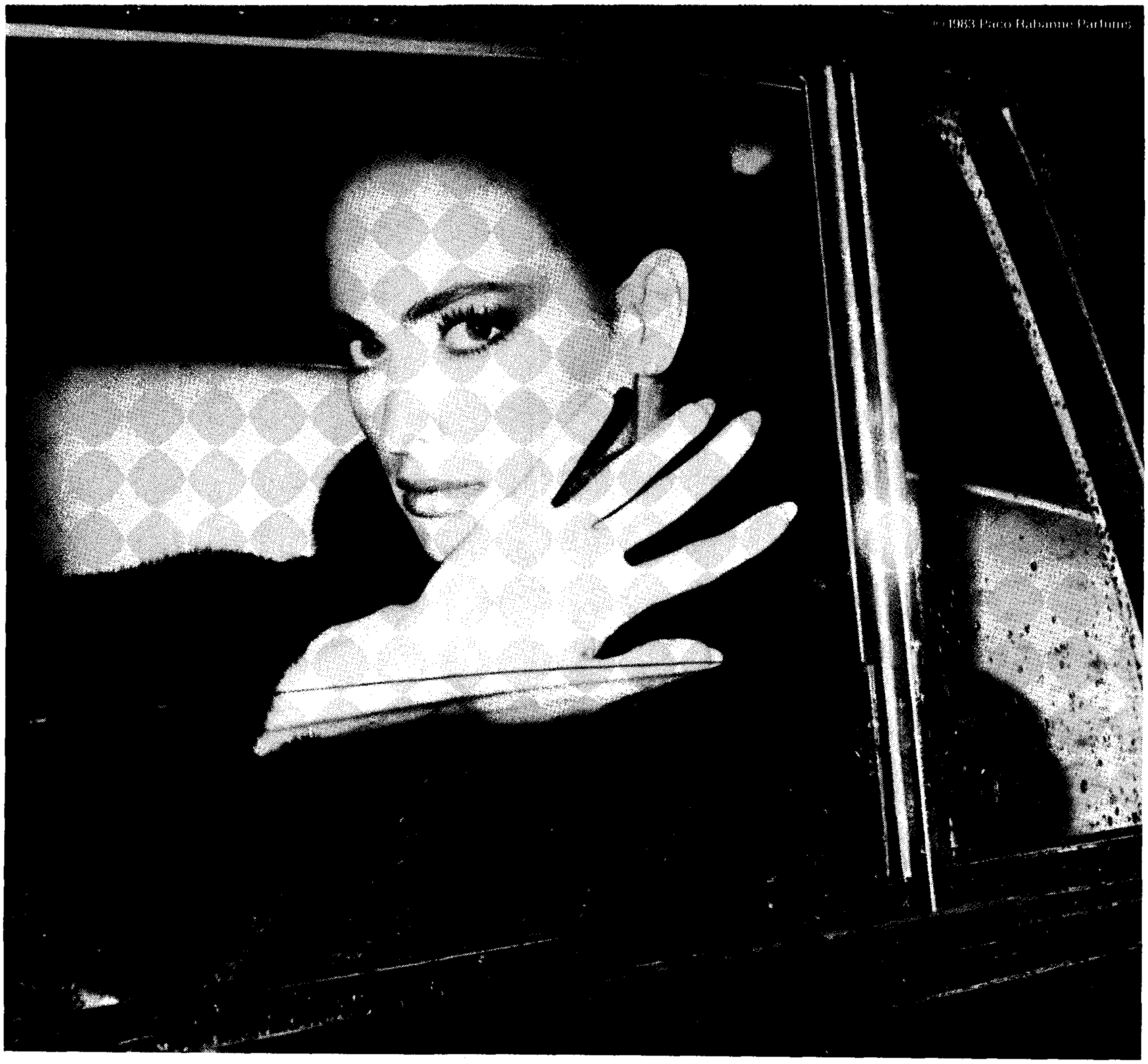

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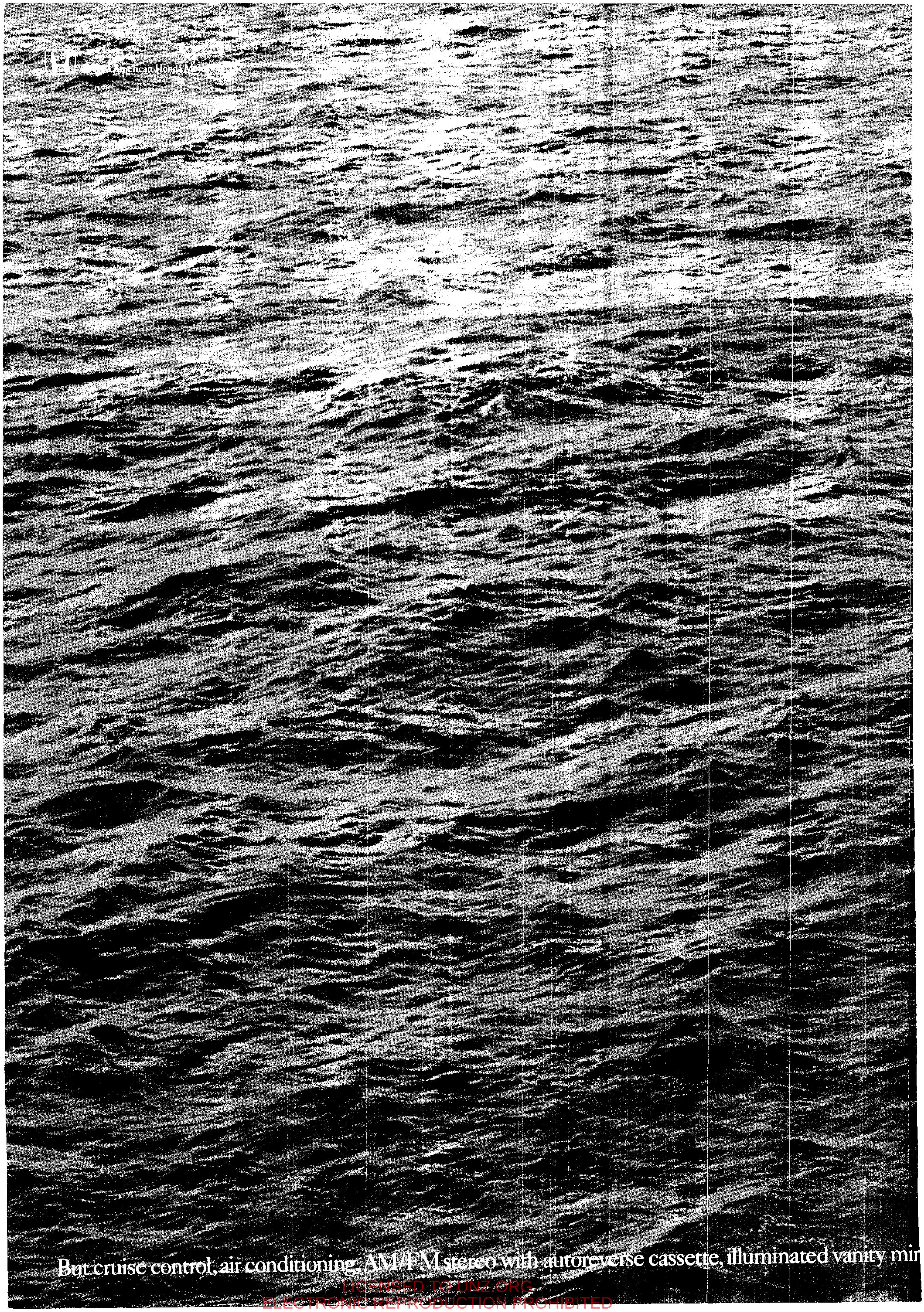
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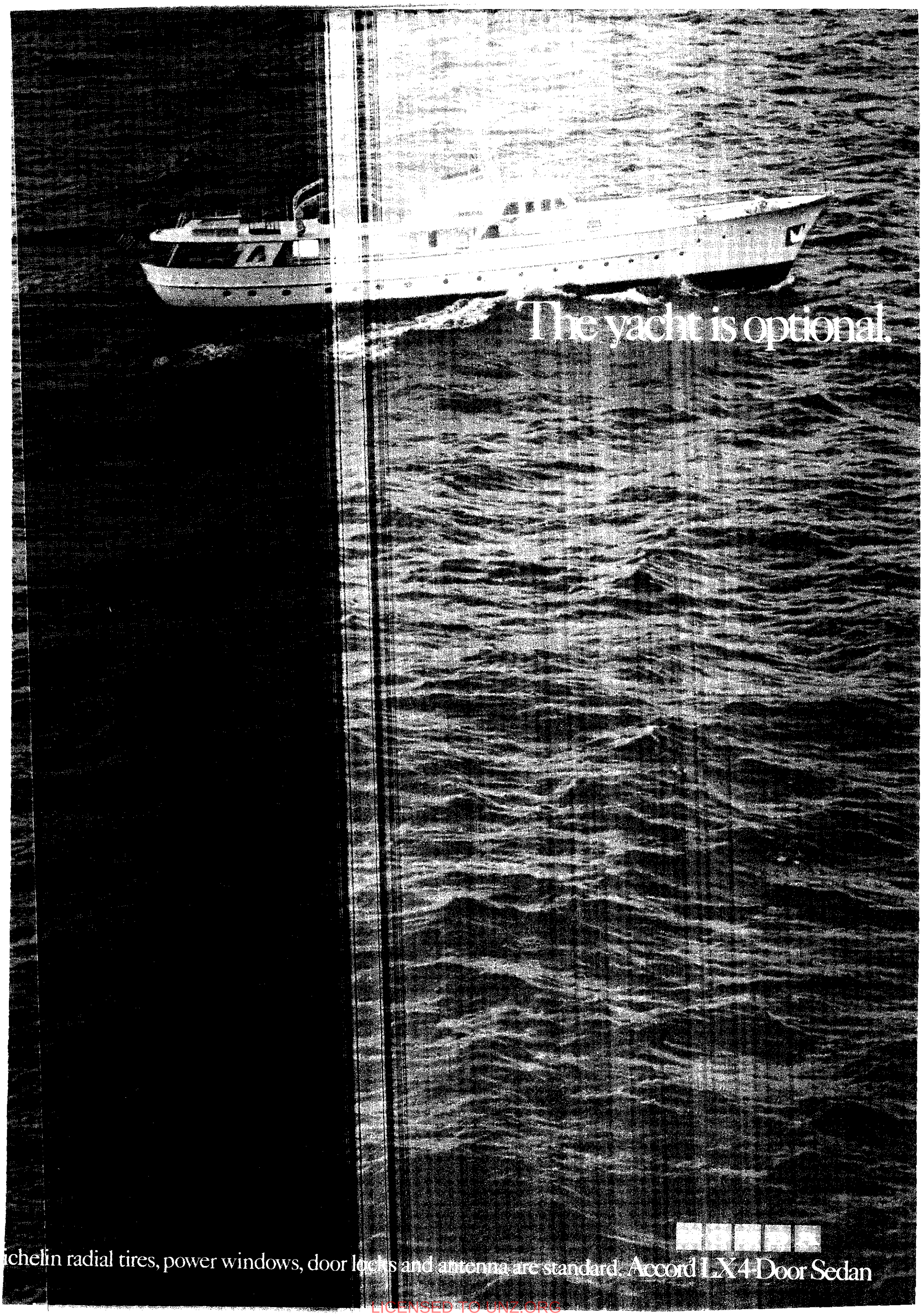

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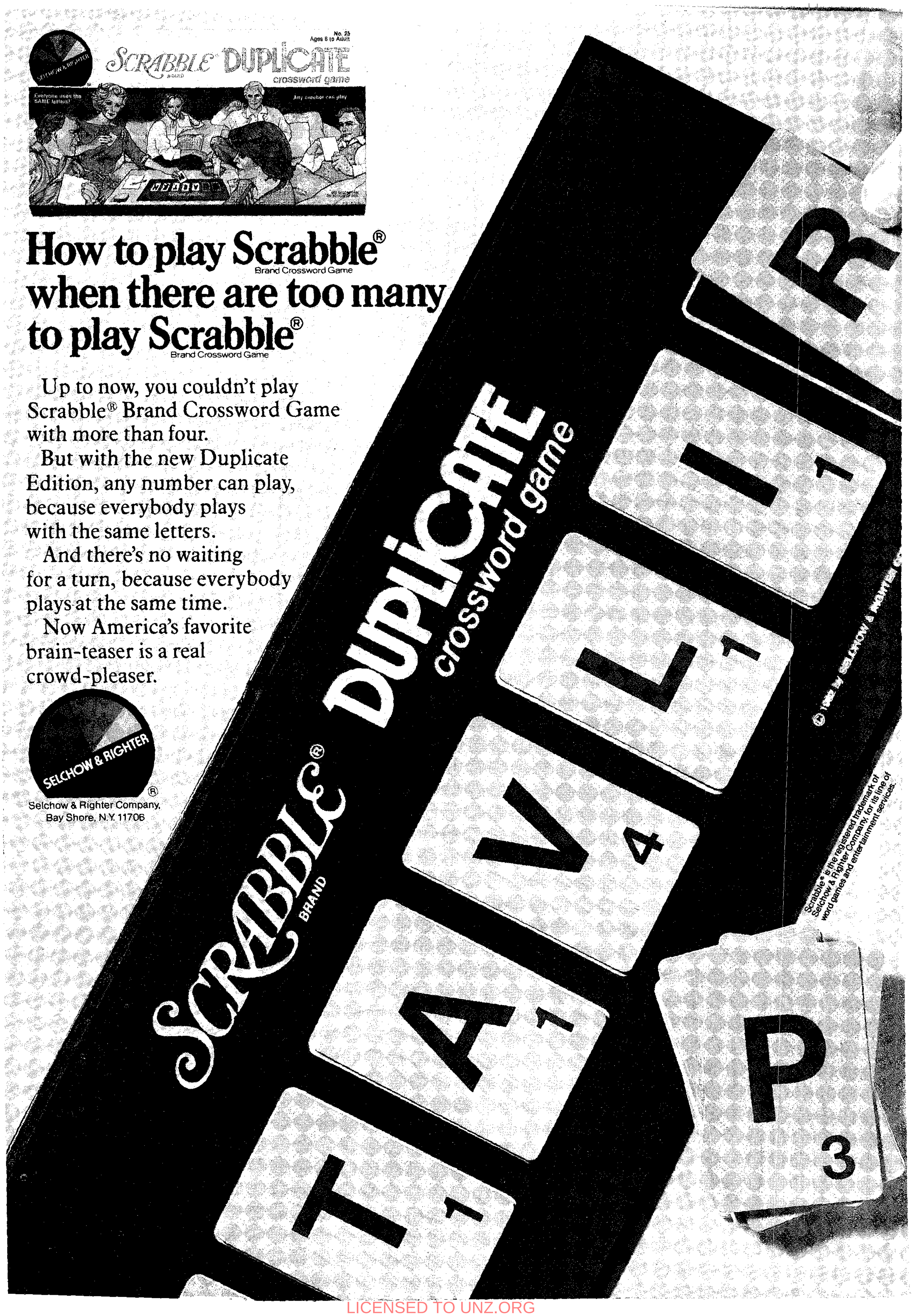
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him down further than they figured."

Taurus was combing worms out of the leaves like a pro. Big ones were fighting all over the leaves between his knees, and he was picking them up without even taking any detritus, so I put a dirt wad in the can for their shade.

"I think it was red oak," I said. This is a guess, because I never could learn what kind of wood they really used. "Red oak, because not too much sap but a nice reddish color, like real whiskey, and then they'd pull the chips out and suck on them like a Martini olive, only Jake's boy was undersized, so he sort of O.D.'d. Nobody talks about him much."

We got over to Horry Slough, where I thought the mullet would be, and they weren't. It's a good place usually. When the tide's out all you see is pluff mud, slick and olive-green and drilled full of fiddler holes. It has a nice salt stink, and the mud actually *ticks*—you can hear it in the sun. When the tide's full you'd never know the place: blue water brimming up to green saw grass like a postcard, and a million mullet jumping like tiny tarpon. But all Taurus and I saw was two Negro ladies sitting hopelessly in the sun on their buckets. I watched them not get any bites.

"When they sposed to start biting?" I said.

"They might not be sposed to," one of them said, laughing.

"Did they bite yesterday?"

"*Might* did."

I was trying to find out if they were operating on information or on faith. It looked like faith.

"Have y'all seen anybody fishing anywhere else?" I said.

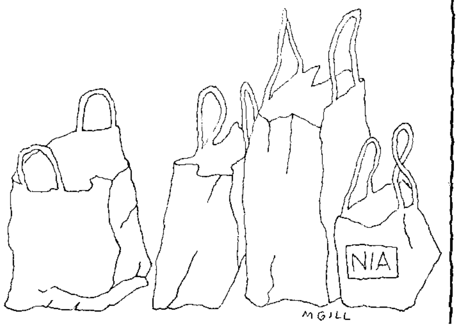
"A bunch of um at the pier," she said.

"Wheat and Lilly ovadeah," the other one said.

"Wheat? He out the hospital?" the first said.

"Shomuss *be*."

The thing you can't do with Negro ladies fishing is expect them to care



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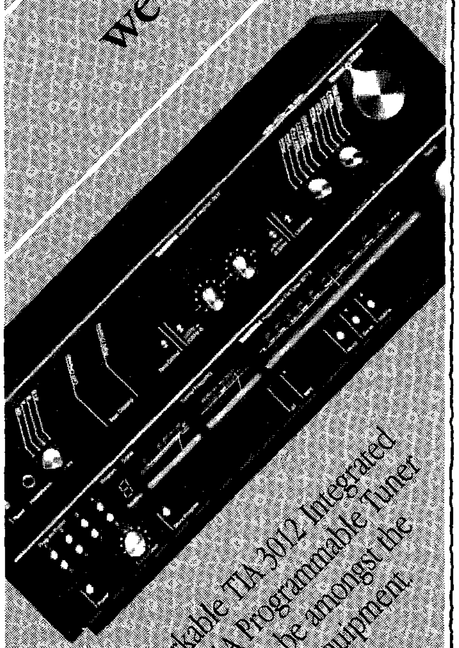

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very much about immediate success, theirs or yours. There could be a hundred people hauling them in tuna style at that pier and they wouldn't pick up and ride over there like most people would. It violates something. I've never figured it out. They will sit there and sweat and their worms will cook in the can and get too pink-soft and stinky to stay on the hook and they won't catch a fish and later will hear about all the fish Wheat and Lilly caught and will not despair. It's magic, that kind of control. Or they *will* catch some fish, three bream that wouldn't crowd a coffee cup, and keep them and fry them hard as toast and still not despair, eating them in five bites of exploding greasy cornmeal and bones and salt.

But we couldn't stay there without despair setting in, so I adjourned us to the action at the county pier, out where the river is wider. Pulling up, we saw a heavy woman at the corner of the pier set her hook and haul a mullet over the silver guardrail. And a man was riding down the pier on a three-wheeled bicycle. He passed us. In his baskets he had sacks and boxes and empty pop bottles and an open bucket full of mullet in pink slime.

"Mornin'," he said, and kept pedalling.

"Wheat!" the heavy woman shouted, without turning but yelling at the river. "Hurry up!"

He jammed the front wheel sideways like a trailer jackknifing and had to get off to straighten it out. He doddered around the bike like Charlie Chaplin in slow motion. He could hardly walk.

Meanwhile, the woman had corralled the mullet flipping all over the pier and sat on it. "Hurry wid dat bucket!" She was laughing, and all the others—about three—were, too, but quietly, all still watching their corks.

There was another guy on the pier, a white guy. He was off at a remove from the ladies, who were sitting with their arms through the guardrail, so they had to haul the fish over their heads without getting up. The guy was standing, his line far out on the bottom. He was not fishing for mullet. Of course. They chap my ass. It's one thing to niggerize a fish and think little of it, but here's a yahoo who goes out into a mullet run and turns up his nose at them in public. He was red-colored and knotty-looking. Mr. James has his famous line about a kind of guy that *would* have been a red-head? Well, this kind of guy would

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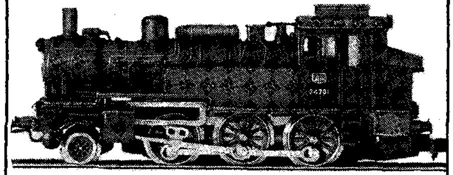

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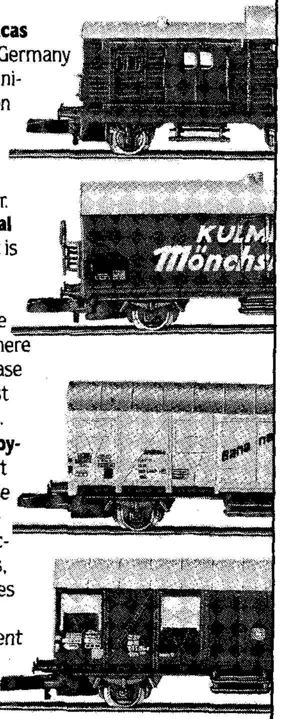

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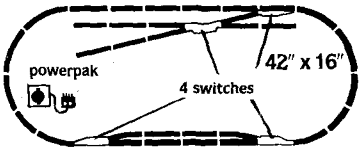

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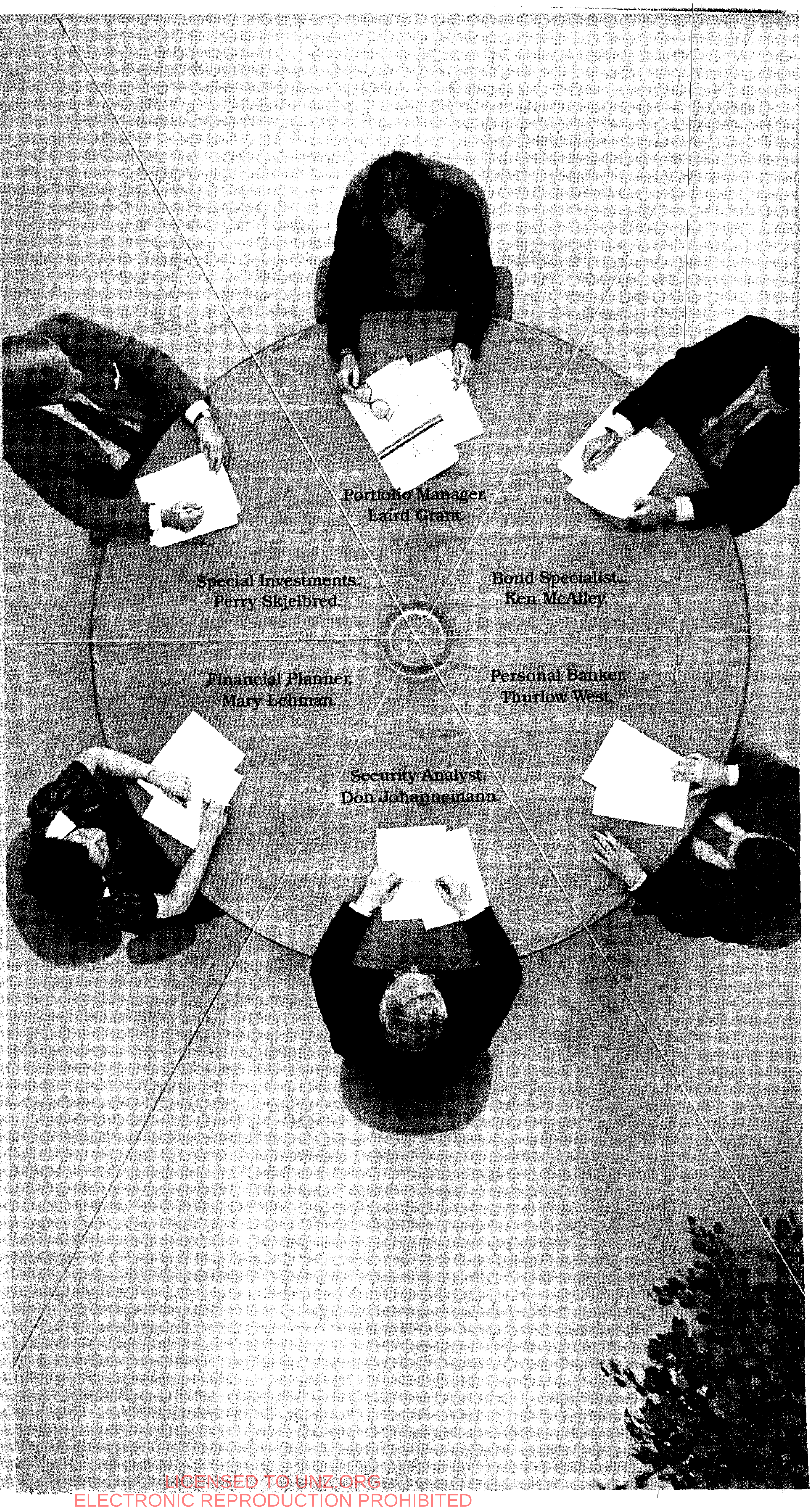
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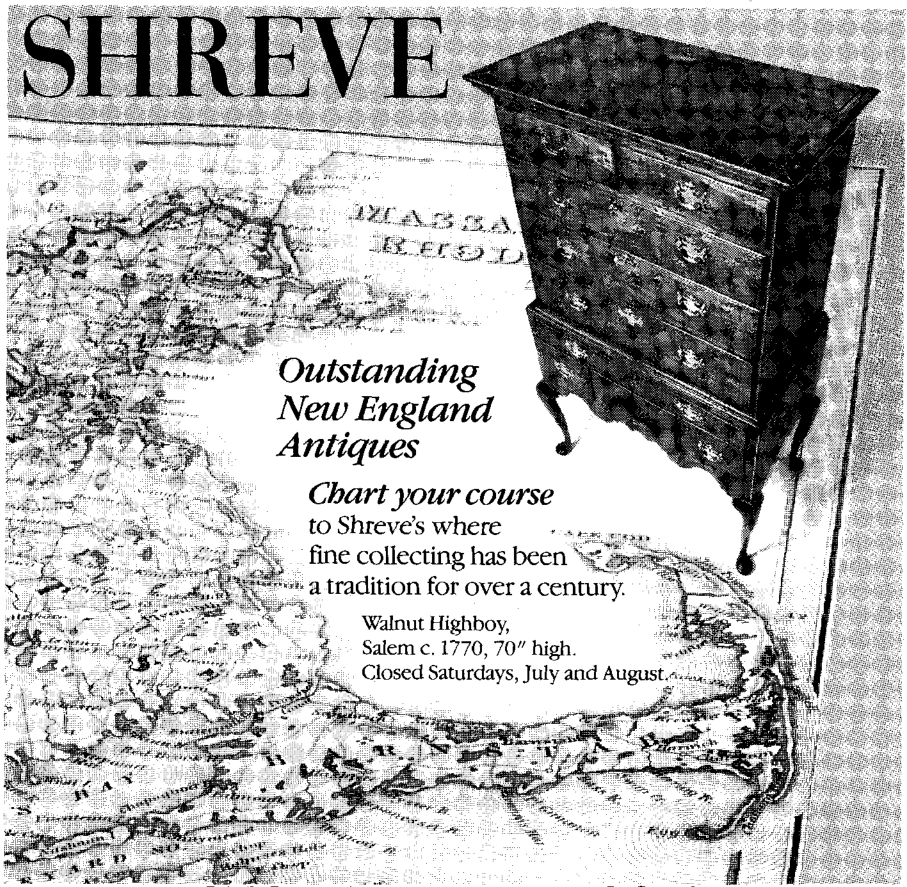

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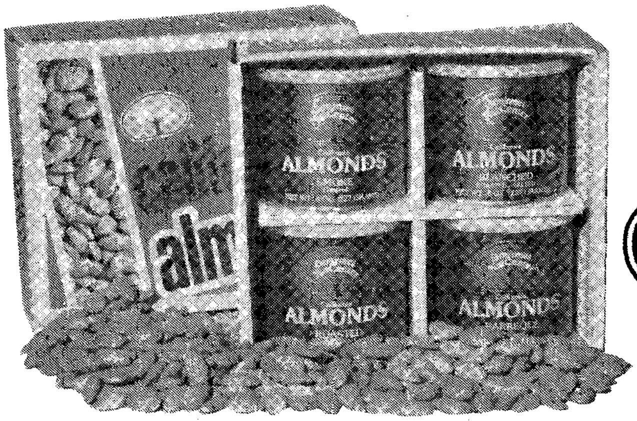

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have been a stepchild named Psoriasis. Except somebody named him Billy. Or Billy Ray. Or Billy Ray Bob. Billy Ray Bob Wally Pickett.

Next, he starts mumbling real chummy about "Lilly, I bleve you gone catch all the fish in the river!"

"Shih, I hope so," she says back, obligated.

What he's really saying is "I hope you catch all the stinking mullet while I catch a good fish," it's clear. Or he'd reel in and bait up short and start catching mullet himself. There is something to do to this kind of guy but I don't yet know what it is. But this Lilly seems to know.

Right in the middle of this happy talk with Psoriasis, she picks up an Old Milwaukee beer by her hip and tilts it up on her face and gags.

"This beer kissy hot!" She looks for Wheat, who's still doddering. "Kissy hot! Buckwheat!"

Wheat's almost remounted and he makes the several pedals necessary to pull up behind Lilly.

"You so slow, no wonder your wife left you!" she shouts at the river.

"She din leave me," Wheat says. "She died."

"The ultimate *leff*," Lilly says, and they howled, all the ladies. Even Wheat giggled.

"Well, where *is* it?" Lilly says.

"Wheah whah?"

"The cold beer!"

"Hold your horse." Wheat digs into the bicycle basket. Past fried chicken in a shoebox with wax paper, and some stray mullet all mixed in with the chicken, old paper sacks and cardboard, through fishing tackle, too, corks and tangled lines and hooks, empty beer cans, finally he pulls out a six-pack of Old Milwaukee. Paper is stuck to it because it's sweating.

"God damn, Buckwheat!" Lilly yells.

"God damn whah!" Wheat yells back.

"It's gone be kissy hot, too. Where's the ice?"

"The ice?"

"You forgot the ice!"

"No I din. I must over*looked* it."

Another howl.

"Well, gimme the bucket."

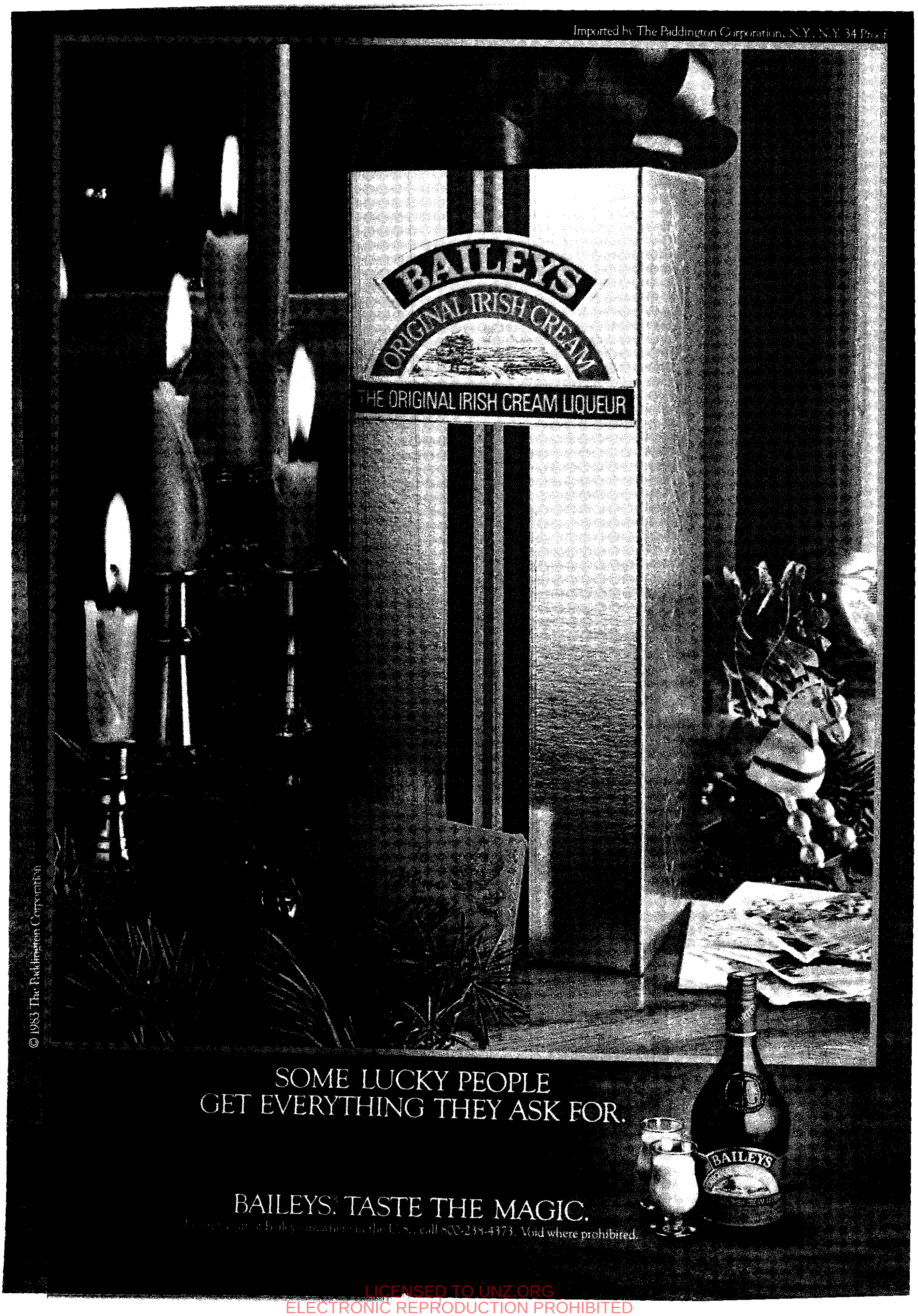
Wheat starts to lift out the bucket of mullet and she sees him struggling with it.

"Well, that fits. You spose to put them at the house."

"I cuhn," he says.

"Why you *cuhn*?"

"Iss lock. You din give me no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key." There is a victorious thrust in his voice.

"Well, give me a beer, you old fool."

Wheat tears loose a beer.

Lilly hands him the key and the mullet she's sat on.

He puts the mullet in the bucket and mounts up and starts to go and then stops. "Say, Needa," he says.

Another lady looks up.

"You gone to church Friday?" he asks.

"Friday. For what?"

"For the wedd'n."

"Wedd'n? Who gettin' marrit?"

"Me." There's a titter from the ladies.

"You? Who gone marry you?"

"I thought *choo* was." A big howl. Buckwheat pedals off.

So we finally got to see some mullet action. It turned out Lilly was a pro. She had the timing down. Mullet fishing is timing—more timing, I'd say, than sheepshead fishing, though it's close. When the mullet comes up to the ball of worms—you use a big gob, I prefer—he must do something to the worms like a duck does to silt and algae. First a gentle mouthing and then a fierce gumming and sucking. Which makes the cork just shiver. If it moves, it's because it accidentally gets hung up and moves off with the mullet. Usually it just shivers. That's when you have to hit him, and firmly, but not horse-rough. It's an art to nail a fish and then relax without letting the authority escape. Especially a mullet, which is a thinking fish, you have to let him know you know how delicate his mouth is but that he's creel bound all the same and no funny stuff. I'm good at it, but that Lilly was a pro.

I was watching old Psoriasis down there when she set the hook and

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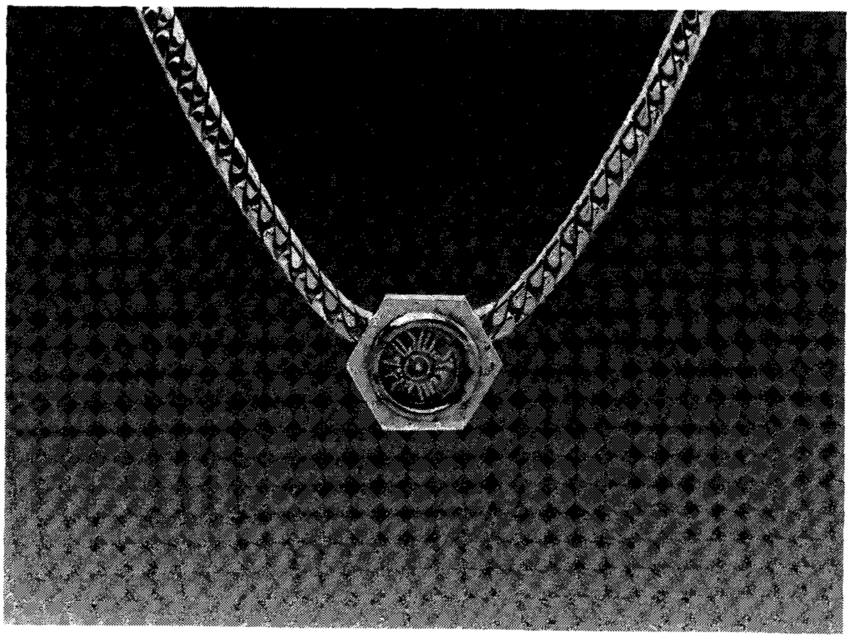
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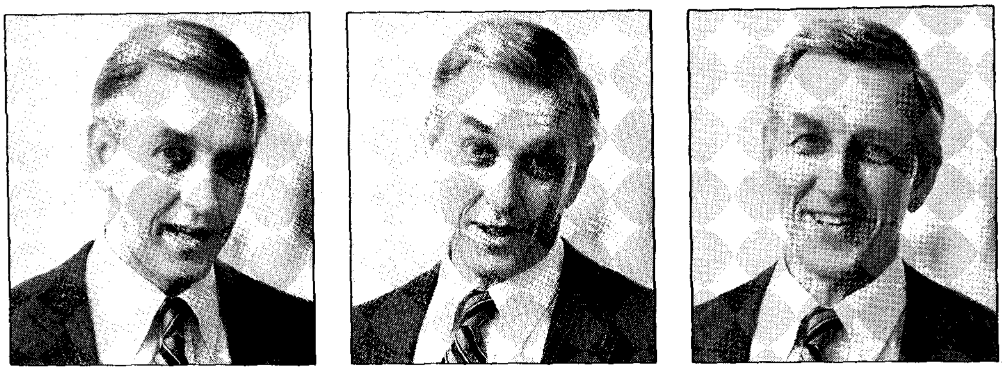

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doubled her pole and whatever she had hooked remained solidly deep and moved sideways at a good clip. Lilly strained up, making her pole whine. It still stayed down. Usually you have a mullet out in one smooth motion.

Lilly yelled to the river, "Gahad damn!" and everybody watched the deepness move to her right. She pulled even harder—the pole tip itself in the water, a bamboo semicircle connecting Lilly on the pier to the river, quivering and ticking like a dowser. Then it came up. It was only a mullet foul-hooked in the belly. She thought she had the biggest mullet of all time. Psoriasis was down there sucking his teeth, his sorry excuse for a laugh. The other ladies all said what they had thought. Lilly said what she had thought.

I baited Taurus up and myself and caught one during their analysis—not too big but big enough to offer the ladies, which would buy our way into the fishing hole without any resentment. I also thought we could pique old Psoriasis, but then I realized it would be better to be seen keeping some mullet for ourselves—that would fry his butt better.

"We might keep a couple," I said to Lilly, "just to eat tonight. But we won't need the rest and y'all can have them." Fine, fine. It's a good way to get bait insurance, this, too. You're giving somebody fish and run out of bait and unless he's a fool he will supply you with some.

Taurus did very well for his first trip—caught three mullet and a red bass, which got everybody, even Psoriasis, excited. The first time I went for mullet I was skunked, because I waited for the cork to go under. "He won't under it, child," a woman finally said.

"He won't take it *un*der?"

"No. Watch it close. It'll shiver like. Then pull hard."

"How hard?"

"Not too hard."

I was confused, because they were laying back like tuna men for no apparent reason cork-wise.

Anyway, I caught five or six, including two big ones, which I announced we would keep, and held them up at Psoriasis, who looked away at his line, which hadn't had a bump. "Y'all keep the rest, and this red bass," I said, and dropped it loudly into their bucket full of sad-eyed slimy mullet.

And so Taurus and I went home for the last supper, a meal of two old

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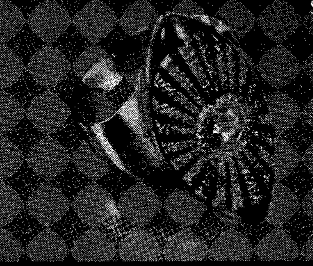

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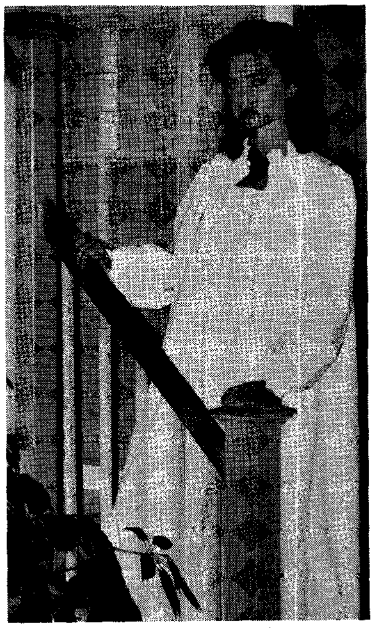

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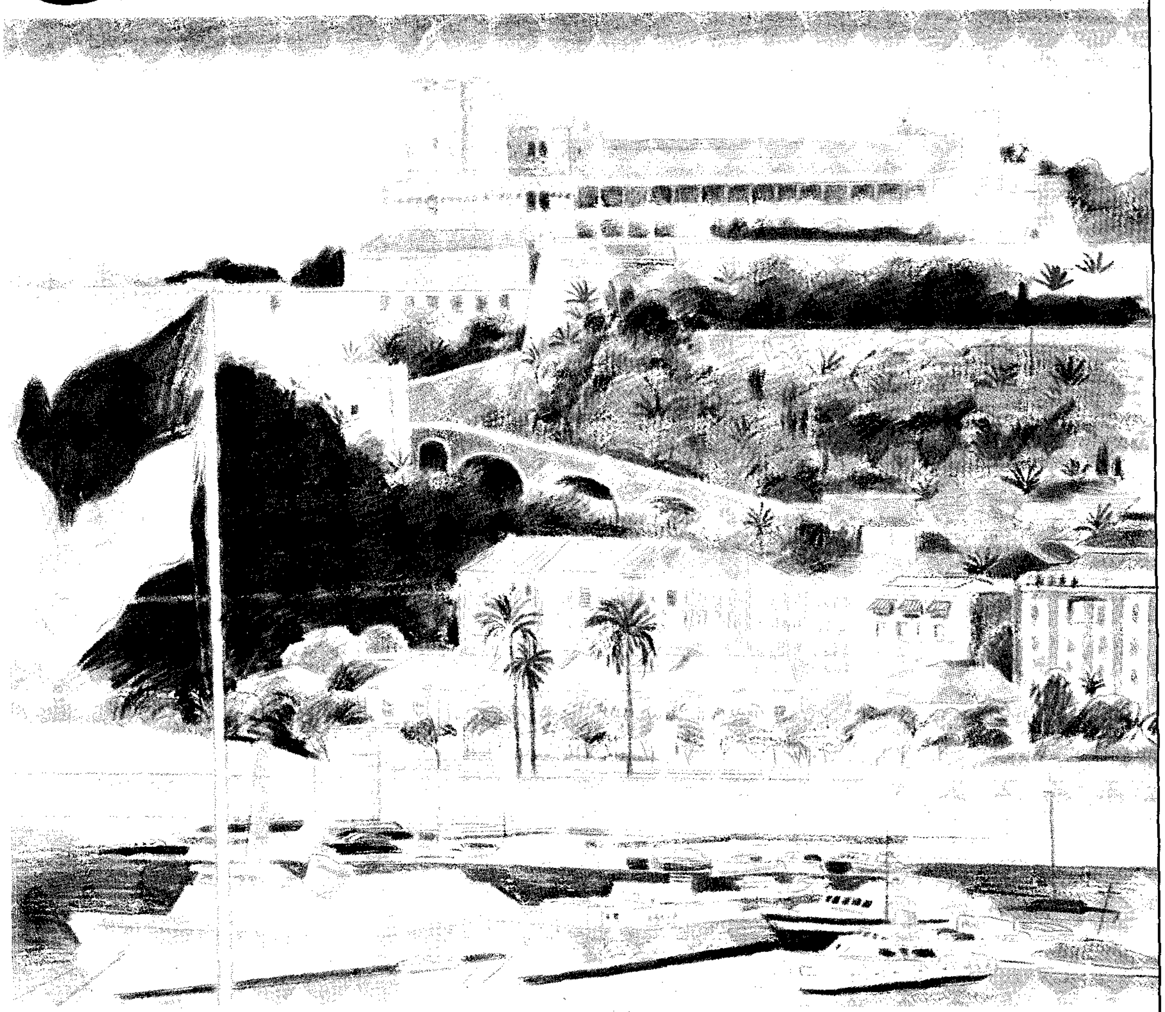

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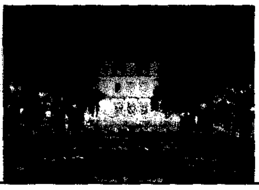

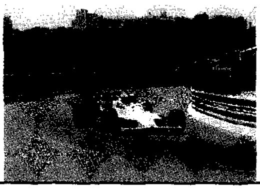

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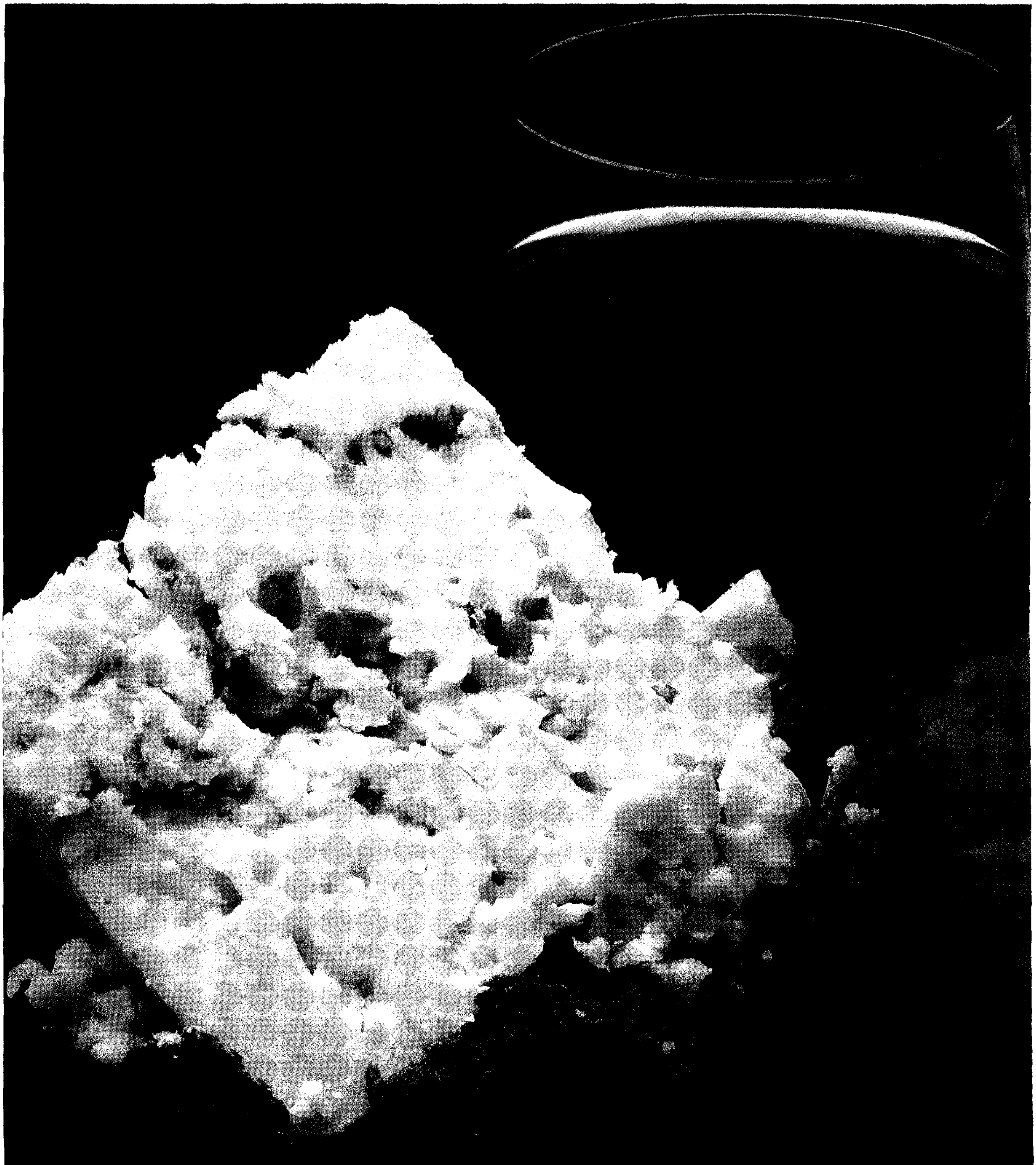

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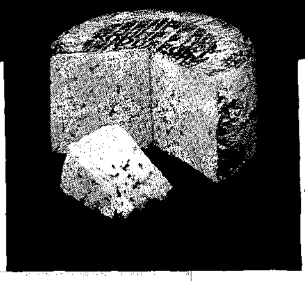

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mullet with hemorrhages in their jaundiced eyes, pouting up at us like their dogs had died.

THEN we went to town one last time, for no reason other than the good old days, which you could taste suddenly getting closer to their end and sweeter, like the last pieces of candy. We got up early on a Saturday I was not scheduled for a custody junket. Taurus had his car idling by the shack, mumbling little piffs of hot smoke into the cool cloud of fog, which held everything still like a sharecropper photograph. We closed the green shutters on the sea window and one of them fell off, about breaking my foot. They were sorry shutters anyway. Each weighed about a hundred pounds, which is why the one fell and why they never departed this world in the hurricanes that probably took a house or two out from under them. That's why Taurus could come to find them out of service yet still for sale, shutters stouter than planters' summer homes and stronger than a cotton economy. When that one fell in the sand, old and spent as it had to be, with scaling paint so thick it could cut your fingers like can lids, it looked like the top of a treasure chest to me. It was green and crooked, with sand already drifting into the louvres.

"Theenie's going to pitch a fit about cutting her wall open," I said.

"We'll put it back later."

"It won't matter," I said. "When she gets back and sees that hole, she'll put a mattress in it until we get a professional carpenter with tarpaper and tin tabs and real lumber to shore it back up *right*."

"Hmmp," he said, just like Theenie. He was a cool jake to the end. We took off.

We had breakfast at an old hotel on the Old Citadel Square in Charleston. John Calhoun's out there in bronze about forty feet tall, and it seems he's doing something about the Confederacy by standing up there so very proudly, but I don't know what, because I don't know what he did—if he was a decent reb or a bad one or anything.

We order these country-gentleman breakfasts and this other waitress than ours comes to the table. She just comes up very close to it, even presses it with her front and just kind of turns her lips or bites the inside corner of her mouth, tucking her lips to one side.

"Hey," she says to Taurus, but then she looks quickly at me, too. It's a funny way to show them, but I get the idea this girl has manners.

Taurus stands up and takes her hand and bows to kiss it and she snatches it away with a laugh and sort of slow-motion socks him in the arm. Then she wiggles around like a tail wagging a dog. Her uniform rear had some jelly on it, which she might have already had or got wiggling, I don't know, but it was funny the way she moved sideways to him but watched him straight with large eyes. In fact, they were the largest eyes I had ever seen that weren't in a calf, and very blue or gray. I think I had a romantic stirring.

"Are we all set?" Taurus asks.

"I don't know," she says.

He doesn't say anything.

She fiddles with the table a bit. "She's never been on a date, T."

Who? T? I was figuring a bunch of things at the time, like the eminent sensation I had that this female third party had a lot to do with me, so I missed for a time the significance of "T." That's what she called him for short, I guessed, and it became my only clue to his real name, because that's all she called him and I never asked. But could he really *have* been named Taurus?

"Well," he said. "Simons here is just starting out himself."

"Oh, good." Then she adds, "That's romantic," almost so quiet you can't hear her.

"You get off at eleven? We'll be down there on the green."

We got those country-gentleman breakfasts with pork chops which had about an ounce of paprika and pepper on them, very tasty, and cut them up in white-sided chunks and pushed the rich broken egg yolks around, making the meat yellow. I was all of a sudden hungry as hell.

"What's happening?"

"We're going sailing," he told me. "With a boatful of willing gentlewomen from the low country."

"Holy God."

"Holy God is right."

IT didn't turn out so marvellous. It's like water-skiing, which is no fun until you know what you're doing. Same with kissing, etc. We picked up this girl from a tiny house on the Battery. She was cute all right, a regular button of a girl. She jumped down the steps in blue tennis shorts and a white cotton shirt with a tiny monogram, her hair pulled back, making her face shinier than it might have

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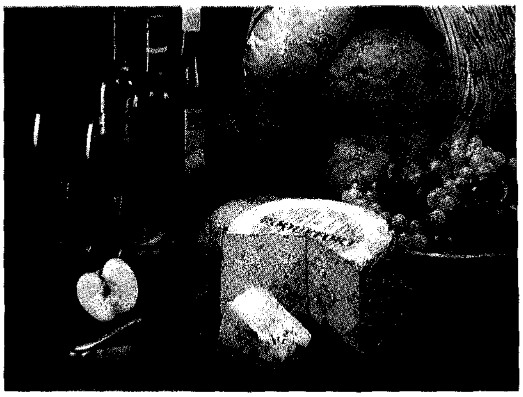

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been without the tension, which was, I suspected, plenty shiny. She had on blue Keds that looked tight, too, and little pom-pom socks. She jumped in the car. For some reason, before I could look at her face all I saw was those cinched-up shoes, brand-new and looking as firm as shoe forms or hooves. I wondered if I was going to be a blockhead.

The trouble was, Taurus's girl was *shabby* where *mine* was shiny, loose where mine was tight, and I had already taken a heavy fall for his because of those jawbreaker eyes. And she was developed out. Now, I didn't hold that against mine, but the whole effect of this big-eyed, wobbling, nervous girl with giant bazongas had got to me, and what I wanted was a little one just like her. What I had looked like something at a recital.

"Oh wait!" she cried, clapping her hand to her mouth. "Hi" to me. "I forgot" to them. She dropped a pink orthodontic retainer from the roof of her mouth and was out of the car and up the steps and back, smiling, in one motion. "All set."

She and I got through names and grades before we got to the water. We were about even on names—she was a double Jenkins and I had my one-"m" Simons, plus the Manigault—but on schools she had the edge, being at Mrs. Oldfield's famous institution for landed white girls, while I was in Bluffton Elementary with the people. I was going to display some Great Books stuntwork if she pressed about my not going to Cooper Boyd Academy for all future white doctors, lawyers, architects in the low country. But she didn't. She was nervous and smiling so hard about nothing at all that every time I looked at her it sort of hurt my face. I hoped a little weather and salt on the boat would knock the shine off and we could be regular. Her name was Londie. Short for Altalondine Jenkins Jenkins.

At the yacht club we met a gigantic fat dude who was breathing with difficulty. He outfitted us with his boat—an air of a favor he owed Taurus about the proceedings. He made sure to impress Taurus with how irregular lending his boat was without *his* going. And then Taurus's girl came out of the yacht club changed into a purple swimsuit with plenty of everything very obvious and she a little self-conscious, which made her smile and do that dog wobble ever so slightly. On the front of the suit was a brilliant whale dancing on its fluke and spout-

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ing a white spume, the figure made of inlays of nylon stitched together in colors resembling a parrot. The fat guy stopped talking when he saw her.

I watched him while Taurus rigged the boat. He had been blubbering about tightening this and battening that and rules of the road, but now he was mostly pointing and grunting, half at Taurus and half at his girl. His wheezing picked up.

He stepped over to Taurus and said, "My health."

Taurus looked up.

"I'm worried about my health."

"What about it?" Taurus said.

He sucked in a big load of wind and said, "It's *deteriorating*."

Taurus was holding a broken halyard and standing in three inches of stinking bilge water in the open ribs of the cockpit.

"What *isn't*?" he said.

"Good point! Very good point! Ah, sir!" shouted the wheezer. He laughed and then charged Taurus's girl, virtually shouting, "Young lady! There's a *whale* on your stomach!"

She bit her mouth sideways, stretched her suit outward a bit, and looked down at the colorful whale.

"Are you a"—he almost choked—"a *swimmer*?" With reverence in that word.

She looked at him and then at herself again, up and down—her legs, the whale, the bosom she could hardly see over. Now I was excited, too, but the big guy was, I swear, fixing to collapse drooling, and she was getting red in the face. He was about two inches from her and standing like Santa Claus, rocked back on his heels with an enormous gut stuck out, which he rubbed absently with tiny hands, and he looked at her through eyes squinted shut with fat, seething, when Taurus said to her, "In the boat." And to me, "Cast off." She did, I did, Londie jumped in as light and precise as a fawn, and we motored out of the club.

That was about the biggest adventure of the day. It got a little rough, but nobody puked. We kept our stomachs full with cold Coca-Cola and nice big chunks of ice. Coke can taste very good in salty conditions, I've noticed.

We went to Fig Island, which is one island too small for the Arabs to bother to take. It was nice. We played in the water. Londie and I worked on our kissing nerve by trying to swim at each other underwater and embrace and then kiss, but each time one or both of us burst out laughing in embarrassment before we got our lips sit-

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uated, big blasts of bubbles obliterating the target and the moment, and we'd have to surface for air and laugh and laugh more to conceal how scared we were to actually do it. And then I saw something that really took the wind out of my sails.

There was Taurus and his girl about a hundred yards away in chest-deep water, and she had her arms at full length draped on his shoulders, and maybe it was a trick of light and water or something but I swear I saw large pale surfaces between them and I thought it was her tits floating. It destroyed our game, made it so silly. I don't even know if it was her tits, if boobs even float like that, if it wasn't a fish belly. But the idea was enough. Me and old A'londine were way down in the minors, so I suggested we walk the island.

It had a shell ring. That's a ring of oyster shells piled about head high in a circle about fifty yards across. Indians made them, they say for ceremonies and whatnot, and of course even live sacrifices get bandied about, but my information is that they don't really know. The rock hounds and anthropods come out and remove chunks of the rings like bites out of a doughnut, but I don't think they ever find anything but oyster shells. The digs are all old-looking. My guess is it's where the Indians had their oyster roasts, and a fine way to use the shells, too, because it cuts out the wind for three hundred and sixty degrees.

Anyway, we thought about the ghosts of Indians and rumrunners and all those old things that took place on the coast, and we didn't really square off for the kissing like we wanted to. Just became regular jake friends while Taurus, etc. I felt little.

But at least he went to bat for me, and if I whiffed it wasn't his fault, maybe not my fault, certainly not button-nosed Altalondine Jenkins' fault, and most certainly not that big wobbly blessing's fault, for if ever there was a walking incitement to riot she was it. Call her my first love, fine with me.

I think that was his plan, really, to show me not cutie cakes but what you can find if you look for big, wonderful, warm girls who are just a hint upset about things. A little smudge of abandon. Maybe that's my motto. Me and old Mike can team up. He can worry about being an ignoramus and I can worry about round wonderful girls with their edges ruined by life's little disasters, who remain solid and tough in their drive to feel good—to themselves and to you—and offer a vision of snug harbor.

MONDAY night, when Taurus wasn't back at the shack, I went up to Jake's. It was beginning to set in that he was leaving, and I had my lips marshalled into this major pout like a small prune. I thought I might collect some condolences. Yet I get there and stool up and order and swing around a couple of times, making the joint blur, making the pool-table green send rocket trails of ball colors into a few Negroes. I don't feel bad a bit. More like *snappy* I somehow feel. They don't want me in there claiming hardship, carrying my howitzer can around for them to drop a tear of sympathy in. All that's about as uncouth if not unethical as I could get. I'm supposed to be one of *them*. If they came in there on a crying jag every time something went wrong, it wouldn't be a bar, and they certainly wouldn't call it a sweet shop. My little disappointments, next to theirs, don't need a news conference.

Jinx comes up. His eyes are brilliant. We knuckle-bump. He looks off for Jake and says to me, "Where you been?"

"I been around."

"Man, ain' seen you in a *long* time."

I shrug. "Just happens."

"Look so."

He got a beer and drank some of it. Nothing came to us to say. Then he says, "So take *care* yourself, man."

"You too, Jinx."

He walks off. I notice he's dressed up. He dresses funny for a country Negro in the Grand. He wears cardigan sweaters and nice dark slacks—pushes up the sweater sleeves over his forearms—with matching socks or sometimes no socks. He looks like a college golfer. He goes over to the jukebox and studies it.

Jake's down at the other end, occupied with himself. He's got one foot up on a beer box, leaning on his knee, smoking, looking off at the wall. It's a slow night.

"Jake, what's the weather sposed to do?" I say.

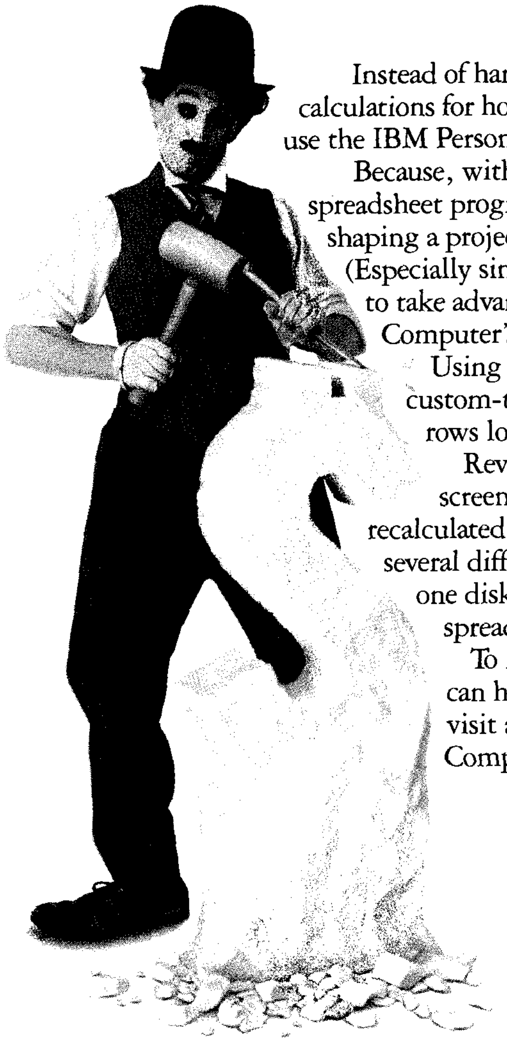
"Might be sposed to rain."

We figure on that a bit. I had heard a rumble. Then he says, "You ready?"

"Nah," I tell him, setting my can back down in circles of water. "Not yet." He keeps smoking, looking at the wall.

I slip out.

Outside it's thunder and purple



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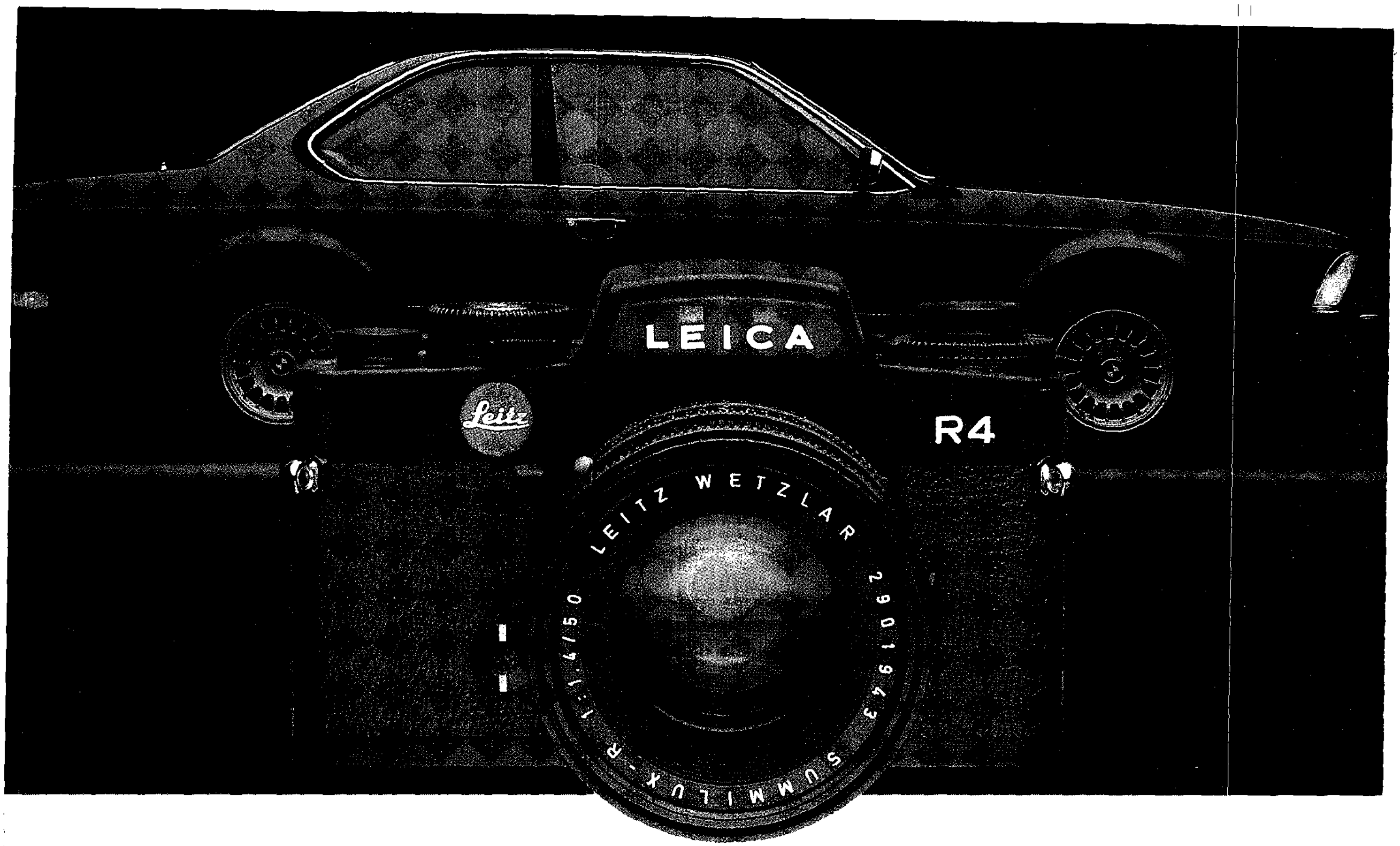

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dusk. I hustle. A black pickup about forty years old with hog-slop buckets in the back stops. An old guy squints at me. He's sixty to a hundred. No teeth. Gumming something. I get in. He nods. I did the right thing. We drive, a little slower than I was running, to the Cabana road, where he lets me out. I wonder about the hog business, if he gets the slop free from restaurants, etc., but don't ask him anything.

The palmettos sound like a stampede, crackling and brushing and popping. They're bristling around like fur, in waves and counterwaves. Jake sent me out the back door once at the Grand. I was all set to go out the front when his girl said, "Jake! You gone let that chile go out there?"

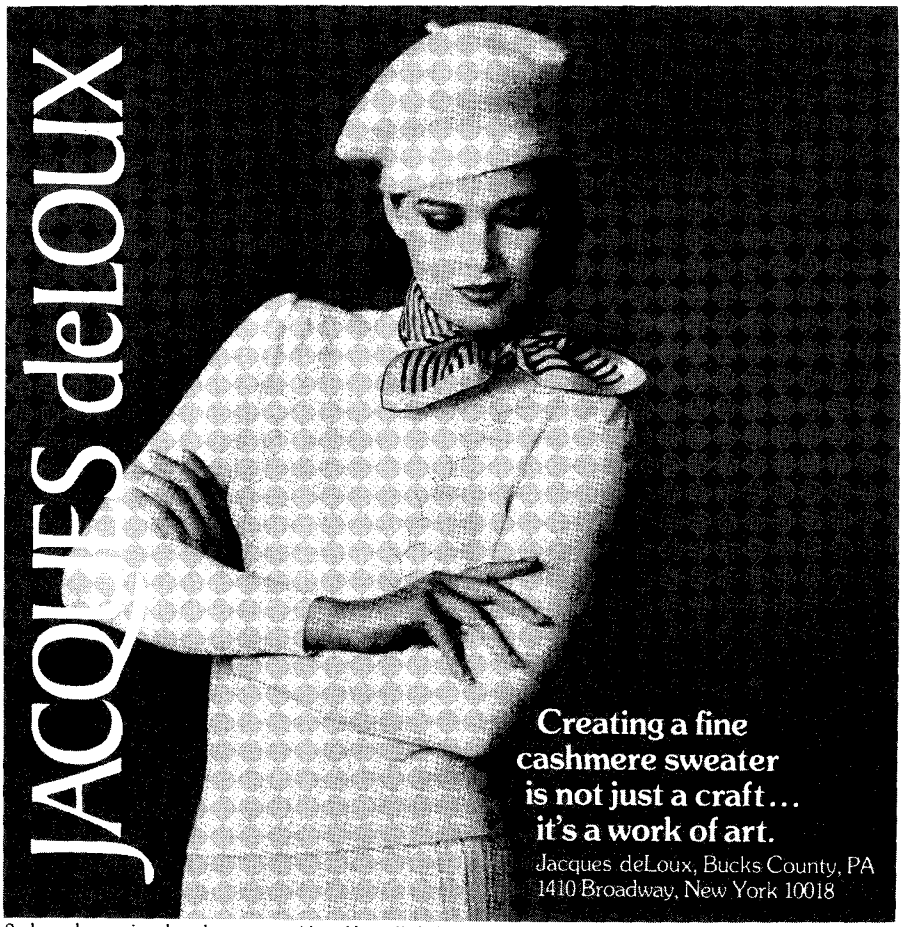
"Why not?" Jake said.

"It ain't nothing but a bunch of rowdy niggers out there. You, come on the back."

I went with her. I saw Jake call his momma to chain the dog. I went by the worms and a trail that let out down the road. I remembered all this walking in the whipping dark. The Cabana was lit up like a chandelier, a crystal prism wobbling in the wind.

At the shack Taurus was snifting Old Setter with the window open on the beach side, watching the ghostly waves chomp. When it's dark you hear everything but only see a white roughness at the water's edge and sometimes a glassy curl out farther, enough to place the wave for you and let you count toward its break. Once like this I saw a shark tearing light out of the water, blasting loads of mullet in phosphorous fires in all directions like the shark was a bomb and the mullet hot shrapnel.

But that night it was simpler. We just whiled it away. I should have known from the tone it was the end of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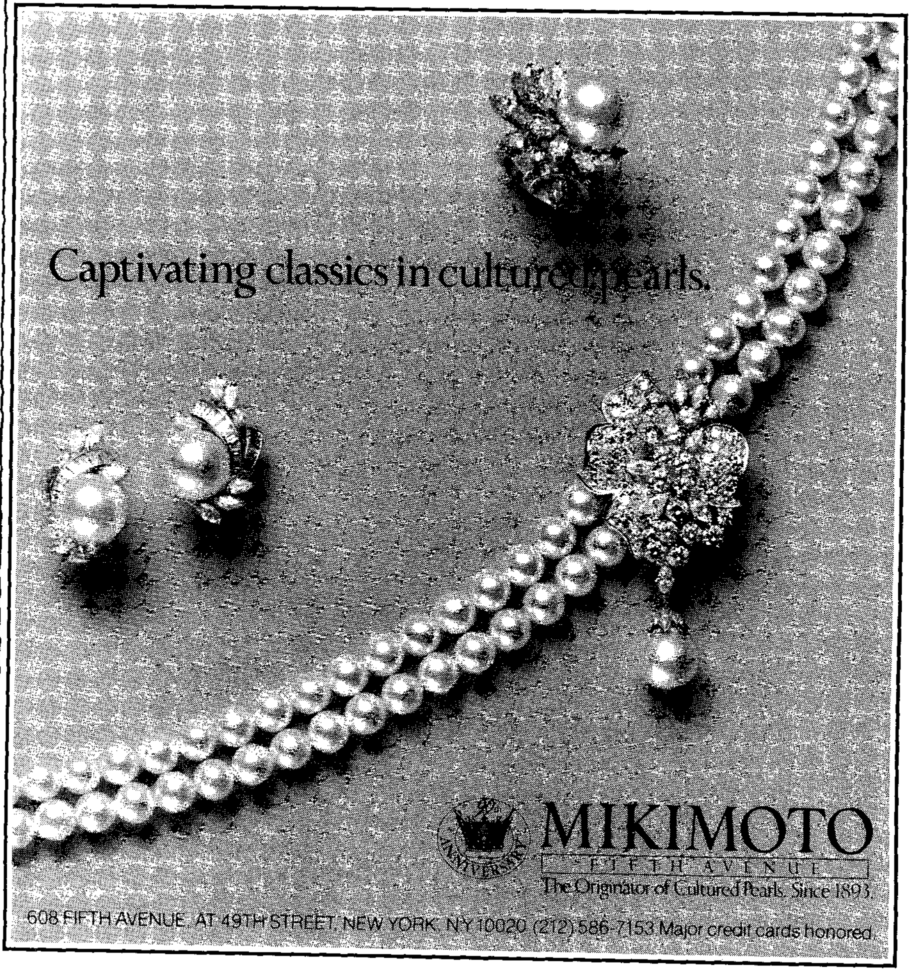
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us, like they say on a soap opera. Taurus asked me out of the blue, across the white enamel table and over our two amber oyster-jar snifters, which we held like cups of mission soup, what were Georgia and Alabama and Louisiana like.

I said Georgia was convicts and palmetto, but my uncle built a lot of roads in the obscure parts, which they said were good roads still—old concrete-slab-type roads with weeds in the expansion joints and not all this asphalt crap on them. I said Alabama was a place the Doctor said the air was different, but it sounded like the famous Bear Bryant had one half and the famous George Wallace the other and you took your choice. I'd also heard there were large shellcracker in Birmingham, somehow, but who could say if they were the coach's or the governor's? But Louisiana, I said, was It. I heard an old Mississippi lady tell of it once as "rich, old Louisiana." She said, "There's a lot of money in that state. She's very rich." And she wasn't talking about new money, or old money, or even money itself, but some other richness about a place that *is not necessarily* all tied up in the bank. And then I told him how the books seemed to bear this out. You've got the Kingfish book with that bodacious beginning, and all dug up right there at Baton Rouge—it must be the place, if there's one left.

"Why do *you* ask?" I said after a while.

"Why not?"

We thought this one over awhile.

"Well . . ." I said, highly articulate.

"Well, yes," he said. He looked around the room and back at his jar of liquor.

He meant Theenie was coming back, which meant Order, Restoration, including in its ramifications the Progenitor's reclamation of the Barony and Penelope, and he meant swept floors at the house again, an end to custody junkets, an end to surrogate daddies, a beginning of baseball.

"I'm almost thirteen years old," I told him.

He nodded.

"Little League already has *stars*," I said.

"Flashes in the pan," he said.

I guess I had told him before about my baseball training when I was eight, before Daddy left. The Doctor took me to a child psychiatrist at three to see why I couldn't read, and when we got home Daddy put me between third and second to see why I couldn't stop

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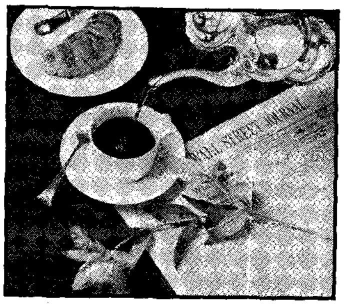

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grounders. I failed the first test because I saw a relationship between an envelope and a cantaloupe and I failed the second because I saw a relationship between a crisply peppered grounder and a smashed face.

"Baseball," I said. "I see too much."

"It'll come in handy."

I think he meant the girl stuff. I wasn't really all that reserved about it, about grounders and girls and the end of listening to intrusions by the Doctor's suitors, the end of suitors themselves. I could hear the sweet groaning rocks of the nuptial bower restored, and Theenie would be back and we could have talks, and she could do linen and run the vacuum and worry about the government and make more pound cakes, and maybe get over her fear.

"Do you think she's your grandmother?" I said.

He had his liquor swirling in the jar on the table with some sand under it making a grinding noise.

"I hope so," he said, grinning.

"You *hope* so?"

"Sure," he said. "What about you?"

What *about* me, I thought.

"Yeah, me too," I said, not at all sure what I meant, but the answer was faster than motive, and it was honest, only I didn't know what I meant.

We looked out the window. We did not see any sharks tearing electric mullet from the Atlantic, only ghosts of waves making large noise. He was going to leave. He would drive back up the hard road through those odd, inland pockets of salt-smelling air and the fiddlers would come out and wave their ivory swords and then duck quickly back into their mysterious holes. —PADGETT POWELL

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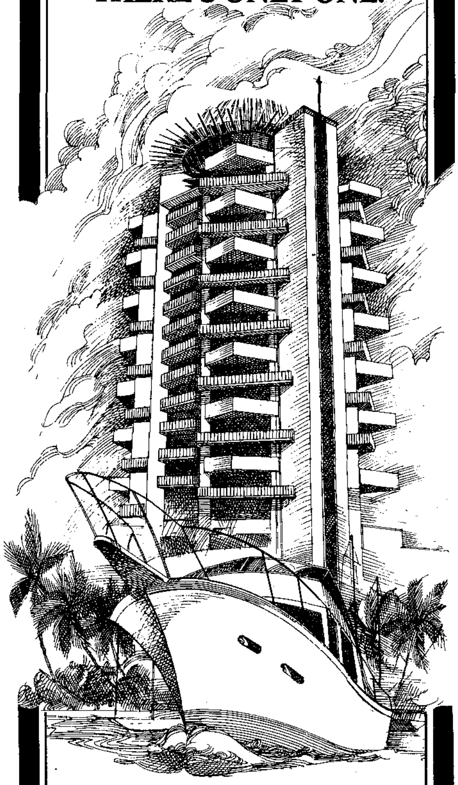
CORRECTIONS

Because of a printing error, part of a column on page C6 in SportsMonday yesterday about Coach Don Shula was obliterated. Any reader wishing a corrected copy may write to Production Quality Control, The New York Times, 229 West 43d Street, New York, N.Y. 10036.

•

A picture caption on page C6 of The Home Section on Thursday, with an article about the exhibition "Design Since 1945" at the Philadelphia Museum of Art, incorrectly described and attributed an item in the lower right corner. It was the 1968 Tummy
—*The Times.*

Noted.



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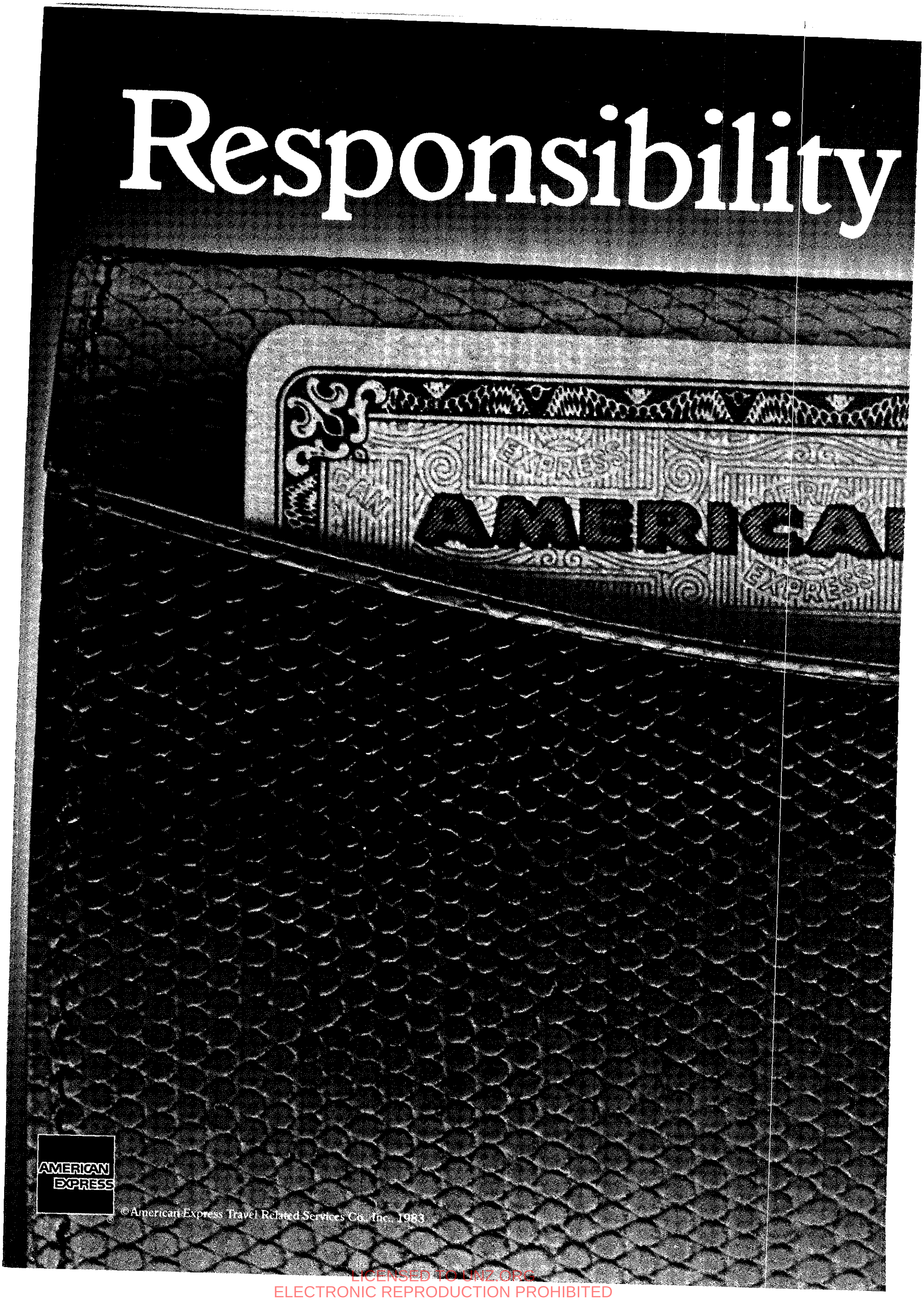
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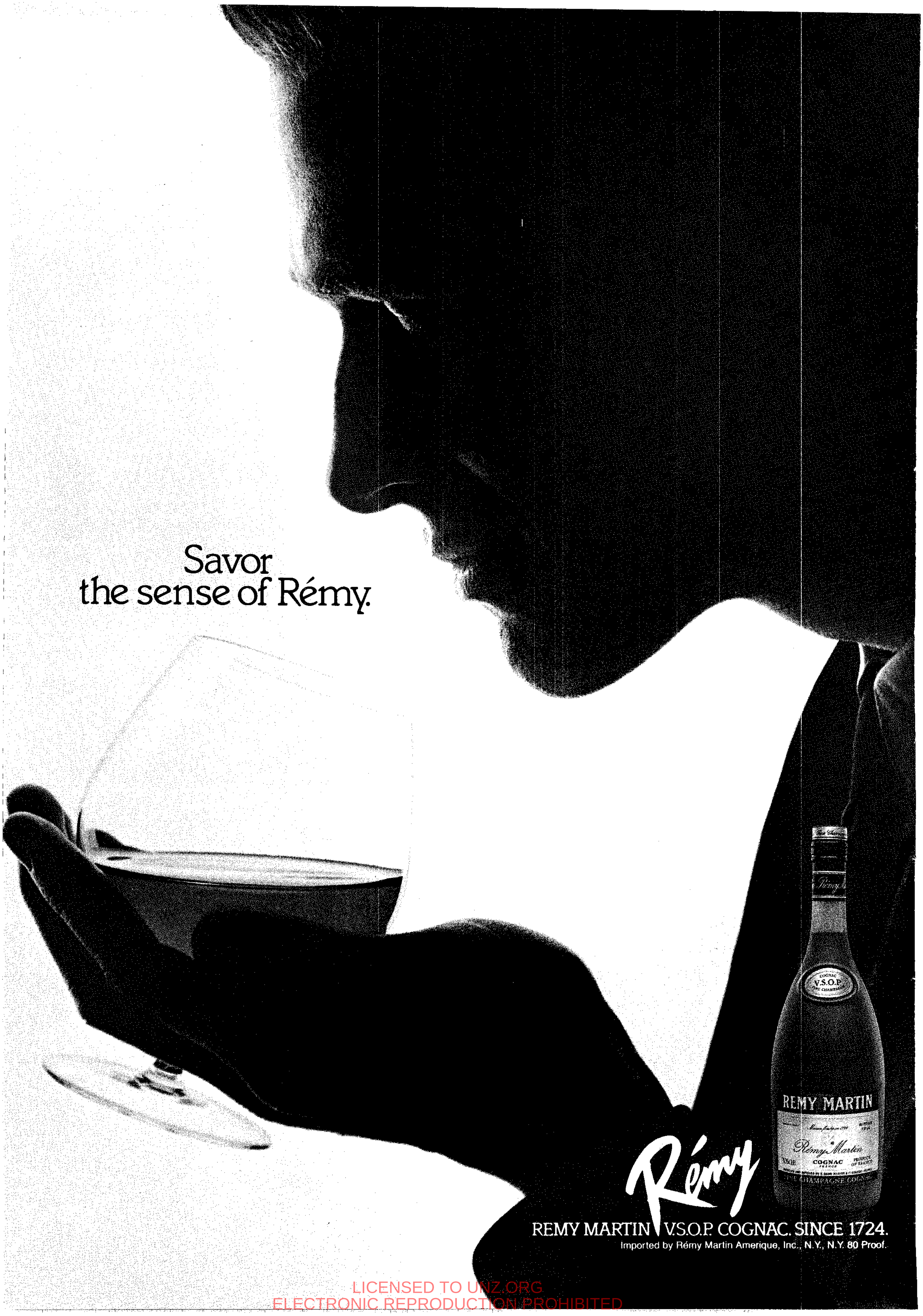
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REFLECTIONS

ORDER, CHAOS, AND THE NATIONAL INTEREST

> You taught me language, and my
> profit on't
> Is, I know how to curse. The red
> plague rid you,
> For learning me your language!
> —*Caliban, in "The Tempest."*

THERE are those in more than one troubled country of the developing world who have learned a vocabulary of Western ideology only to have it take cursed life and destroy them. A student radicalism acquired in London or Paris translates a few years later into bodies in a row, companions dead, a society bloodied. Grenada seems an improbable landscape for a revolution, still more for murderous radicalization of that revolution, still more again for deployment of the crushing American armada of counter-revolution. But this is where ideas led Grenada and its pathetic revolutionaries. To what future do American Rangers and Marines now convey the Grenadians?

Those same Marines have nearly two hundred and fifty comrades dead in Lebanon. The Islamic terrorism presumed responsible for their deaths is an extreme expression of a nationalism caught from the colonial powers, and of a religious conviction both exclusive and exalting, outraged by cruelties that "infidel" powers have inflicted upon the Islamic countries since gaining ascendancy over them in the nineteenth century. The United States is the legatee of this historical hatred. Thus, young men, their lives before them, crash trucks loaded with TNT into the headquarters of their enemies our Marines, who say to them, "What have we done to you?" They live in a different time, these Iranians, Lebanese, Syrians, or is it Persians, Medes, Phoenicians, Canaanites? Lines from the Arab tenth century read:

> I once saw Time: churlish,
> a hairy face
> Between cropped ears, the forehead
> of an ape,
> A shrivelled nose, a beard which he
> averted
> Insolently. And I remembered all
> The noble, the magnificent who
> passed
> And vanished.

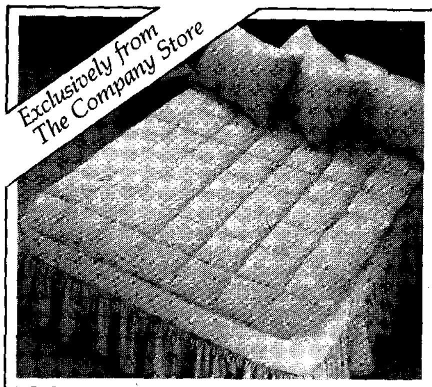
But the Ayatollah Khomeini and Colonel Muammar Qaddafi—that Islamic avenger in Italian tailoring—may appositely ask in what godless time the U.S. Marine exists.

It is very hard for us not to see those who attack us or oppose us as merely politically motivated, and this is why we are so often shocked by events. They are to us radicals, extremists, terrorists—and our contemporaries. That they might be on a different plane of history is not a consideration within the analytical parameters of the National Security Council or the Departments of State and Defense, nor is it intelligence easily gathered by the men and women of the National Security Agency and the Central Intelligence Agency. To put it plainly, and, I think, crucially: the United States government and public err fundamentally when they perceive and attempt to explain the attacks upon United States and French peacekeeping forces in Lebanon, the motivation of communal struggle within Lebanon, the vagrant radicalization of quasi-literate Caribbean political factions or those of sub-Saharan African countries, and even the wars of Southeast Asia as if all were contemporary, "modern," political phenomena. To go on from that and assume that the Soviet Union is in a fundamental way responsible for them is a second and derivative error, if still more vulgar and more dangerous.

The present government in Washington is particularly given to this second interpretation of events, which inevitably leads it to credit Soviet agencies with wider powers, a wider sweep, and more effective political and intelligence operations than others with experience of the international scene would accept as realistic. But then behind this lies the impulse, never very far away in the American response to world affairs, to see events as manifestations of good and evil, and policies in terms of crusades. Hence the casual identification by President Reagan of the Soviet Union as an "evil empire," which in many respects it no doubt is, but surely within a historical existence in which evil has been rather widely distributed. The appropriate analytical question is usually not who is evil but

Dana Fradon

"Hah! This is the Old King Cole nobody ever sees."



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who is less or more evil, and the policy choice is among actions that afford greater or lesser possibilities of constructive action or of averting wrongs.

It does not do simply to blame this way of looking at the world upon the Republicans now in power in Washington. Many others are equally disposed to see in Grenada, Trinidad, the Central American states, Chile, Lebanon, Syria, Iran, Chad, Cambodia, and Vietnam a general struggle but under a different, "progressive" guise. The struggle is interpreted as a movement of the poor and dispossessed against poverty, the residue of imperialism, racism, and an economic exploitation for which the ex-colonial powers are still held responsible. It is a liberation struggle. Again, a great many things, otherwise complicated, are rendered simple. Again, a unity of experience is assumed that, empirically, has yet to be proved to exist. A common motivation is attributed to peoples who are in fact acting from an enormous number of separate political, economic, religious, and moral motives. A sentimental generalization is made, hazily reflecting a Marxist dialectical interpretation of history but lacking its rigor, and making no attempt to explain even what the Muslim integralism of Iran's Shiites, the secular progressivism and nominal socialism of Syria's Baath, the ancient and no doubt justified Druze hostility to Maronites, and the "green revolution" of Colonel Qaddafi have in common—not to speak of anything they might have to do with the luckless Maurice Bishop and Hudson Austin in Grenada.

For Mr. Reagan and his associates, what all these people and factions have in common is significant links to the Soviet Union and the Warsaw Pact countries. One reason our leaders believe in these links is that Moscow's leaders are obliged to believe that these matters necessarily concern them. The ideologues of the Communist leadership of the Soviet Union have a rigorous and all-encompassing view of historical progression through stages of social development—a progression in which every revolutionary phenomenon must be assigned its place in the universal struggle. The present government in Washington accepts this analysis. It is also convinced that when the other side, the Soviet Union, is engaged, the United States must also engage itself, or otherwise be held to

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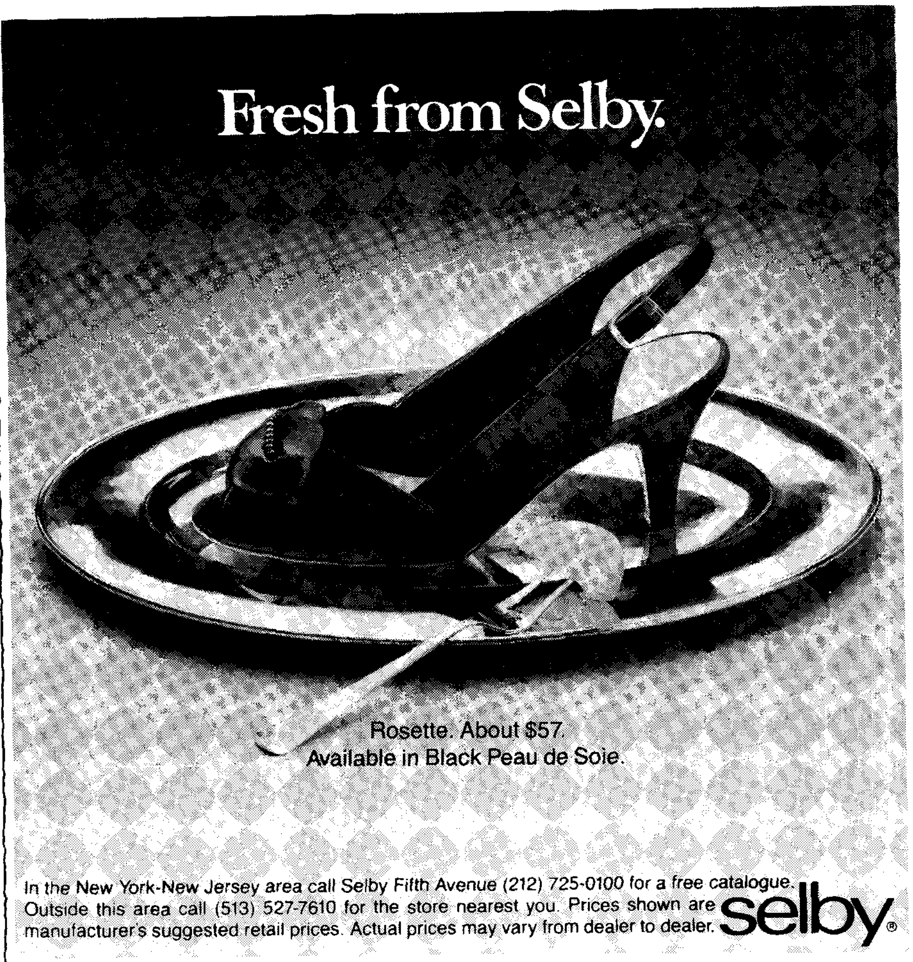
have abandoned the field, to have yielded. If the Soviet Union helps or supports the instigators of a coup d'état in Grenada, or the Sandinistas in Nicaragua, or the Syrians and the Shiite faction in Lebanon, the United States must also act. It may act elsewhere—the theory recently fashionable in Washington is that of "horizontal escalation," by which a challenge in one place produces a riposte in some other where the opposite side is vulnerable. This suggests that revenge for Lebanon was to be found in Grenada. But the belief in Soviet ubiquity causes the United States constantly to practice what is literally a reactionary policy, depriving it of much choice in allies or enemies.

The eventual effect is to deprive policy of any discrimination and make it unnecessary to define interests. Mr. Reagan says that the national interest is at stake for the United States in Lebanon, but the vital interest is that those "who would assume power if they could have their way and drive us out of that area" be prevented from taking over "that vital and strategic area of the earth, or, for that matter, any other part of the earth." That justification obviously works equally well for Grenada, and for every spot on the globe. Every front is a vital front, every threat a vital threat. No wonder American military forces are overstretched: troops in Grenada, Lebanon, Central America, Europe, South Korea, Okinawa, the Philippines; task forces in the Indian Ocean, the Mediterranean, and the Caribbean as well as the Atlantic and the Pacific. More troops are needed, more ships.

The enemy is the Soviet Union, but behind that can be seen another—chaos. Mr. Reagan spoke with feeling about chaos when he announced the invasion of Grenada. He said that he did it to forestall further chaos: chaos, the void—in Greek, χάος, "unformed matter." Our struggle is with disintegration itself. The challenge is very great, but it is in the American grain. We have always conceived of ourselves as the bringers of order, givers of light. But the risk is equally imposing—that chaos wins, when, to turn to a dark meaning what Pope lightly wrote,

> Light dies before thy uncreating
> word;
> Thy hand, great Anarch! lets the
> curtain fall,
> And universal darkness buries all.

—WILLIAM PFAFF



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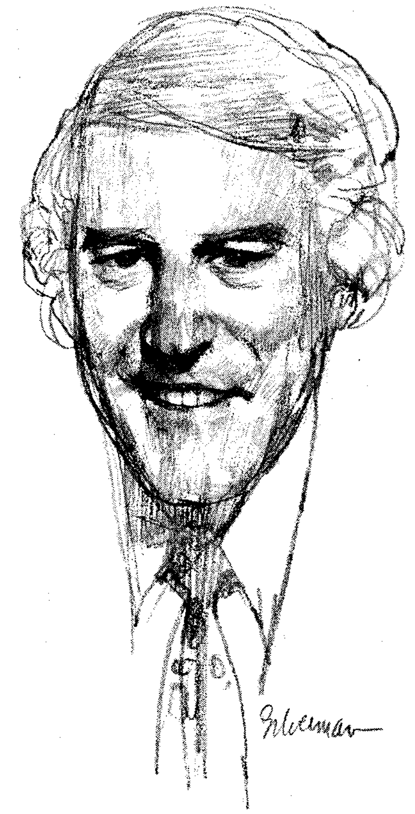
CERTAINLY one of the most popular—perhaps *the* most popular—of the weekly public-affairs series appearing on national public television, "Wall Street Week" is a strikingly aloof, yet spirited, Friday-evening appraisal of the world of investments conducted, with an elegance that occasionally borders on disdain, by a former newspaperman and network newscaster named Louis Rukeyser. It emanates not from Wall Street, or anywhere very near it, but, rather, from a rise of ground in open country some seventeen miles northwest of downtown Baltimore. There, at a place called Owings Mills, stand the headquarters and studios of the Maryland Center for Public Broadcasting, which in 1970 had the wit to invent the program and to sign up as its host Rukeyser, a tall, dapper man with a louche, street-smart grin and a glib tongue, and with wavy gray hair worn long and close to his head.

The trip to Owings Mills from Wall Street, or anywhere else in the vicinity of New York City, is not a particularly easy or agreeable one, involving, as it does, a three-hour drive, a forty-five-minute flight, or a two-and-a-half-hour train ride, followed in the second or third case by a long additional taxi or automobile ride to Owings Mills; moreover, by the time the program has been recorded, shortly before its eight-thirty airtime, and the participants have stayed, as they often do, to watch themselves on the air, it is apt to be too late to leave Baltimore the same evening and arrive anywhere else at a civilized hour. Nevertheless, such is the prestige of "Wall Street Week" that—with a handful of exceptions, such as Felix Rohatyn, of Lazard Frères & Co., and Walter Wriston, of Citicorp—the nation's leading financiers, stockbrokers, bankers, and economists are usually willing to make the trek to Owings Mills, for no pay, when they are asked to appear as special guests on the show.



Louis Rukeyser

Surely this willingness to endure a degree of inconvenience is induced in part by the size of the audience "Wall Street Week" reaches on its weekly showing, over some two hundred and seventy-five public-television stations, coast to coast, including, in the New York City area, WNET–Channel 13. (The Maryland Center likes the name to be written "Wall $treet Week" and always writes it that way in its program transcripts and publicity releases, but is not insistent enough on the point to use the dollar sign in the headline that appears on the television screen at the beginning of the show.) Recent ratings of "Wall Street Week" by the A. C. Nielsen Company have varied from 3.7 to 5.7; that is, according to the Nielsen reckoning those percentages of the eighty-three and three-tenths million television households in the United States had at least one of their sets tuned in to "Wall Street Week" when the samplings were made. These figures multiply out to something between three million and four and three-quarters million households, many of which presumably include more than one viewer, suggesting that "Wall Street Week" may have considerably more viewers than the *Wall Street Journal*, with a daily circulation of just over two million copies, has readers. "Wall Street Week" competes closely with "Washington Week in Review" for top rating among the public-affairs series distributed by the nationwide Public Broadcasting Service, of which the Maryland Center is a member; over recent months, it has regularly stood considerably higher than such other renowned PBS products as "The MacNeil/Lehrer Report" (now "The MacNeil/Lehrer News Hour") and William F. Buckley, Jr.,'s "Firing Line."

ONE reason for "Wall Street Week" 's popularity is its timely airing of up-to-the-minute news and specific investment tips for dedicated or addicted investors. As a regular feature, it gives in chart form the closing price of the Dow-Jones Industrial Average for each day of the week just past; as for the price at the Friday closing, which has occurred just five hours before the program goes on the air, it handily scoops the Saturday-morning newspapers. But "Wall Street Week" has more subtle inducements. It combines a format cleverly designed to appeal to investors at various levels of sophistication, from professionals to people who only *wish* they were investors, with a master of ceremonies who has a knack for providing entertainment unrivalled by any other television commentator on economic matters, past or present. Financial reporting on both commercial and nonprofit television news programs has traditionally been treated as something to be disposed of as quickly as possible—say, in twenty or thirty seconds—before the viewer has time to switch channels. This situation seems to have come about partly because television, including news broadcasting, tends to think of itself as primarily entertainment, while financial news is typically thought of as the ultimate in non-entertainment, and partly because television news people tend to be personally uninterested in financial news. Rukeyser brings to the subject a unique combination of intense interest, scathing irony, unabashed amusement, and professional competence. Included in his audience are large numbers of Wall Street professionals, who when they comment on the program are more apt to talk about Rukeyser's jokes or his hairstyle than about the investment information he conveys but who nevertheless admit that they try never to miss it. At the same time, Rukeyser manages to attract the investment amateur, by presenting a kind of dream world—one where the inhabitants, the successful investors whose existence

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the program implies, are able to make a living without doing what other people define as working.

Beyond that, "Wall Street Week" has formal virtues separate from its subject, and these apparently help make it appeal to people who are not investors at all. (The evidence that it has many such viewers comes from the letters the program receives, and the comments the participants get from strangers in the course of their off-camera lives.) Dealing with an essentially static subject, it is full of galvanic movement, not least that of Rukeyser, who thrusts himself around the set as energetically and purposefully as a quarterback setting up a third-down play. It may be the only program on television, commercial or public, in the course of which a whole panel of participants regularly moves, on camera, from one part of the set to another, on cue from the host. It seems quite possible that "Wall Street Week" could be enjoyed with the sound turned off, as a kind of dance of commerce. The program opens with a collage of film clips—a shot down the Wall Street canyon looking toward Trinity Church, a shot of the New York Stock Exchange floor with a trader indicating a bid with a hand signal, and so on—accompanied first by church bells meant to sound like those of Wall Street's Trinity Church and then by a fast, nervous flourish of trumpets. After credits and an announcer's introduction, Rukeyser appears, standing beside—or, rather, leaning against—a red plush sofa in what appears to be the living room of a broker with conventional taste in interior decoration. Rukeyser gives a three-minute or four-minute commentary, usually on the week's investment events, after which the week's Dow-Jones figures and other pertinent statistics are shown on the screen. The commentary over, Rukeyser lunges across the set to what appears to be a dining room. There, seated in straight chairs around a table, are the evening's three "panelists"—intermittent regulars on the show, selected from a group of about twenty investment professionals who are called to appear more or less in rotation. Rukeyser asks each panelist for his current view of the market, and each responds, often with recommendations of certain stocks or other investments. Next, Rukeyser reads questions that have been sent in by viewers—as often as not, elementary questions, the answers to which are well known to all profes-

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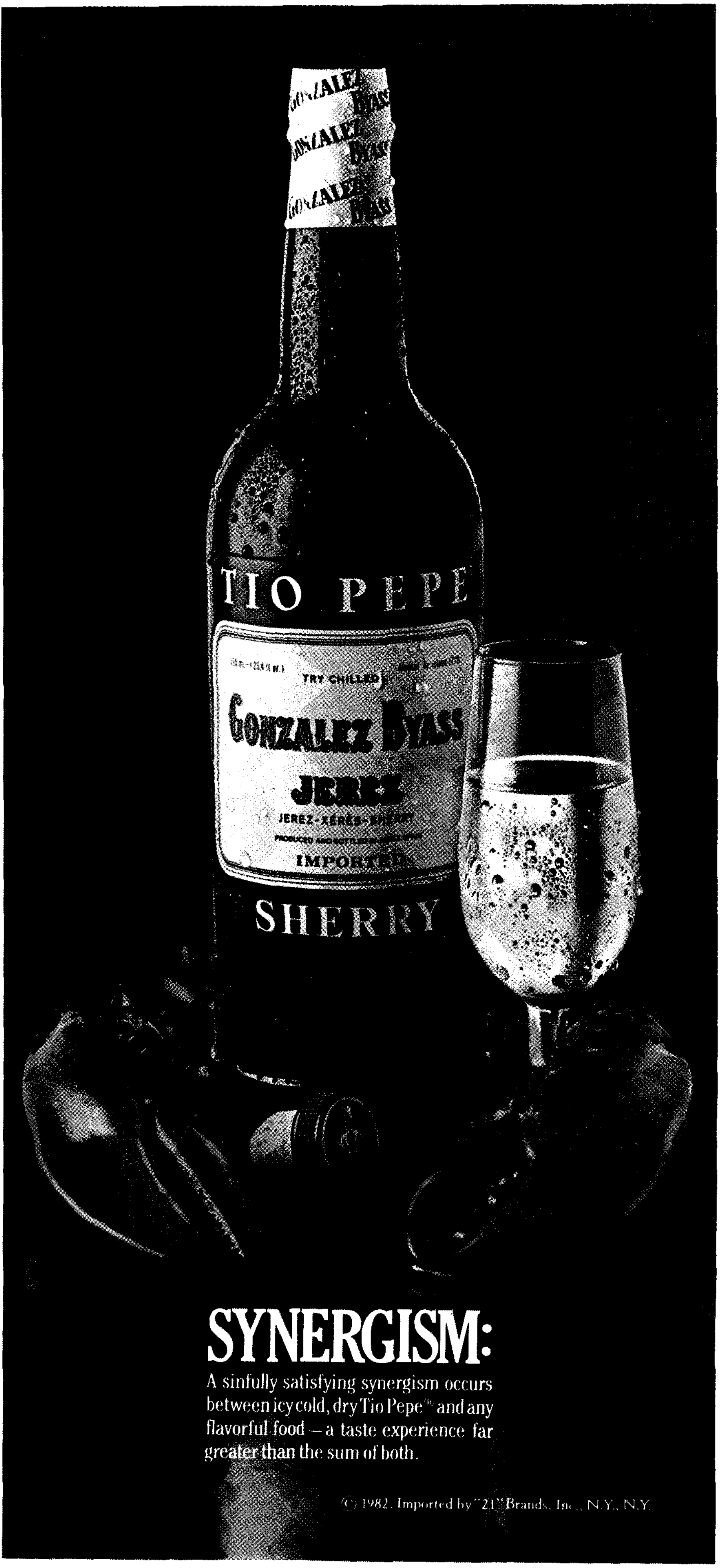
sionals and to many informed amateurs as well. Rukeyser directs one viewer question to each panelist. The easy questions and the solemn answers seem to project him into a manic phase; it is in his windup of the question segment, in which he urges viewers to send in more questions for use on the show, that he most often launches into the outrageous puns and nonsense that he has made his trademark.

Following that, and the showing on the screen of a brief series of charts, statistics, or other graphic material, which Rukeyser dutifully explains, comes the big move, leading to the pièce de résistance—the special-guest segment. Rukeyser says, "And now let's go over and meet tonight's special guest, J. P. Megabuck." As if on a single impulse, he and the guests spring to their feet, step down several inches, from the platform on which the dining-room-like conference area is mounted, and then up several inches, to the platform on which the living-room-like area is mounted. (Since a microphone with a wire is used by everyone except Rukeyser, the move involves a risk of the panelists' tripping over their wires or getting themselves unplugged.) On the living-room set, the panelists plunk themselves down on three of four available seats on two sofas facing each other, with a table between, and Rukeyser plunks *him*self down in a black leather reclining swivel chair at the end of the table opposite the cameras. Simultaneously, the special guest is led on from the side of the set opposite the conference table and takes the remaining sofa seat. Rukeyser and the panelists then question the guest about his or her specialty. If the guest is in the stock-picking business, Rukeyser makes a point of asking for recommendations of specific stocks. At the end of the questioning, Rukeyser closes the program by thanking the special guest and the panelists, announcing the following week's special guest, and saying, "This has been 'Wall Street Week.' I'm Louis Rukeyser. Good night," whereupon the participants get up again and, standing in place on the set, engage in unheard but apparently lively conversation during the closing credits.

RUKEYSER's attitude toward his subject, most directly expressed in his opening commentary, is relentlessly insouciant. His philosophy comes across as something like this:



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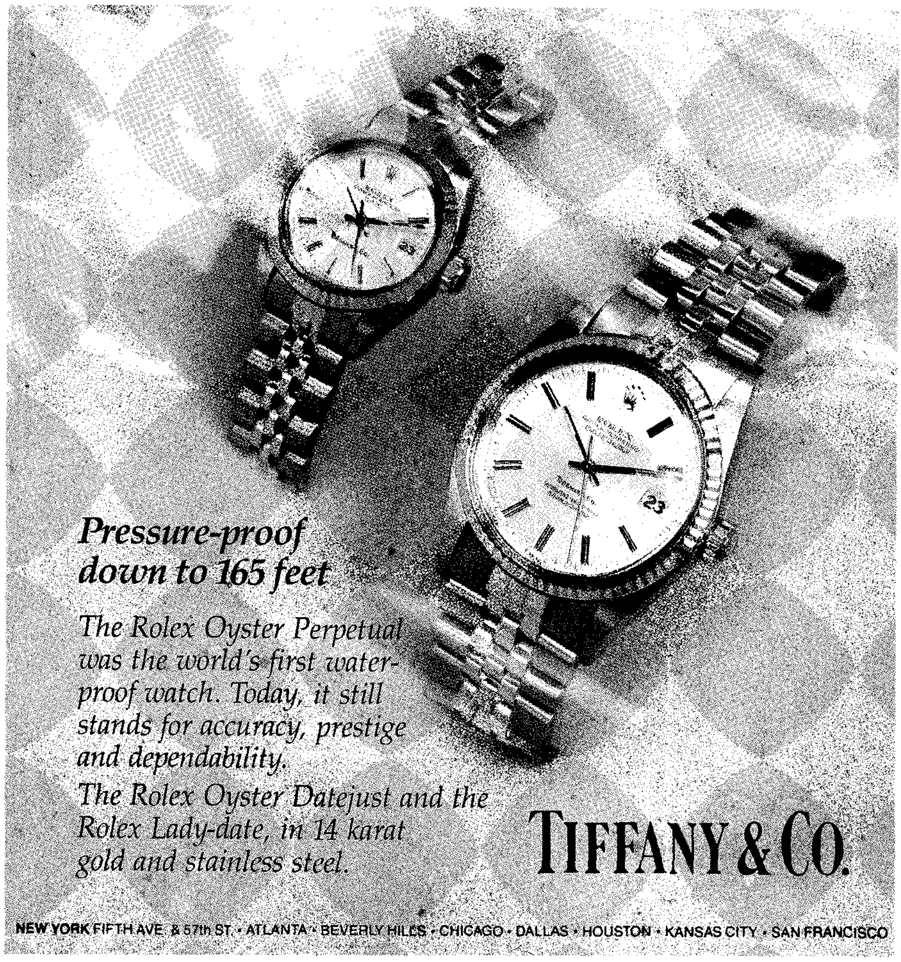
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money isn't everything, but it certainly is interesting, and the fact that most people take it so seriously gives rise to comedy that everyone, rich or poor, can enjoy. For example, when speculators and investors are losing money by the bundle in a falling market Rukeyser is inclined to be heartlessly amused. "There sure is news tonight, folks. If you're a closet masochist, you're going to love it," he cheerfully told his audience during the disastrous bear market of 1973; and he introduced the last program of that year, on December 28th, by saying, "Welcome to our fourth annual 'Wall Street Week' New Year's party, a now semi-venerable event that this year . . . may sound more like 'Wall Street Wake,' for the stock market of 1973 was a sort of great national disaster area." Similarly, an up-and-down market tickles Rukeyser's sense of irony. On March 7, 1975, he began the program by saying, "Well, stock market, that's a little more like it. As I reported to you last week, just because I took one night off from this program the market fell more than thirty points in two days, and threatened to abort its entire 1975 rally. So I hurried back to my post, with profuse apologies to all, and this week the market dutifully staged its biggest advance since January. . . . From time to time it does become necessary to enforce a little discipline around here." Finally, a major bull market moves Rukeyser not to a flicker of enthusiasm but, rather, to a great show of ennui:

> Boring! Boring! Boring! I mean, every time you turn around, the stock market is setting a new all-time record. Can you think of anything more absolutely tedious? Tuesday, the Dow-Jones Industrial Average rises to a new all-time record. O.K., I grant you, moderately interesting. Wednesday, the Dow-Jones Industrial Average rises even higher to a newer all-time record. Getting to be a bit of déjà vu—but, all right, we can tolerate it. Thursday, though—like a bad comedian who doesn't know when to end his act—the Dow goes to another all-time record. . . . But no—Friday it has to do it again . . . for the fourth day in a row. Talk about boring! . . . Whatever happened to those good old days when the market was excitingly volatile—when it didn't just go boringly up and up and up, but occasionally had a rip-snorting, heart-stopping, truly terrifying tumble as well? What do they think—that we just care about making money around here? We're in this business for high drama, gory theatre, soap-opera anguish, and horror-movie thrills and chills.

That was on March 4, 1983. Nevertheless, Rukeyser likes to keep his high drama, etc., nearer the Mel

Brooks level than the Alfred Hitchcock level. When he calls attention, as he often does, to an egregiously bad past market forecast of a panelist or special guest, he seems to be doing so as much out of schadenfreude as out of an earnest desire to set the record straight. "Joel, I have to credit you . . . with the comeback of the year," he remarked equably to Joel Stern, a panelist on last February 25th's show. "In 1981, of all our panelists, you had the worst investment results." (He went on to concede that for 1982 Stern had had the *best* investment results among the panelists, but then, resuming the attack, he commented more or less gratuitously that an investor who had followed Stern's 1981 stock picks would presumably "be in the poorhouse." Stern took it all in reasonably good part.) Special guests, whom Rukeyser often knows less well than he does the regular panelists, usually get somewhat kinder treatment; even so, one or two of them have become so incensed by his allusions to their incorrect forecasts that they have shown their annoyance on camera and left Owings Mills in a huff. What usually takes the curse off Rukeyser's nagging is that it is conducted in an atmosphere of good humor and frothy wordplay. To a panelist last January who remarked that his predictions would be "fairly eclectic," Rukeyser snapped, "This is a family show; I don't want any eclectic predictions." Some three months later, a special guest was so unwary as to admit that he might be getting into semantics. "But we're not anti-semantic," said Rukeyser.

The panelists on "Wall Street Week" are principals or employees of investment firms of one sort or another. Originally, all the panelists were people who lived and worked in or near Baltimore, Philadelphia, or Washington, but now only about a third of them do, the rest being drawn mostly from New York City firms. Unlike Rukeyser, who gets a high salary, panelists are paid two hundred dollars per program and no travel expenses; apparently, they are willing to work for what often amounts to nothing at all partly because their appearances help them attract investment clients and partly for the sheer glory of it. The two panelists who appear most frequently on "Wall Street Week" are Frank A. Cappiello, Jr., the president of a firm called McCullough, Andrews & Cappiello, Inc., which has offices in Baltimore and San Francisco, and

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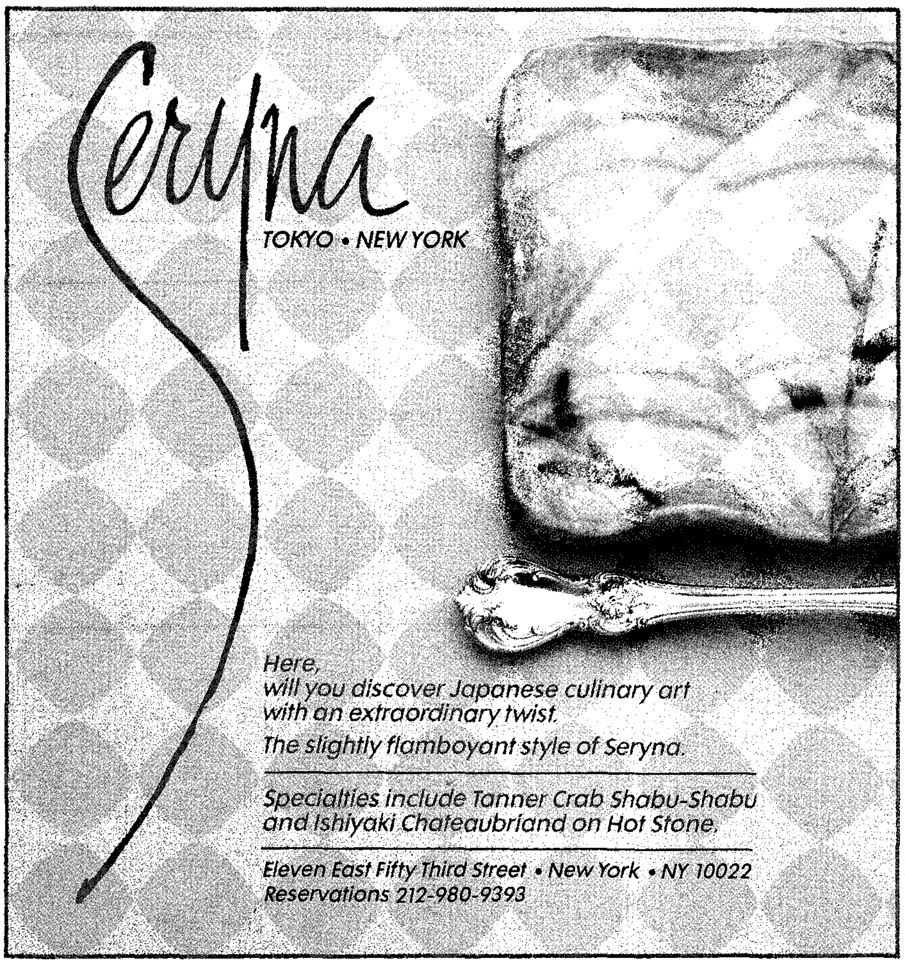

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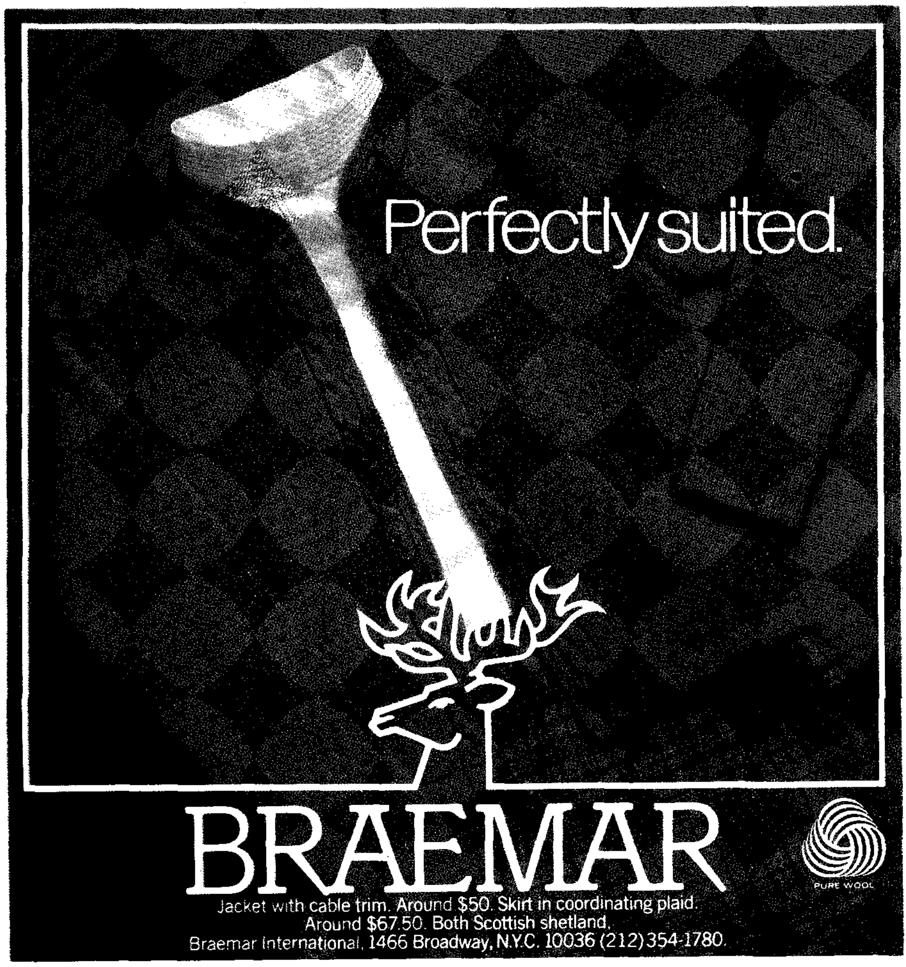

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B. Carter Randall, the senior vice-president of Sun Banks, Inc., in Orlando, Florida. Both Cappiello and Randall appeared on the first "Wall Street Week" program, in November, 1970—a time when both were based in Baltimore. Cappiello is dark, intense, and Mediterranean in appearance, and Randall radiates the easy self-confidence of a country-club member. Both Cappiello and Randall take the market and its gyrations far more seriously than Rukeyser does. Moreover, they seem to share an orientation to it—generally speaking, a bullish one. The probability that many "Wall Street Week" viewers think of the participants more as personalities than as investment advisers is suggested by the fact that, despite the similarity of their investment philosophies, Cappiello and Randall have separate constituencies. To judge from the letters from viewers that "Wall Street Week" gets—between fifteen hundred and two thousand per program, on the average—there are many Cappiello admirers and many Randall admirers, but they are seldom the same people. Other popular panelists include Robert H. Stovall, the director of investment policy of Dean Witter Reynolds, Inc., of New York City, who is a true Wall Street heavyweight, and one of the minority of panelists who have a national reputation in the investment world apart from that derived from appearances on "Wall Street Week;" Gail Dudack, a vice-president of Pershing, Inc., a division of Donaldson, Lufkin, & Jenrette, of New York City, who, like all the women on the panelist roster (there are five), is notable for both good looks and professional competence; Julius Westheimer, a limited partner in Baker, Watts & Company, of Baltimore, who is a bald analyst with a reassuring air of calm wisdom; and Robert J. Nurock, the proprietor of Investor's Analysis, Inc., of Paoli, Pennsylvania, a bearded, narrow-eyed sage who has the distinction of being the chief—indeed, as far as viewers are ever told, the only one with a name—of the technical market analysts whom Rukeyser always refers to as "the elves." On each week's show, after Rukeyser's opening commentary there appears on the screen a set of hieroglyphs that look roughly like this:

Technical 4↑
Market 5 3↑
Index 1↓

When the arrow beside the figure at the right points upward, as it does here, Rukeyser reports that the elves (he pronounces the word as if it were a shared joke between him and his audience) are bullish, and goes on to other matters. He seldom explains the hieroglyphs, and the majority of the viewers seem either to understand them or to take them on faith. In any case, those who write in to inquire what the Technical Market Index is all about receive what is known at Owings Mills as "the elves letter"—a four-page printed form, prepared by Nurock's organization, that explains the Technical Market Index in detail. The index, the elves letter explains, is made up of the current bullish or bearish tendencies of "ten well-known technical indicators"—the number of stocks making new highs and new lows on a daily basis, "the point differential between the Dow-Jones Industrial Average and its thirty-day moving average," and so on. As for the figures that are flashed on the television screen, the top one, with the arrow pointing up, represents the number of technical indicators that are looking bullish; the middle one represents the number that are neutral; and the bottom one, with the downward-pointing arrow, represents the number that are looking bearish. The figure at the right, arrived at by subtracting the bottom number from the top one, is the elves index for the week—bullish or bearish in varying degrees, according to whether it is plus or minus and by how much.

QUITE possibly, "Wall Street Week" deliberately keeps the elves index somewhat mysterious, at least on its face, on the theory that a certain mystery lends authority to oracular utterances of any kind. In any event, there is another mysterious regular feature of the program, and this one gives rise to more comments by mail than almost any other aspect of it. It is the appearance, at three points in the course of the program, of a person known at Owings Mills as Miss Smythe and to most viewers as "that woman." When Rukeyser comes on camera to give his opening commentary, he is led onto the set, a solicitous hand on his elbow, by an attractive young woman, who then immediately disappears. She reappears at the midpoint of the program, this time leading the special guest to his sofa seat, and again exits immediately. Finally, at the end of the program, when all the participants get up to chat without benefit of microphones, she comes on

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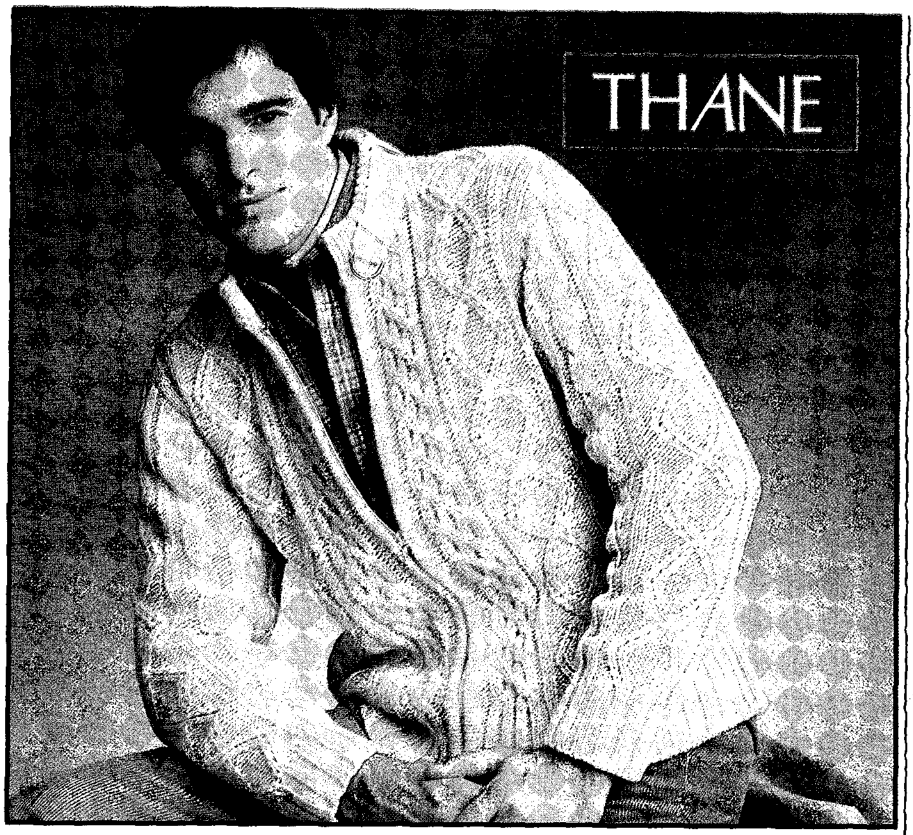

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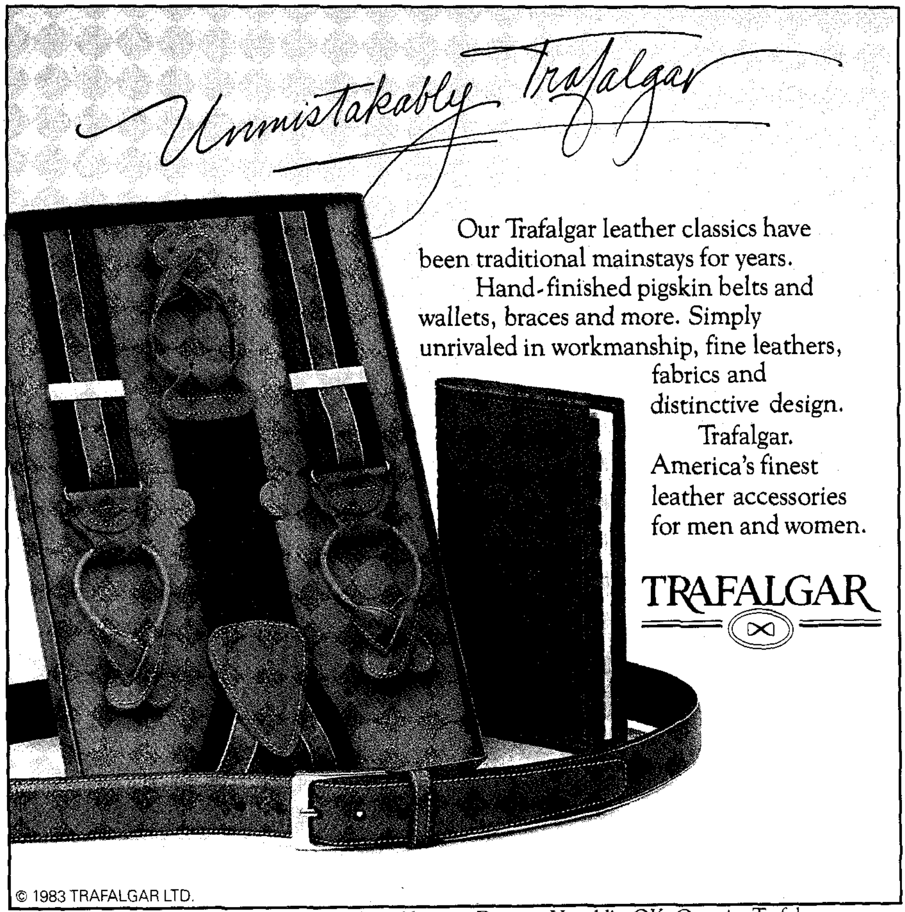

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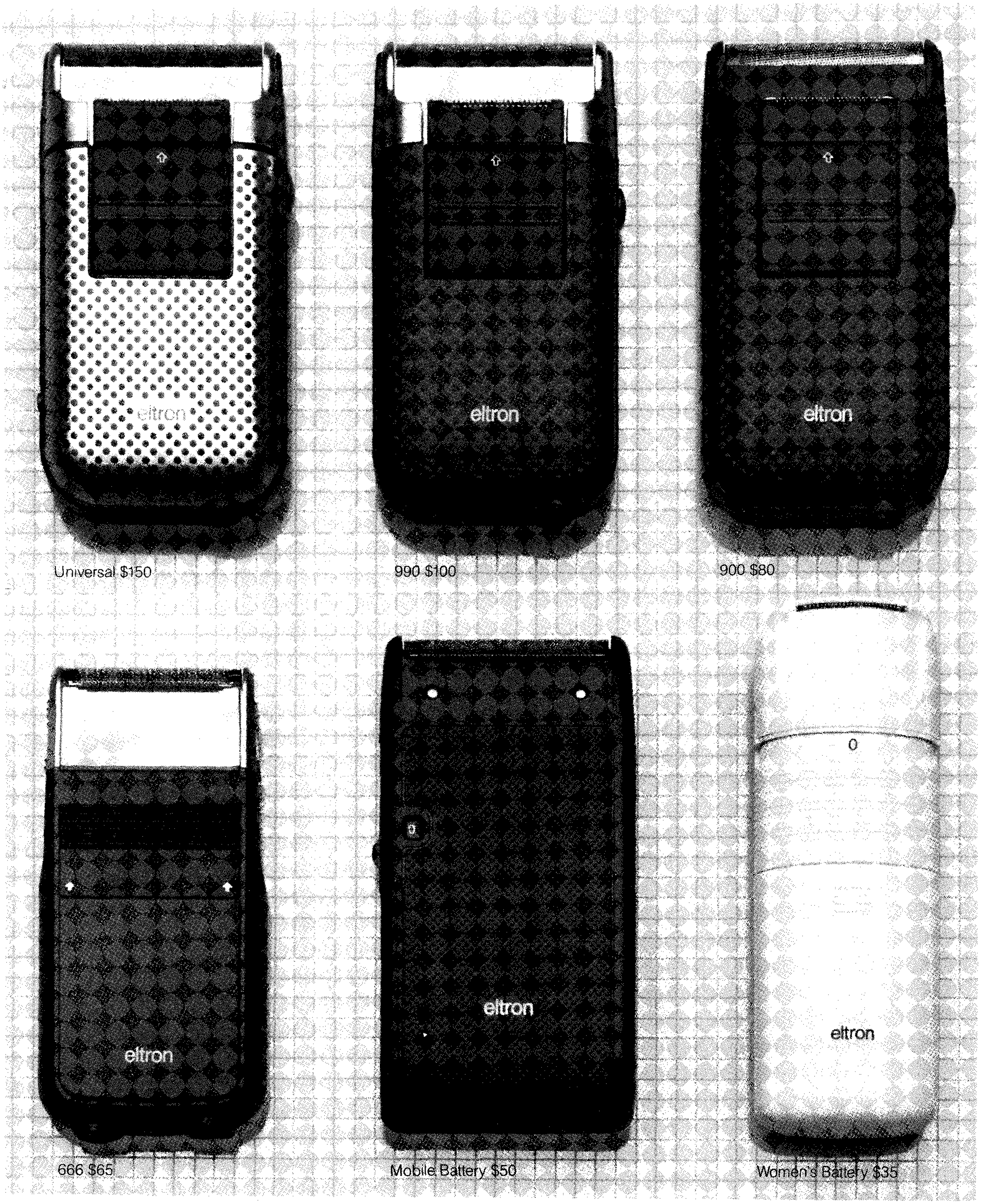
camera for the third time, to join them in their inaudible persiflage. Her voice is never heard by the audience, she is never mentioned by name, or in any other way, by any of the participants during the program except on special occasions, and neither she nor her role in the program is ordinarily mentioned in the credits at the end of it. Of the many viewers who write in to inquire about "that woman," most are merely curious, but a few are indignant at seeing a woman portrayed in the role of an anonymous handmaiden who seems to be treated as a piece of furniture. Sometimes, in the annual year-end program—an anomalous one, in which there is no special guest, there are four panelists instead of three, all participants wear dinner jackets, and each panelist is called upon to predict the high, low, and closing daily Dow-Jones figures for the coming year—Rukeyser breaks the usual rule and talks about Miss Smythe. For instance, in the year-end program for 1973 he said:

> Tonight being different from all other nights, let us deal not with finance but with . . . our beloved Miss Smythe, the executive secretary who each week brightens our scene, brings in our special guest, and can occasionally be spotted untangling a microphone or repotting a potted plant. For some reason her presence in our midst seems to offend the occasional feminist viewer. And we periodically get requests that she be removed entirely. . . . This season alone, for example, we've had letters referring to our poor Miss Smythe as, among other things, "that innocuous and wraithlike creature who flits in and out of the viewing area at the beginning and end of the program," "the coffee-tea-or-milk type," "the creature who seems to emerge from the woodwork," and "your sop to women's lib." Well, enough already. As anyone will discover [who sees and hears the women who frequently appear as panelists], this program needs no sop to women's lib. If you disagree, take it up with the woman producer [Anne Truax Darlington]. But as the father of three daughters, a fact that may influence my views on any number of subjects, I don't want to seem any worse of a chauvinist pig than absolutely necessary. And so tonight let's let Miss Smythe emerge from anonymity. The role of Miss Smythe is played by Natalie Seltz, a professional television technician who works on other programs emanating from these Maryland studios, as a floor director and a studio production supervisor. All this gives her the background she needs, not only to make our guests feel at home, but to remedy the many little difficulties that may crop up. . . . So you see, she really is essential around here, and not just decorative.

In the early years of "Wall Street Week," viewers who wrote in objecting to the Miss Smythe role got back an argumentative letter explain-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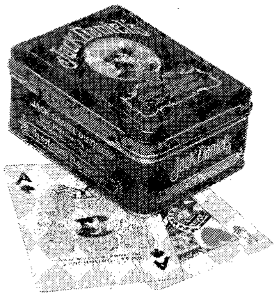

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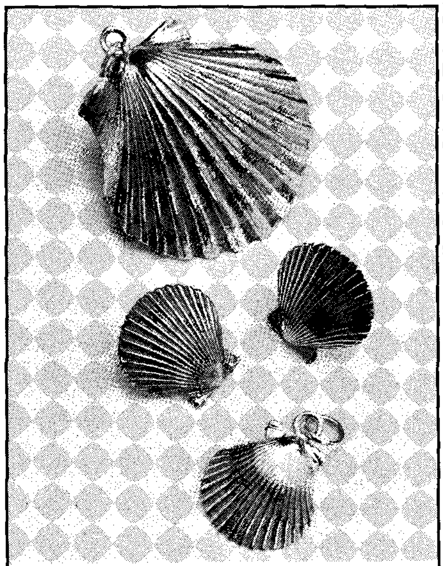

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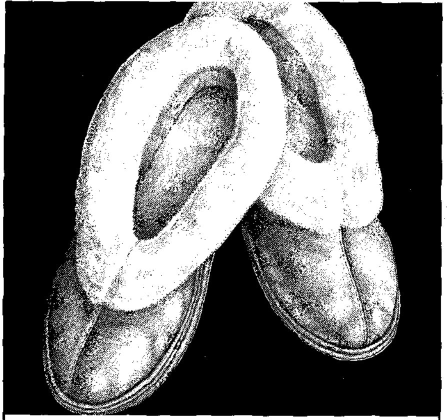
ing the passionate contrary views on the subject held by Miss Darlington, the Maryland Center executive who designed the program, hired Rukeyser to be its host, and continued to serve as its executive producer until 1979. Since Miss Darlington's departure from the program's staff, the Miss Smythe letter to viewers has become much shorter and less incendiary. In its present form, it reads, in part, as follows:

> DEAR VIEWER:
>
> Thank you for taking the time to write to us about our on-camera hostess, "Miss Smythe."
>
> Our first "Miss Smythes" were Natalie Seltz, a director here at Maryland Center, and Nancy Miller, a producer's assistant. [Natalie left the job in 1980.] Nancy has moved to Montana, and we were lucky enough [in 1981] to find Margot Derasse, a first-rate professional model in Baltimore, to fill the role. . . .
>
> In many instances, our special guest has never been in a television studio prior to his or her appearance on the program. "Miss Smythe" greets each guest upon arrival at the station, explains the format and procedures of the program, and generally stays with the guest throughout the evening to answer any questions and to offer answers, advice and encouragement. . . .
>
> Sincerely,
> RICH DUBROFF
> PRODUCER

Despite all such explanations and disclaimers, some viewers still regard Rukeyser as a chauvinist pig and the Miss Smythe role as one that degrades women—as, perhaps, an all too accurate reflection of the way women are often treated on the real Wall Street. In truth, no one involved in the production of "Wall Street Week" has ever dreamed of dropping Miss Smythe. The Maryland Center and Rukeyser take comfort from the fact that in 1982 and 1983 the American Association of University Women gave the program awards for its "positive portrayal of women."

RECENTLY, I went to Owings Mills to see "Wall Street Week" not through a glass, darkly, but face to face, and to meet some of the people involved in it. First, I talked with Miss Darlington, who is listed in the program's credits as the person who "created" it. Miss Darlington, a blond woman with an air of efficiency, grew up in Baltimore and, before coming to the Maryland Center, in 1969, as the Center's first executive producer, worked as a producer and performer for WMAR, a commercial television station in Baltimore. She is now the



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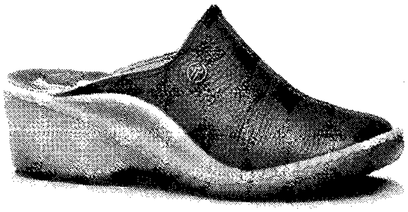

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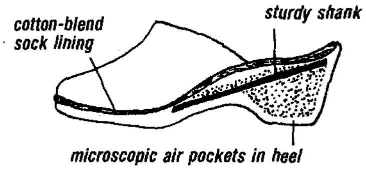

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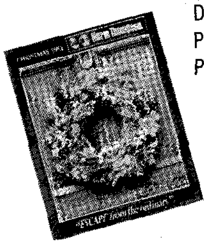

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Maryland Center's director of program planning and, in addition, serves as executive producer of another Maryland Center program, "International Edition."

Of "Wall Street Week" and its beginnings, she said, "The idea wasn't mine. It came from a local broker, who said to us in a joking way, 'Public television is always doing programs on how to "cook French." How about one on something really important—the stock market?' The idea was dropped in my lap in January, 1970. I had no formal background in finance, but I came from a family that talked business and politics at dinner. My first question to myself was 'Is there an audience?' The answer was yes. There were more than thirty million stockholders in the United States at the time; we would take *them* for granted, and aim at people on the fringes. We quickly decided that Friday evening was the logical time. Next, we cleared with the Securities and Exchange Commission the legal problems involved in mentioning specific stocks on the air. Then I began designing the format. The five basic segments—news and commentary, analysis of the week by panelists, viewer questions, the graphics segment, the special-guest segment—were put in place very soon. They were aimed at various audience levels; for example, the commentary and the special guest had to appeal to a professional audience, while the viewer questions were for the fringe element. Bob Nurock introduced the Technical Market Index after we'd been on the air for about three years. For the introduction, I got Donald M. Swartz—he's music and effects manager for the Maryland Center—to compose the theme music, which is intended to sound as if played on taxi horns and an old-fashioned stock-ticker machine. The film clips of Wall Street came later. As for the set, there's a reason for those sofas in the living room. I knew that many of the special guests would be making their first appearance on television, and that some of them would be scared to death. We'd give them soft, cushiony sofas to sink down into. As for the host's swivel recliner (of course, we didn't have a host yet)—well, the king deserves a throne. I knew we were going to have to move people from here to there during the program. When you have no commercials to cover transitions, you have to have them take place in view of the audience. I tried to make a virtue of

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necessity. The move of the host and the panel marks a transition from specific and personal information to rather general and expert material. I didn't want the transition to flow. I wanted to shake the viewer's mind free, clean the slate. Anyway, you couldn't bring the special guest to the panelists' conference table—everybody would get up and scrape chairs on the floor. So we went with the move. Frankly, it was a problem that I don't feel I solved."

I said that my soundings indicated that many viewers considered the move to be one of the most striking features of "Wall Street Week." Miss Darlington smiled and made no response. Instead, she went on to tell me about the recruitment of people to appear on the program. "The panel was lined up first," she said. "I went to local stock-and-bond organizations and appealed for coöperation. Then, during July and August of 1970, we held open auditions for panelists. We ran about fifty people through, and chose about two dozen. Some didn't adapt well to television, and some just quit. In the second year, we were down to seven, with Cappiello and Randall appearing on every program. Over the years, more were gradually added, many of them from New York.

"The host came last. I hadn't met Louis Rukeyser then, but I'd read his correspondence for the Baltimore *Sun* and seen his economics reporting on ABC-TV, and I'd had him in mind from the start. I did talk to several other journalists early that summer, but, so help me, I can't remember who they were. I kept coming back in my mind to Louis Rukeyser. It took several weeks for me to get up the nerve to call him at ABC. Finally, I did. I described the project and asked him if he knew of anyone who would be interested. He said he'd think about it. After several weeks, he called back and said, 'Sorry, I can't think of anyone at all.' So I said, 'Well, that was a subterfuge anyhow. It's you I really want.' He laughed, and said, 'ABC would never let me do it.' I said, 'Well, will you ask them?' At the end of August, he called back and asked if I was still interested—ABC had given him the O.K. Actually, he stayed with ABC for about three more years, moonlighting as host of 'Wall Street Week,' before he left ABC and our program became his only regular television appearance. At the end of September, 1970, I went to New York to meet Rukeyser for the first time, and

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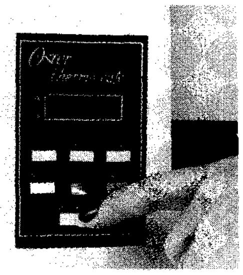

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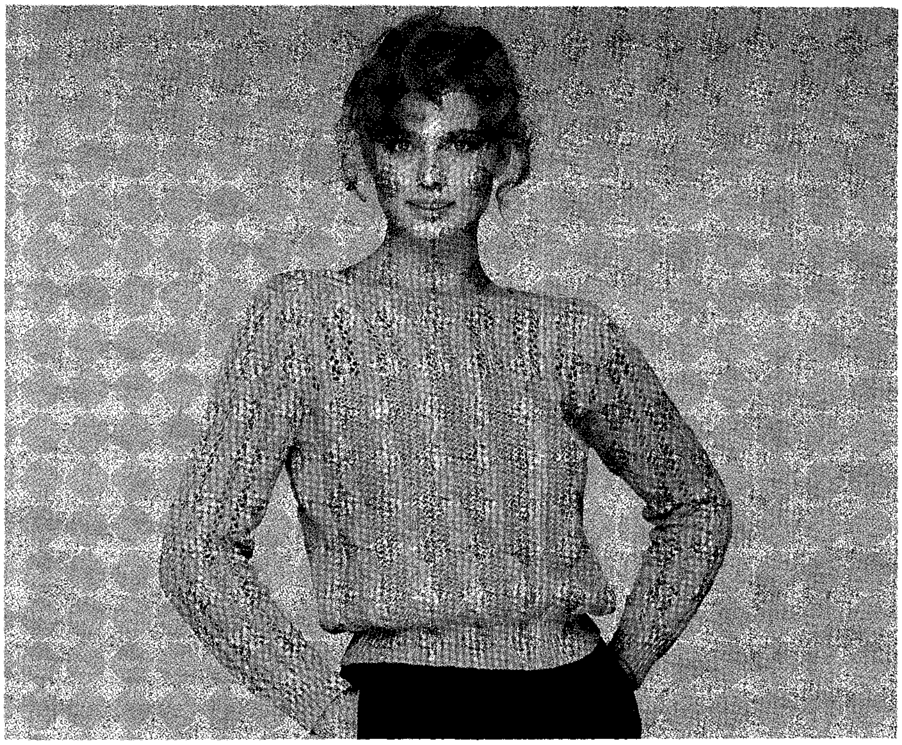

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"Miss Smythe was in the format from the beginning, entirely for practical reasons. I can't understand these viewer protests. A man in that role would be distracting. I think it's outrageous that anyone would assume that Miss Smythe's job isn't a 'good' job. I still get furious."

The first broadcast of "Wall Street Week," on November 20, 1970, was over the Eastern Educational Network, extending from Richmond, Virginia, to the Canadian border. Nationwide showing of it over PBS stations began in 1972. According to Miss Darlington, the first show was nearly flawless, but the second or third ran into problems, because vandals had shot out the Maryland Center's microwave link to Washington, from which point the program was to be distributed, so a tape had to be sent there instead. After that, things settled down, and indications of success were quick in coming. (Since the later nineteen-seventies, such indications have come not only in high ratings but also in grants—the public-television term for what in commercial broadcasting is called sponsorship—by corporations, banks, and investment firms. About half the program's current annual budget of about eight hundred thousand dollars is provided by grants from the Hilton Hotels Corporation, the Sperry Corporation, and Prudential-Bache Securities. Much of the rest comes from the fees paid by PBS stations around the country to the Maryland Center for the right to show the program—and many of these fees are locally underwritten, mostly by banks and brokerage offices in the areas that the stations serve. All told, "Wall Street Week" enjoys more local underwriting than any other PBS program.)

"Louis and I often had our little conversations about his opening commentary, which I thought was running too long," Miss Darlington told me. "Over all, though, I am surprised to find how excellent he has been. When I hired him, I knew we didn't want to treat money as a sacred cow, and I knew he had wit and irony. I knew about his puns and jokes from talking to him on the phone. As it's turned out, the design of the program fits him like an Italian suit, and I have to say I was tremendously lucky."

AT around six-thirty on the Friday evening when I visited Owings Mills, I had dinner with most of the

Clare Boothe liked her women friends brainy but chic.

Laura Z. Hobson seemed to fit the bill, and the two struck up a fast friendship. In "Bosom Buddies" in the November issue, Hobson describes her relationship with the fascinating Mrs. Luce, whose drive for perfection led her to make some startling demands on her friends.

Photograph by Cecil Beaton

VANITY FAIR

NOVEMBER 1983

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participants in that evening's "Wall Street Week" in the Maryland Center's conference room, which is large and contains long refectory tables and several huge television screens. Present were the evening's panelists: Mary Farrell, vice-president of Paine Webber, of New York City; William F. Waters, a division director of Merrill Lynch, also stationed in New York City; and Nurock, the chief of elves. In addition, there were the evening's special guest, Wolfgang H. Demisch, who is the vice-president of First Boston Corporation, and who had also made the trip from New York City, with his wife, Pat; John H. Davis, Miss Darlington's successor as executive producer of "Wall Street Week;" Rich Dubroff, the program's current producer; and Miss Derasse, the current Miss Smythe. Rukeyser wasn't present; Dubroff explained to me that he had arrived in midafternoon, as he usually does, and had immediately holed up in a borrowed office (the Maryland Center does not keep one for his exclusive use) to write the scripted portions of the night's program, such as the opening commentary. He would make his appearance on the set only a couple of minutes before recording time, which was about forty-five minutes before airtime. Dubroff went on to say that "Wall Street Week" had originally been presented live, but now it was usually prerecorded. It is then distributed to PBS stations around the country by satellite. Dubroff, a dark, long-faced Brooklynite of twenty-seven, told me that among his responsibilities were lining up each week's panelists and special guest, and making arrangements for the program's occasional presentations away from Owings Mills, of which there had been twelve up to then—five in London, two in Chicago, and one each in Los Angeles, Hawaii, Toronto, and Vancouver and from the floor of the New York Stock Exchange. Since the special guest, Demisch, was a veteran, making his fifth appearance on the program, Miss Derasse had no hand-holding duties that night, and during dinner she told me that she currently held four jobs: doing inventory control for a women's clothing wholesaler; managing a pro shop at an ice-skating rink; modelling; and impersonating Miss Smythe on "Wall Street Week." "I like this one best," she said.

At about seven-thirty, we all moved into the studio, where the "Wall Street Week" set stood, brightly illu-

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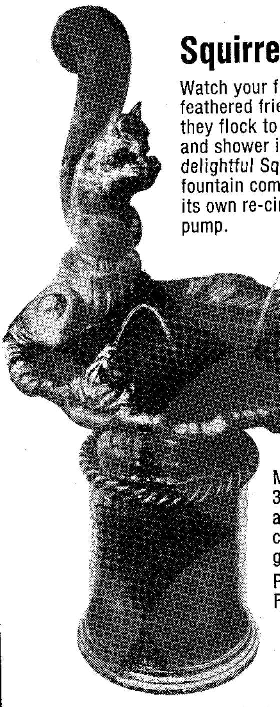

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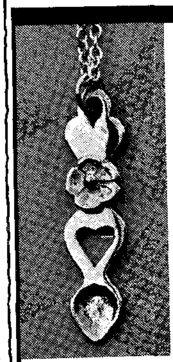

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minated and expectantly vacant. The panelists and the guest took seats around its conference table, and I settled down in a folding chair behind a battery of cameras. Rukeyser made his dramatic last-minute appearance, looking unusually conservative in a banker's dark-blue suit, and the show went on. In his opening remarks, Rukeyser used Secretary of the Interior James Watt's opposition to the participation of the Beach Boys in the Fourth of July celebration in Washington as the jumping-off point for a disquisition on the titles of current song hits and their relevance to the current economic and political situation. Then he moved over to join the panelists and question them about their views of what the current market was doing. Nurock seemed to be more positive on it than his elves, whose index was neutral. Mrs. Farrell, who was noticeably pregnant—a fact that Rukeyser did not fail to note, suggesting that she was "analyzing for two and should have a particularly clear view of the future"—said in reference to her investment policy of the moment that she was "being very careful." Everyone laughed. Waters described himself as cautiously bullish.

After the panelists had fielded viewers' questions, Rukeyser delivered a short essay on national-defense spending, illustrated by charts and figures. Then the panelists' move to the sofas was accomplished, without incident, and they and Rukeyser questioned Demisch, whose specialty is defense stocks. Demish said he thought that such stocks would outperform the market over the coming months. Rukeyser asked Demisch whether he thought it immoral to make money on national defense ("I'll get a lot of complaints on that one," he told me later), and Demisch replied, in effect, not unless you consider the defense of the country immoral. Then time ran out, Rukeyser closed the program, the participants stood up, and Miss Derasse joined them. It hadn't been a particularly good "Wall Street Week," I thought, but it hadn't been a bad one, either.

AFTER the taping, I went with the participants and the staff to the conference room to see the program on the air. Everyone watched in silence except Rukeyser, who, exercising what seemed to be an exclusive prerogative, made wisecracks from time to time. Then the panelists and the special guest left. Rukeyser had a

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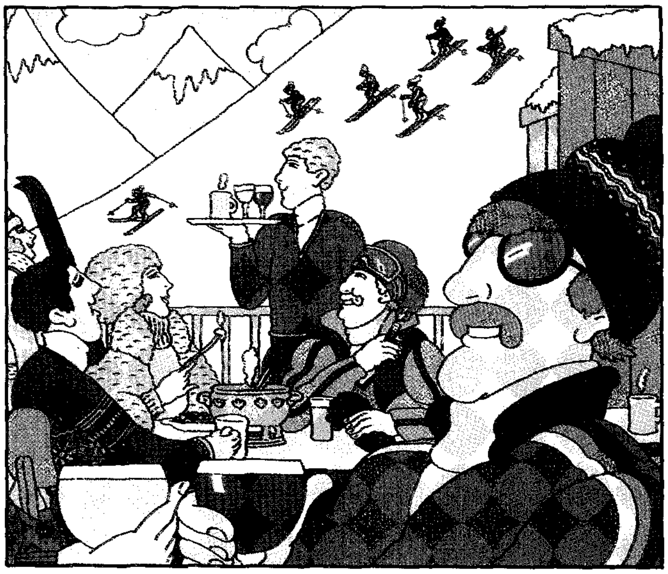
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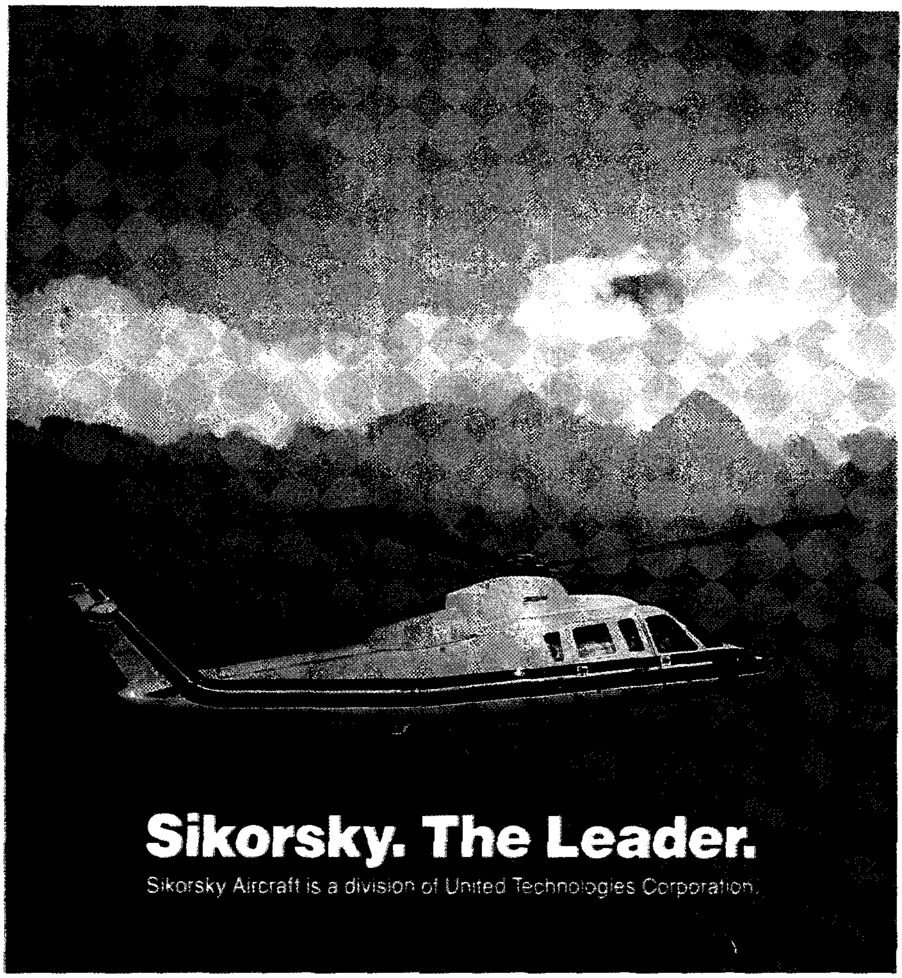
fifteen-minute conference with the program's producer, director, and research assistant concerning future programs, and afterward Rukeyser and I went to a local restaurant, where Rukeyser had dinner (I abstained, having been stayed by the Maryland Center's buffet) and answered questions from me about himself and "Wall Street Week."

Rukeyser may have both financial journalism and oral fluency in his blood. His father, Merryle S. Rukeyser, graduated from the Columbia University School of Journalism in 1917. That year, he joined the staff of the old New York *Tribune*, and he became its financial editor in 1920, when he was only twenty-three. Later, he spent more than three decades as a financial columnist for the Hearst newspapers and the International News Service, and he wrote ten books on financial subjects. He was also a frequent lecturer, his son told me, and today, at eighty-six, he can still regale an audience for an hour without notes. One of Louis Rukeyser's three brothers, William S., is the managing editor of *Fortune*. The late Muriel Rukeyser, poet and historian, was a second cousin.

Louis Rukeyser's offhand attitude toward money on "Wall Street Week" suggests to many watchers that he must have grown up rich. He didn't; the Rukeysers, he told me, were merely comfortably off, and his own preoccupation during his boyhood, in New Rochelle, was not making money but becoming a newspaperman. He first became a school-news reporter for a New Rochelle paper, the *Standard-Star*, at the age of eleven; by the time he was sixteen he was his high school's sports correspondent for various papers. At Princeton, from which he got an A.B. in 1954, he was president of the University Press Club, which reports university news to metropolitan newspapers, and during his college years he spent his summers working for the Mount Vernon *Daily Argus*. After graduation, he put in two years as an enlisted man in the Army, and managed to be a newspaperman even there, working for the *Stars and Stripes* in West Germany. For the next nine years, he was a reporter for the Baltimore *Sun* newspapers, serving for a time as chief of the *Sun's* London bureau and ending up as its chief Asian correspondent. In 1965, he joined ABC News, where he was first a Paris correspondent, then chief of the London bureau, and, be-



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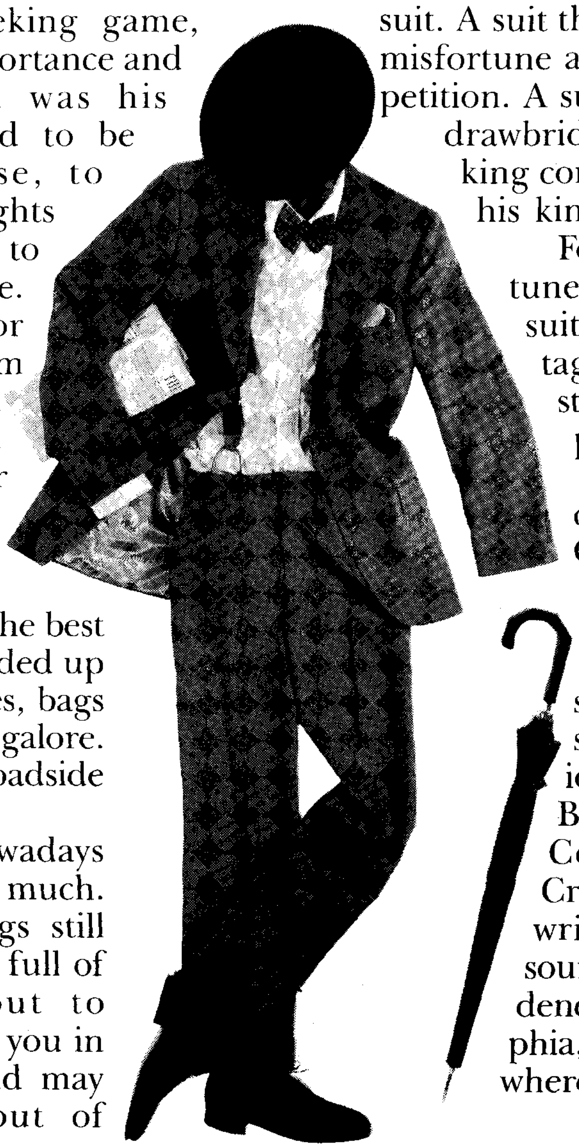

Back in the good old days when life was simpler, a man going out to seek his fortune buckled on a suit of armor.

In the fortune-seeking game, armor was of prime importance and a man's best friend was his armorer. The suit had to be handsome, of course, to impress the other knights of his status and it had to be ingeniously well made. A knight in sloppy armor got cloven in twain from head to heel before you could say 'King Arthur'.

Steamy in summer and clammy in winter, it wasn't very pleasant but fortunes must be sought, and the man in the best suit won. The winner ended up with several drafty castles, bags of gold, and maidens galore. Serfs groveled by the roadside as he rode clanking by.

Fortune-seeking nowadays is a little subtler, but not much. The fundamental things still apply. The world is still full of dastardly knights out to unhorse you and cleave you in twain. The bags of gold may dance tantalizingly out of reach as if bewitched. And a man's best ally is still the fellow who makes his suit.

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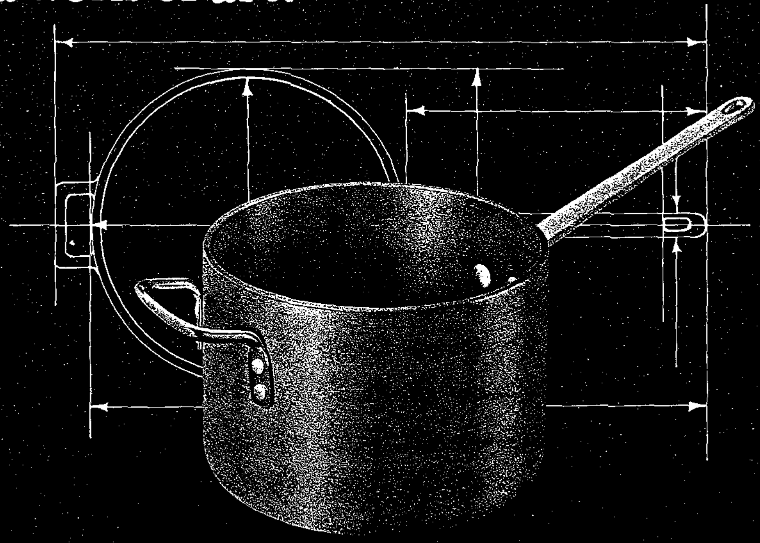

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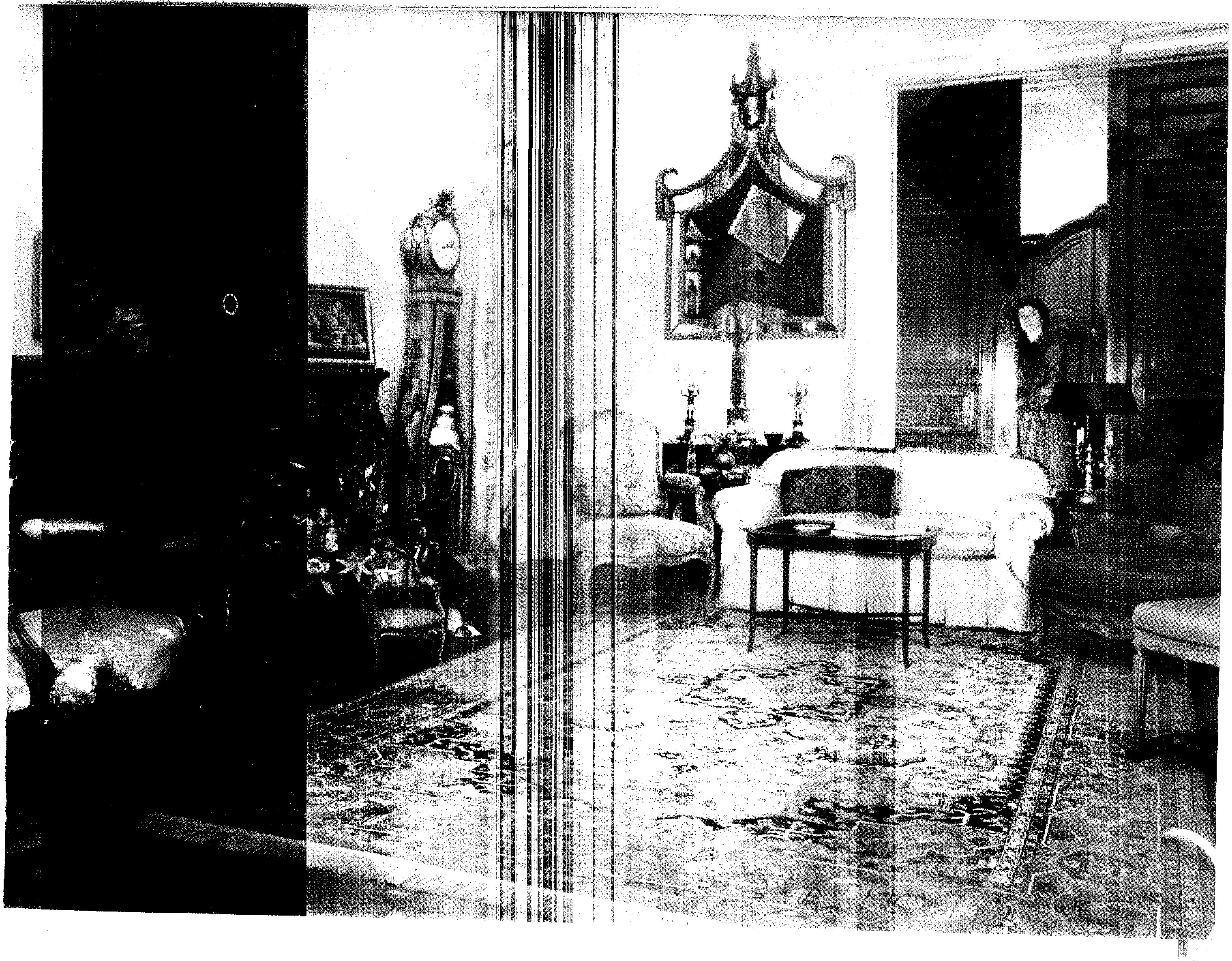
ginning in 1968, economics editor and commentator. And then came "Wall Street Week."

Casual though he may appear to be about money as an abstraction, Rukeyser, who is now fifty, earns enough to put him in the income class of a major corporation's chief executive, mainly as the result of a lecture schedule that he pursues with demonic energy, and that most people would probably not survive for more than a few months. This year, he told me, he expected to give about fifty lectures—at conventions, economic seminars, and commercially sponsored events or as part of major lecture series, in all parts of the country, at fees of more than ten thousand dollars per appearance. He said he had lectured in every state but four. Except in July, August, and the latter part of December, which he reserves to spend at home in Greenwich, Connecticut, with his wife, Alexandra, and their daughters, he is on the road most of the time. His lectures invariably have the same title—"What's Ahead for the Economy"—but often vary in content. I asked Rukeyser why he does all this lecturing, and he said, "My older brother Bud, who is an executive vice-president of NBC, raised much the same question recently. He said, 'If somebody told me I could make a living doing a television show on Friday, I'd think God had decided that I should work only on Friday.' Well, I discovered years ago that I could get up and talk without strain for several hours, if necessary. Besides, I find lecturing immensely stimulating. I learn a lot during the question period—my lecture time is usually two hours, of which at least half an hour is devoted to questions. You learn from what people respond to—it keeps you up to date on national interests and preoccupations. Of course, the life I've led makes me an expert on airlines, hotels, and restaurants, and the news about them isn't always good. For example, right here in Baltimore, I am in a position to know, no hotel will serve you so much as a hamburger after 10:30 P.M. Another thing I've learned: there are no hick towns left in America. Woe be unto him who comes into some place—any place—speaking from on high."

About "Wall Street Week," Rukeyser said in the course of dinner, "When Anne Darlington signed me up to be host, in 1970, I said to her, 'You have devised a fail-safe format for a show. What it needs is a personal



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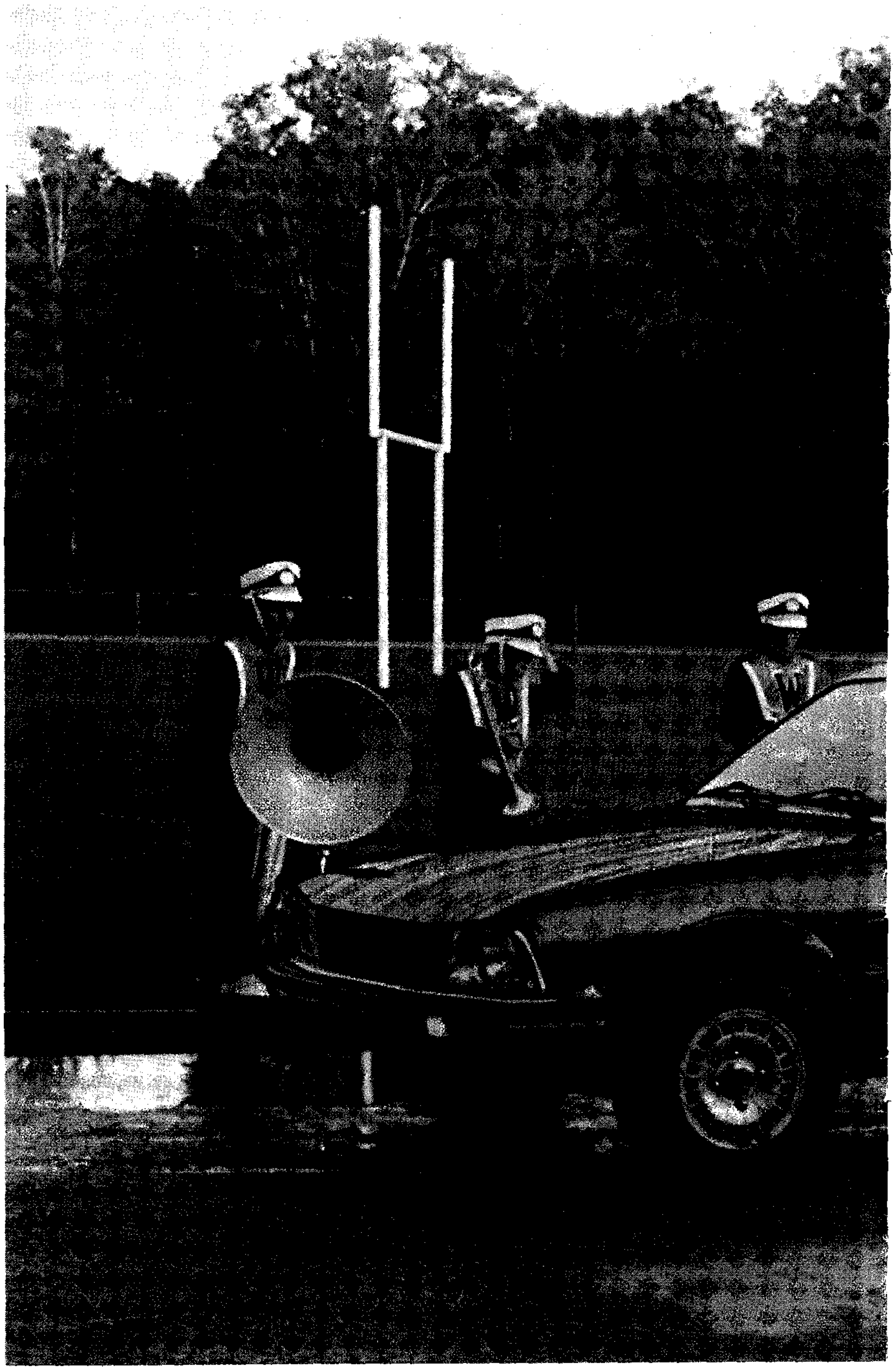
Peugeot reinvents the large station wagon.



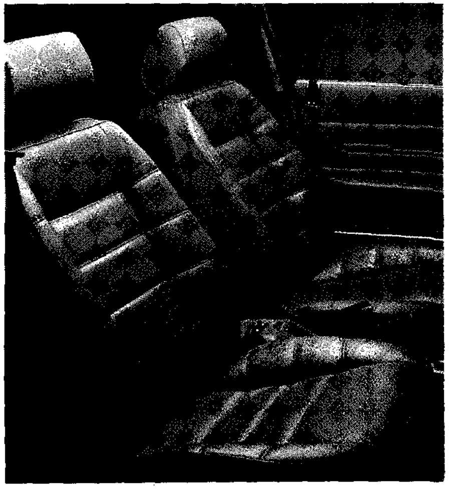
It is larger than the best-selling American, European, or Japanese wagons. Yet, uncannily, it handles exactly like a sedan.

Small wagons are sort of cute. But, as Mom ("The Chauffeur") ruefully discovered, it takes a heap of wagon to hold all her members of the boom-and-blast brigade. And the sousaphone. And the trombones. And the earthquake drum.

After sizing things up with a critical eye, Mom went for the big new Peugeot wagon. Which has almost 80 cubic feet of cargo space—absolutely flat, uncluttered space. And can tote over half a ton of whatever.

Since then she's discovered a few things about the Peugeot that she *didn't* expect. The back seat, for instance, is higher than the reclining seats up front. That's so Peugeot could give the passenger in the middle a nice, thick, deep seat to sit in; no one rides third class in a Peugeot. And there's not a single spring in any of the seats—springs are too bouncy for Peugeot's taste. In their place is expensive polymerized foam, which produces armchair-like seats that have been described as "almost sinfully comfortable." The Peugeot is very definitely a wagon for comfort of body.

It's also a wagon for comfort of mind. This is one big wagon that is designed *not* to wag its tail clumsily from side to side. More than one person has remarked that you'd never know it was a wagon at all if you didn't look over your shoulder and see all that space back there.



A wagon that handles like a sedan should be as comfortable as a sedan. Seats of soft, supple leather are available at extra cost in the 505 S.

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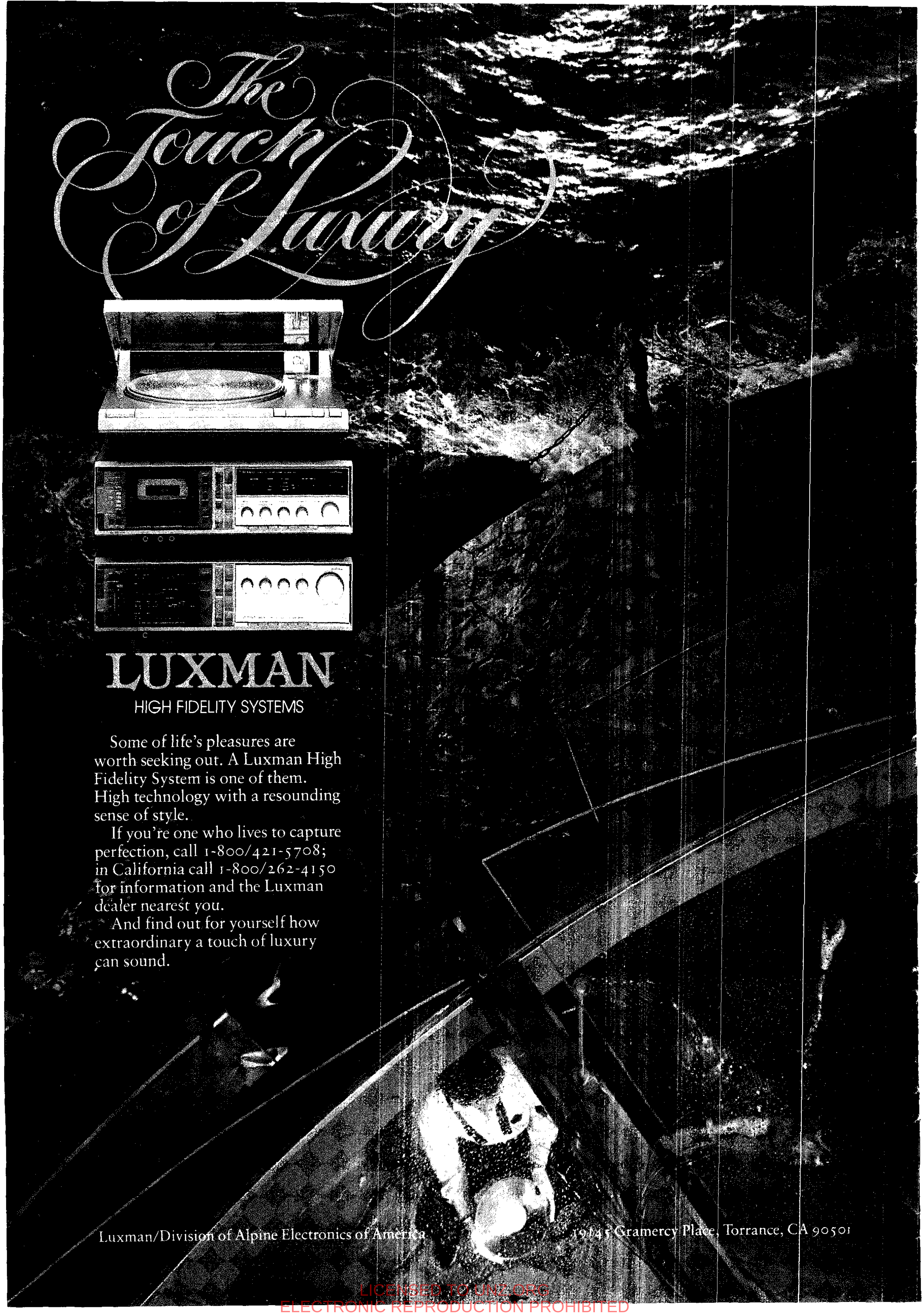

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Luxman/Division of Alpine Electronics of America 19145 Gramercy Place, Torrance, CA 90501 touch.' Our subsequent arguments, of which there were many, had to do with just *how* personal a touch I was giving it. The 'woman,' of course, was a masterstroke of Anne's. As for that dollar sign in the title, no sweat about the small stuff. It never fails to astonish me, as a former print journalist, that one of the questions people ask me most, in person or by mail, is 'Do you write your own commentary?' Why should they ask? When I was a correspondent for the *Sun*, the paper tended to let articles run long—twenty-five hundred words or so. People never wanted to know whether or not I wrote my articles, but as soon as I got to ABC and began doing ninety-second reports I began to be asked 'Do you write your own stuff?' My stock reply was, and is, 'Whose stuff do you think I write?'

"My father, who now lives in White Plains, frequently gives me his views of 'Wall Street Week.' He is, I like to think, a dispassionate observer of the program, whose comments are objective. That is to say, he likes it. He often offers parallels between the financial events we deal with and events that he remembers from the twenties or thirties. Of course, his medium was print rather than television. But he's not the sort who says, 'There hasn't been any decent journalism since they gave up the green eyeshade.' "

—JOHN BROOKS

•

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What Eller *should* be working on is a womb that doesn't make any noise.

•

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AROUND CITY HALL

PEREGRINATIONS

THE popular message of song, story, and Convention Bureau press release here is that New York is the town that *all* enterprising outlanders beat a path to if they want to be among life's winners. Still, there are times when an appropriate local musical theme would sound more like a recessional, and that's the way things have often gone lately. The Census Bureau reported in September that, according to preliminary figures, New York State, which in 1970, after a hundred-and-sixty-year reign, lost its place as the most populous state to California, by 1990 would fall to third place in the national lineup, after Texas, and by a decade later would be fourth, after Florida. Even if the share of the state's residents who live in this city remains at just over forty per cent—not, in fact, likely, since in the seventies the rate of loss here was nearly three times that of the state as a whole—the city's population by the end of the century would be under six million for the first time since the nineteen-twenties. However, if a New York mayor in the nineties follows the example of Mayor Edward Koch—who may well be that mayor himself, since he is already raising funds for a third-term race in 1985 and has said he might run for a fourth term four years later—there will be a time lag before City Hall feels obliged to face the full extent of its reduced circumstances: though the census put the 1980 population here at just over seven million, Koch, who believes that there was an egregious undercount, refers routinely to "the city's seven and a half million people." There is no dispute over the fact that in 1967 New York was the headquarters for a hundred and thirty-nine of the *Fortune* 500 companies, and that the total is now down to sixty-six. Quite a few of the defectors are shifting to the Sun Belt, including the publishing house of Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, which last year moved most of its two thousand employees to California and Florida. At the annual Fifth Avenue book fair, a few weeks ago, the Mayor did what he could. He stopped at many of the booths and warned the publishers' representatives that if they left New York "your books won't sell." The recent news stories that report Los Angeles's problems in getting ready for the 1984 Olympics, and those of Dallas and San Francisco in preparing for the National Conventions of, respectively, the Republicans and the Democrats (who held their session here in 1976 and again in 1980), are reminders that New York will be in the distant bleachers for three of next summer's main events.

"I don't know how to thank you two. This has been the most profoundly moving evening of my life."

Further reminders of what is regarded here as disproportionate attention paid to other parts of the country are offered in the frequent seminars of New York's Democratic senator, Daniel Patrick Moynihan, in which he has noted, for example, that the annual Pentagon payroll in California is just under ten billion dollars, while that in New York is just under two billion. Late in July, at a press conference on the former aircraft carrier Intrepid, now permanently moored in the Hudson River off Manhattan, Secretary of the Navy John Lehman made the surprise announcement that city-owned land in Stapleton, on the northern edge of Staten Island, would be the home base of the Navy's Surface Action Group, a cluster of seven ships that includes the battleship Iowa. There was some speculation that the Reagan Administration had awarded the base to New York to avoid placing it in Boston, which had offered figures to show that locating it there would cost the Navy half as much, but which is also the home base of the Democratic Speaker of the House, Thomas O'Neill. Others thought that the Administration had in mind being helpful to New York's Republican senator, Alfonse D'Amato, who was all over the Intrepid, publicly expressing his joy at the development. "It means jobs, jobs, jobs!" he cried into the television cameras, putting the prospective jobs at nine thousand or so. "It's like bringing the Brooklyn Dodgers back home!" he said. Senator Moynihan's reward for his educational efforts was that he was not among the swarm of politicians at the ceremony, nor had he even been informed that it was to take place. Also uninformed, but happy, was Staten Island City Councilman Jerome X. O'Donovan, who called the Navy group's projected arrival "the best economic shot in the arm since World War II."

Certain New Yorkers who hadn't

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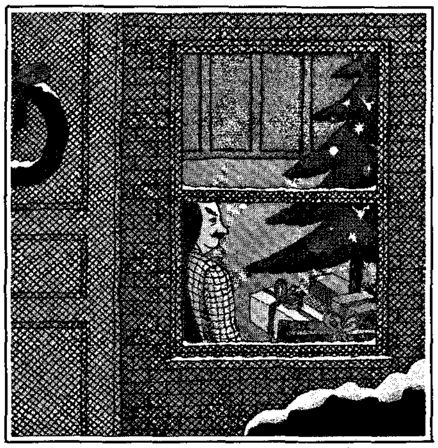
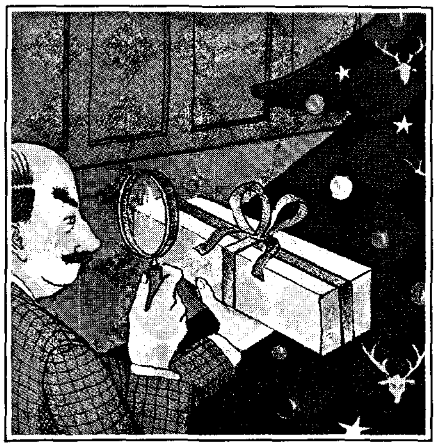
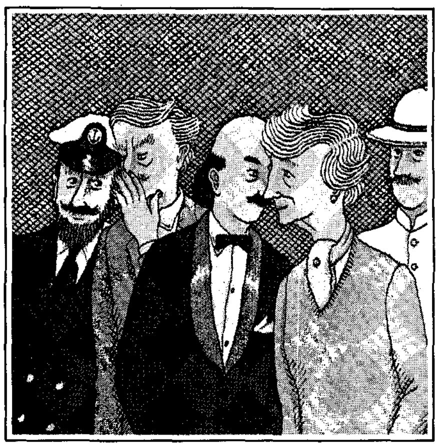
THE CASE OF THE HOLIDAY HOAX



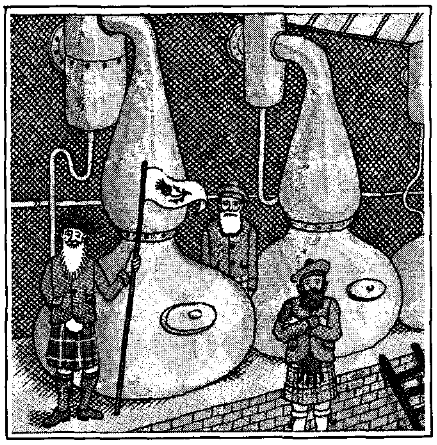
"Bah, humbug," I cried unseasonably as I surveyed the puzzling presents clustered 'round my tree. " 'Tis not the spirit *behind* the gifts that's mystifying me," I mused, "the haunting question is the spirit *in* them."



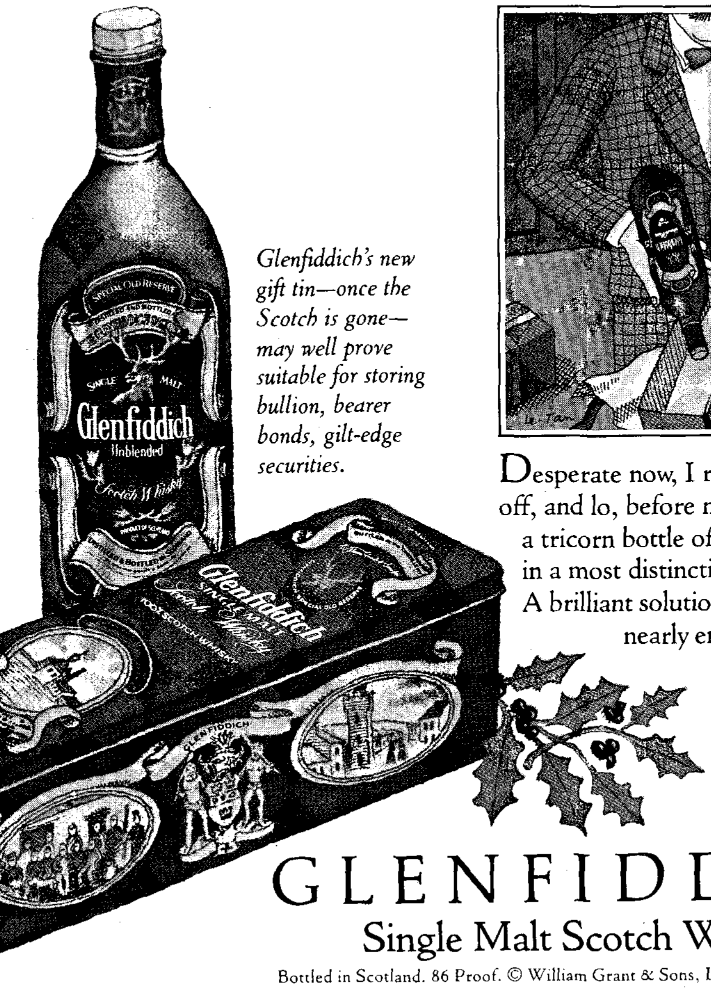
"Grand, glorious *Glenfiddich,* as my friends are well aware, remains the single Scotch I drink. Its famous bottle is triangular. And yet, without exception, all these packages are boxy, rectilinear, and unforgivably *square!*"



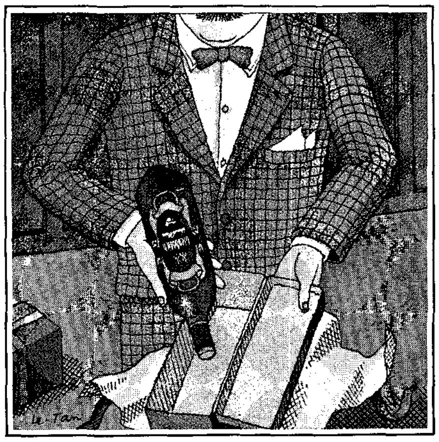
Despite the good will of the season, base suspicions filled my mind. "Was there a plot amongst my pals to put a *blended* Scotch beneath my tree? Had some cabal of cronies shared the sterling Single Malt among themselves?"



Then the horror of it struck me. "If my friends were not at fault, had the ancient copper stills worn out? Had Scottish Nationalists seized Banffshire? Was there no more *Glenfiddich* to be had?"



Glenfiddich's new gift tin—once the Scotch is gone—may well prove suitable for storing bullion, bearer bonds, gilt-edge securities.



Desperate now, I ripped the wrapping off, and lo, before my wondering eyes, a tricorn bottle of *Glenfiddich* nestled in a most distinctive, square tin box. A brilliant solution to a case that nearly ended in a bum wrap.

GLENFIDDICH®

Single Malt Scotch Whisky

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been invited on the Intrepid played the spoilsport by arguing that the permanent jobs, jobs, jobs could amount to no more than a few hundred and that these might well be filled by workers driving across the nearby Bayonne Bridge from New Jersey, where many of the Navy personnel might also find it handy to live and do their shopping. If so, this outcome would fit a pattern that many New Yorkers, particularly sports lovers, find increasingly ominous. In 1977, the Nets, of the National Basketball Association, gave up playing in the Nassau Coliseum, over the border from the Borough of Queens, and moved across the Hudson River to New Jersey—eventually, as the New Jersey Nets, ending up in the Meadowlands sports complex. This was not viewed as a severe loss, since New York still had a professional basketball team—the Knicks. However, in 1976, the New York Giants, of the National Football League, having abandoned Yankee Stadium, also moved to the Meadowlands, and a few weeks ago Leon Hess, who is the principal owner of the Jets, the city's remaining professional football team, announced that next season his team, too, would play there, forsaking Shea Stadium, in Queens. This means that New York City will have no professional football team, while New Jersey will have three: the Giants, the Jets, and the New Jersey Generals, of the new United States Football League. Most local residents may have adjusted to the shift of population and affluence from New York to the Sun Belt. But *New Jersey*?

"SAY IT AIN'T SO, JETS!" was the *Newsday* headline on September 29th, the day after the City Hall press conference at which the Mayor announced that Hess—whose income does not depend on season-ticket sales, since he is also the chairman of the Amerada Hess Oil Company, whose 1982 revenues were over eight billion dollars—had told him that no matter what the city did he would move his team to New Jersey. Whenever anything has gone wrong here this year, Koch critics have had the ready explanation that the Mayor let the problems of local government slide during most of last year, when he was distracted by his unsuccessful race for the governorship. At the press conference, fending off charges that he had not responded fast enough to Hess's long-standing and well-publicized complaints about the dilapidated condition of Shea Stadium—which

The many moods of wilroy

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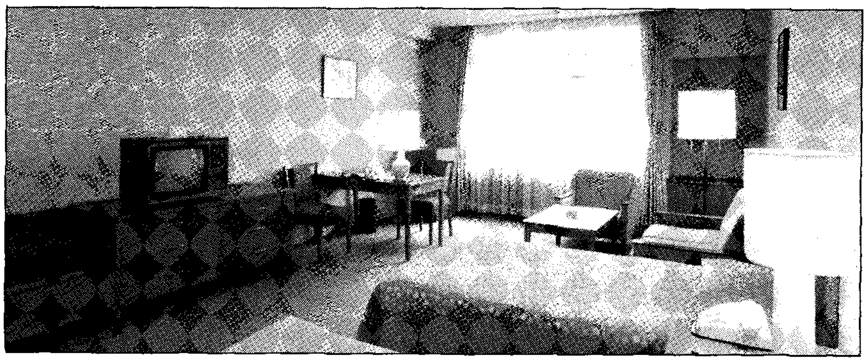
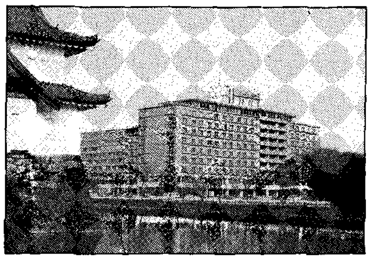
was built in the early sixties for the New York Mets and, according to Hess, had been described by the Mayor himself as "not suitable" for football—Koch told reporters that the city had offered to invest forty-three million dollars to improve it. Even with these improvements, however, Shea would lack many of the advantages of the Meadowlands alternative, including more than five thousand additional seats. Nevertheless, the Mayor said that Hess's decision had come to him as "a great shock." He may have been especially taken aback because Hess had been an enthusiastic Koch supporter and a substantial contributor to his political campaigns. Koch suggested to reporters that the oil-company executive was not angry at the city—or, of course, at its mayor—but had responded emotionally, partly because of his preoccupation with the condition of the stadium's bathrooms; indeed, with regard to Amerada Hess gas stations, Hess is well known in oil-company circles for his insistence on spotless rest rooms, an insistence for which the city's Parks Department, which maintains Shea, has not been well known. A reporter asked the Mayor if he was implying that Hess was in some way odd. "He's not at all odd. He's a billionaire," said Koch. It was the kind of sequitur that might occur to someone who the following week would be holding a fund-raising dinner ("Rack of Lamb Parsielle . . . Mousse au Chocolat Servi Dans Son Nid") for his 1985 reëlection campaign. At the dinner, on October 3rd, he raised an estimated nine hundred thousand dollars, at prices ranging from a thousand dollars for the "el cheapo seats"—as he described them—to twenty-five hundred dollars a plate for those seated close to the center of municipal power.

An overriding influence on the Reagan Administration's adventurous foreign policy in this hemisphere, in the view of many Washington commentators, is the determination that no one should be able to say that any country, however small, was lost to Communism on Reagan's watch. The day before the announcement about the Jets, in another local development calling for recessional music, the commodore of the Royal Perth Yacht Club accepted the America's Cup from the commodore of the New York Yacht Club, which had held the trophy for a hundred and thirty-two years. At a gathering of Democrats in Washington a few days later, Arizona Repre-





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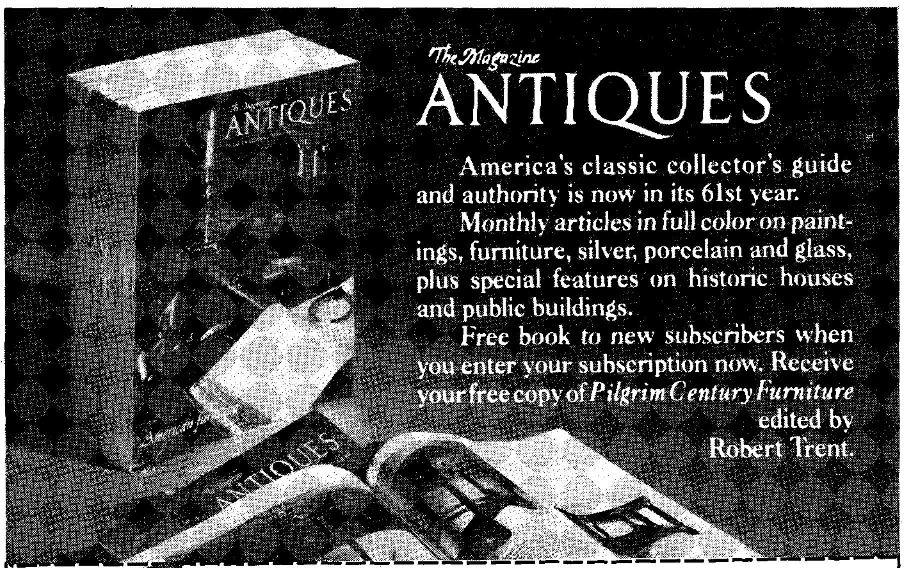

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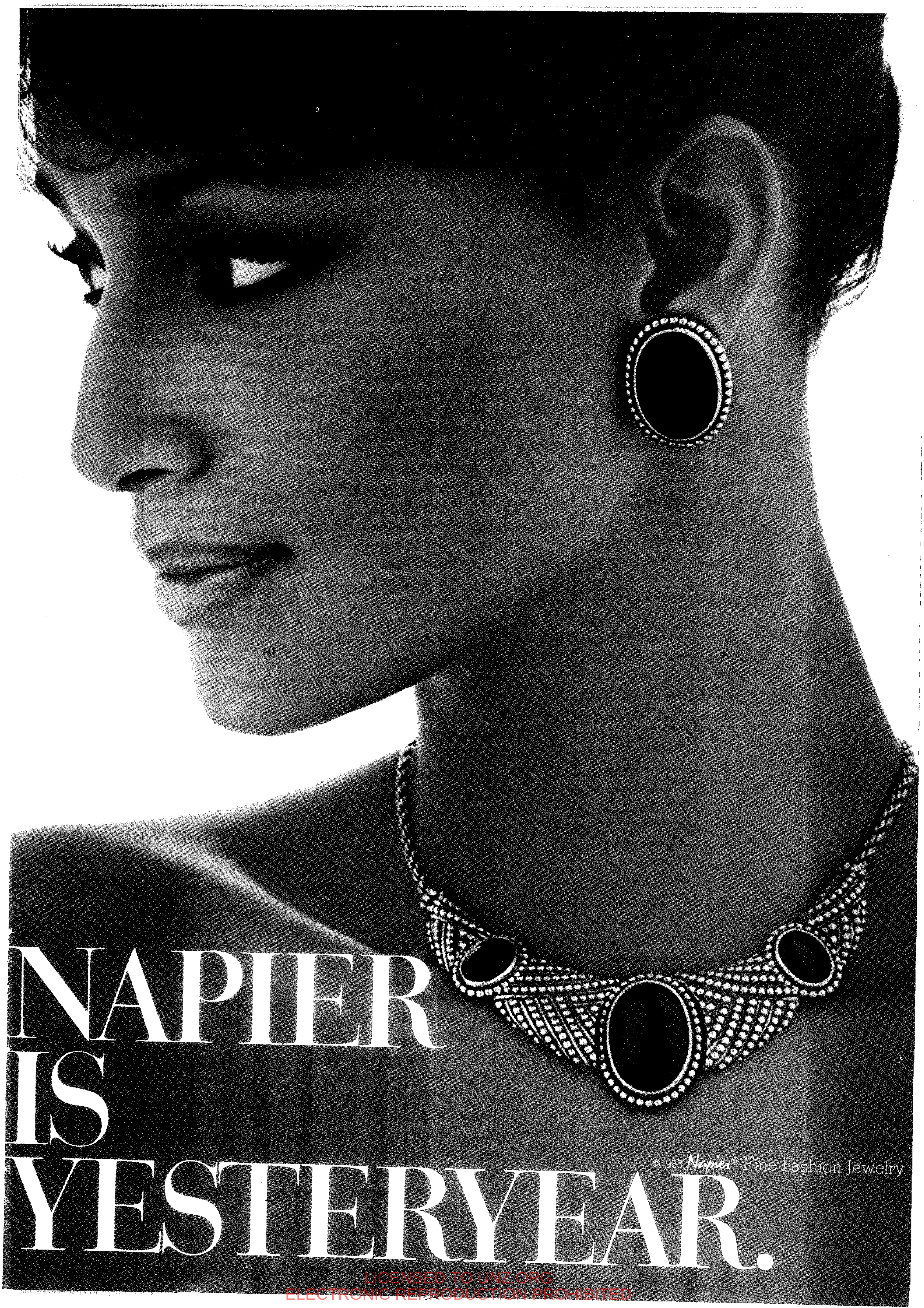
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sentative Morris Udall had a bit of fun pointing out that the America's Cup hadn't been lost on the Democrats' watch. Among politicians on the municipal level, the loss of a sports trophy or—much worse—a team is not considered anything to make jokes about. The impending move of the Jets set off a mournful enumeration of past defections. In feverish moments, some New Yorkers have been known to suggest that the city as well as organized baseball has never been the same since the terrible year of 1957, when both local National League teams left for California—the Giants for San Francisco and the Dodgers for Los Angeles. Last month, when Tommy Lasorda, the manager of the Dodgers, visited the White House pressroom after a luncheon with the President, there was a discussion of the possibility that Washington—where a burning question in some circles is whether even a national capital can consider itself a first-class city if it can't attract a major-league baseball team—might persuade some team to move there in the near future. Lasorda said that he hoped so but that he wouldn't be available to be its manager, because "the Dodgers are something special." The instant response of Bruce Drake, a White House correspondent for the *Daily News*, was "Not since they left Brooklyn." Last year, after the Madison Square Garden Corporation, which owns the Knicks and the New York Rangers, proposed to sell the Garden and move those teams out of town, the Koch administration hastily put together a package of real-estate breaks that kept the Garden and its teams here. Of the prospective departure of the Jets, a *Post* editorial said that if cities such as Green Bay and Tampa could have their own teams, "surely, so can New York City," and the *News* urged the city to do "everything within reason to bring another N.F.L. franchise here." At City Hall, Koch announced firmly that "New York will have a football team." Some Koch observers were bemused by the spectacle of his preoccupation with the indispensability of local athletic teams, recalling his grim expression when, on occasion, he has had to spend half an hour or so at baseball playoffs, tennis finals, and other events at which politicians' presence is considered obligatory. Asked by a reporter whether his interest in a new football team for the city had any relation to politics, the Mayor asked right back, "Don't you

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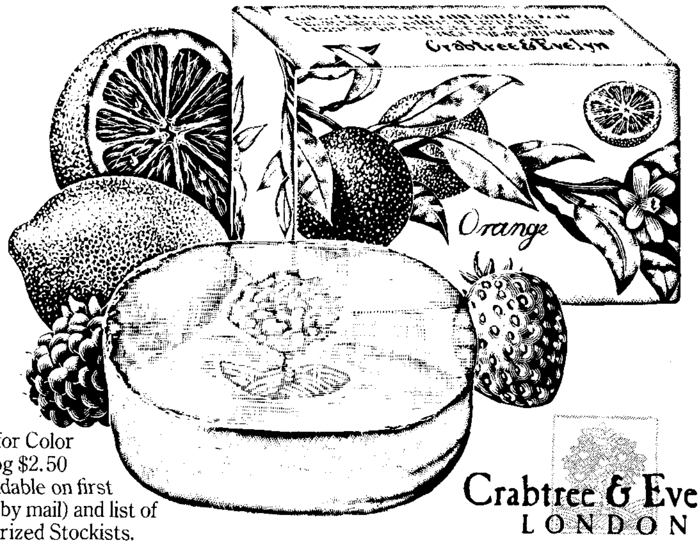

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ever do anything for principle?" He added, "This is an affair of the heart." Designated scouts, including former New York Governor Hugh Carey, were empowered to investigate the possibility of persuading one of several football teams, among them the Miami Dolphins, the Baltimore Colts, and the Philadelphia Eagles, to move here. Pointing out that New Yorkers are still resentful of the cities that local teams were lured to, a reporter asked the Mayor whether Philadelphians, for example, might not take as an unfriendly act his effort to swipe their team. Said the Mayor, "We would not consider it swiping. We would consider it an elevation." He further said that the city would consider it a fraud if Hess (as he later announced he would do) should continue to call his team the New York Jets—although the city had not entered any demurrers when the New York Giants kept that name after they crossed the river. "If New Jersey is so damned terrific, why are its new teams ashamed to put its name on them?" Beth Fallon wrote in her column for the *News*. "I am from the old school, and if you're leaving, don't leave your hat behind or take my name with you. When it's over, it's over."

The fact is that more than pride and nomenclature were involved. Asked to estimate the financial cost to the city of the Jets' removal, City Comptroller Harrison Goldin said that it would mean an annual reduction of thirty-three and a third million dollars in direct and indirect revenues. Some thought this estimate on the high side. Unofficially, the 1985 mayoral election is already under way, and Goldin, a probable candidate, may not be quick to play down the cost of the Jets' loss on Koch's watch. However, a probable non-candidate—Felix Rohatyn, the chairman of the Municipal Assistance Corporation—called the Jets' move symptomatic of New York's business losses to jurisdictions where taxes and energy costs are lower. This month, a subsidiary of the Commerce Clearing House, which has been providing services to the financial district here since 1913, announced that it was moving to Jersey City. The president of the company, noting that it would still be only a short distance from its old customers, said, "We'll have proximity, without the pain."

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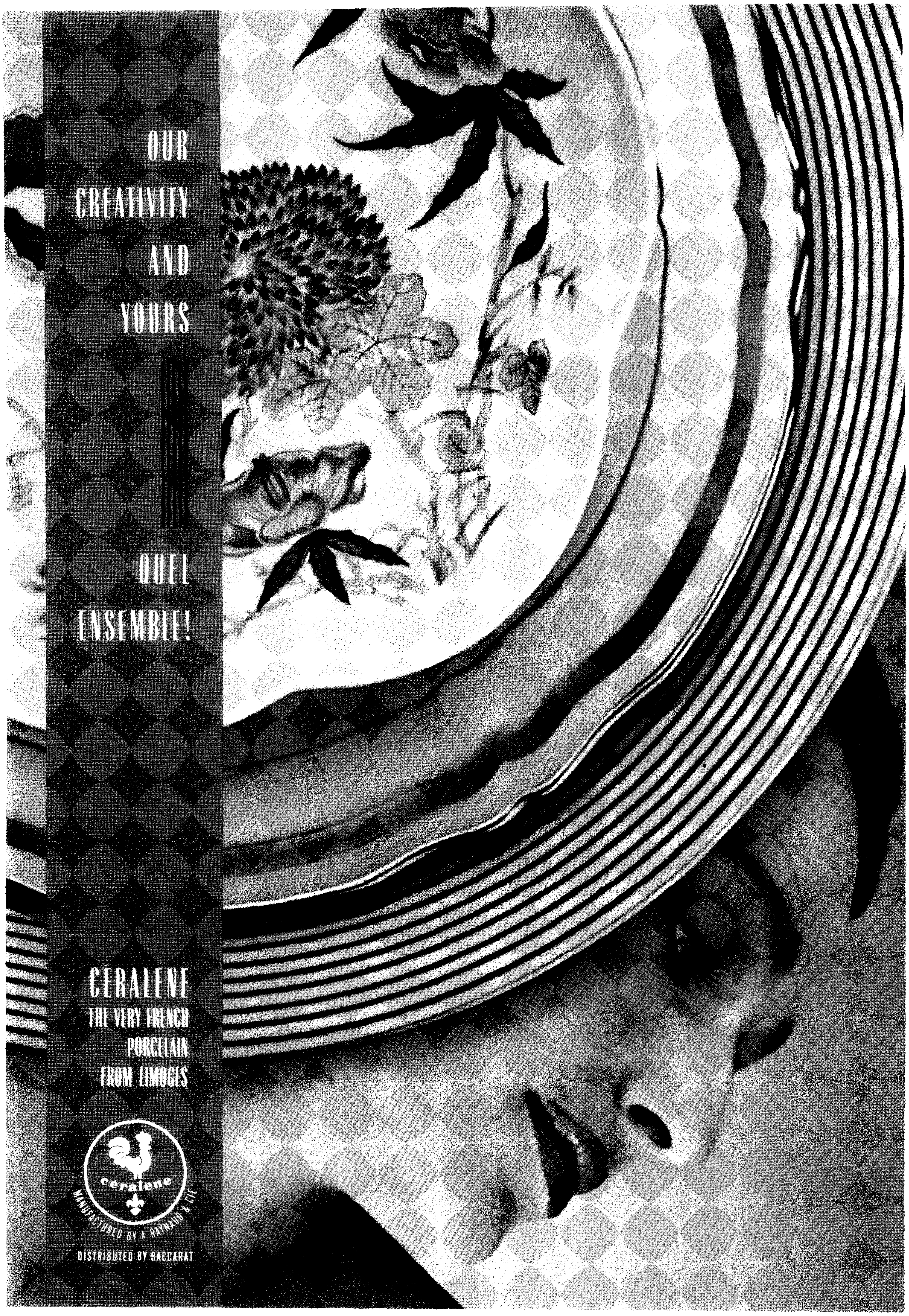
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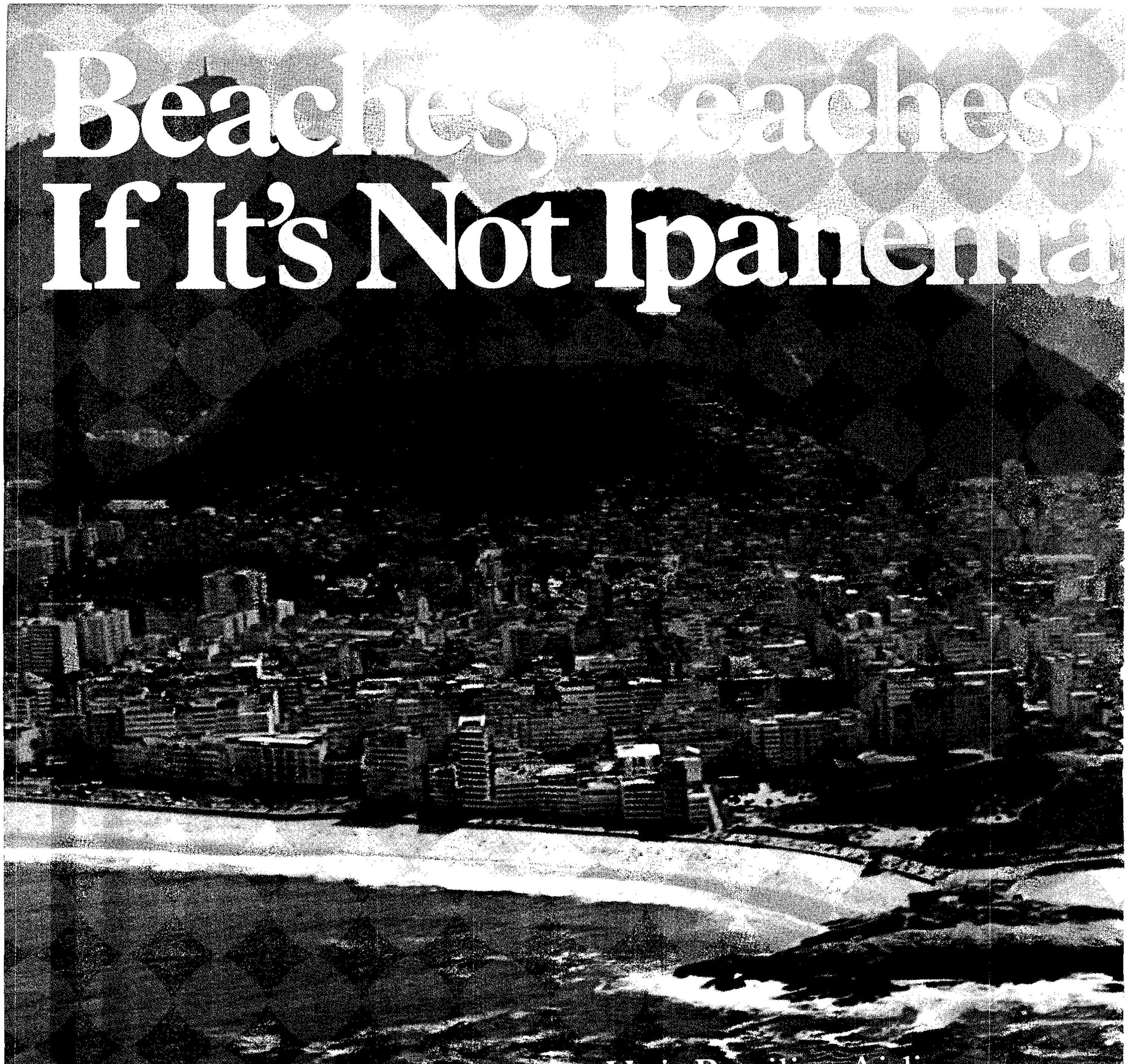

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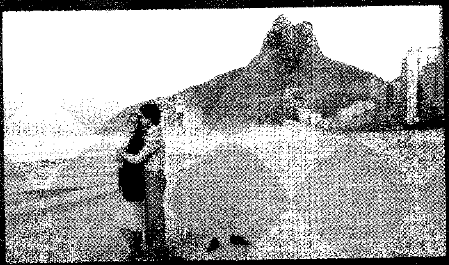

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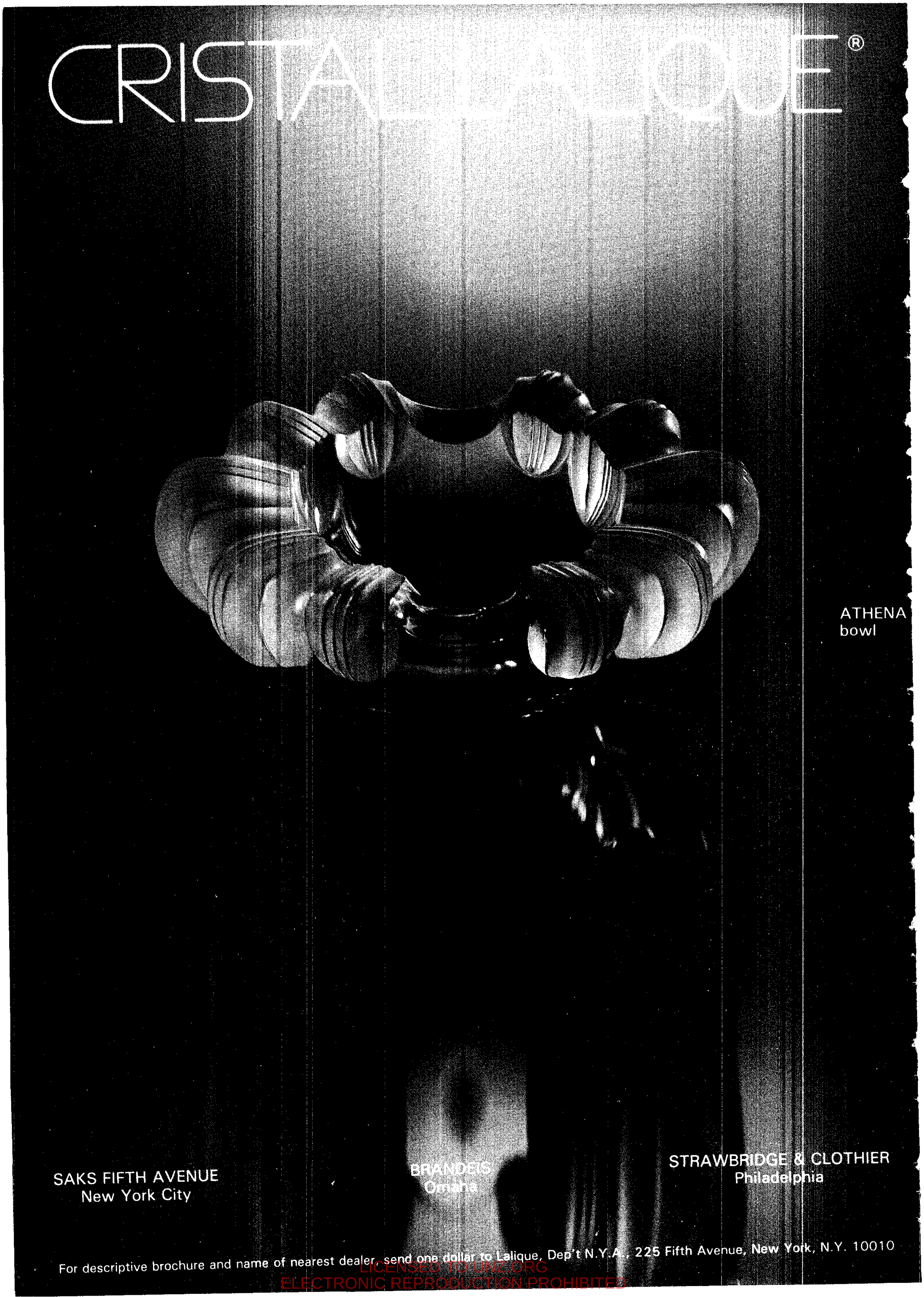
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For descriptive brochure and name of nearest dealer, send one dollar to Lalique, Dep't N.Y.A., 225 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10010 ment, the City Council, with the Mayor's enthusiastic support, unanimously passed a resolution calling for the building of a sports complex that, as Koch described it, would turn the city into the sports capital of the nation. In their shining tower on the East River, some United Nations diplomats who had thought themselves reasonably accustomed to the mores of the residents of their host city admitted to being confused by the local distress over the ignominious loss of a football team responsible for contributing thirty million dollars or so annually to New York's economy and by the City Council's eagerness to have hundreds of millions of dollars spent to convert the city into the nation's sports capital. They naturally contrasted these anguished responses with the equanimity that federal representatives as well as some New Yorkers displayed over the possible departure from the city of the U.N., which enriches the economy here by seven hundred million dollars a year and insures New York's being recognized as, in a sense, the capital of the world. After United States delegate Charles Lichenstein's suggestion, a few weeks ago, that it would be quite all right if that international body were to sail away from New York, President Reagan said this was in line with the sentiments of most Americans; certainly it reflected the view of this city's mayor, who early in 1982 spoke with favor of the possible exodus of the U.N., which he has frequently called "a cesspool," because of what he regards as its prejudiced treatment of Israel. It didn't help matters when he amended this view a few weeks ago by saying, "But then every country needs a cesspool." Koch had endorsed Reagan's recent proposal that the U.N. spend half of each year in Moscow, but he later said it would never happen, because the delegates know what life would be like there. "Have you ever tasted the food in Moscow?" he asked, making a terrible face. On one past occasion, the Mayor's moonlighting as a food critic got him into trouble. Not long before he decided to run for governor last year, he said that Albany had only one good restaurant and that living there would be a fate worse than death. This judgment, which was taken in the state capital and elsewhere as symbolizing New York City's snobbery toward the rest of the state, may have contributed to his loss of many upstate precincts in the gubernatorial primary. There were no political

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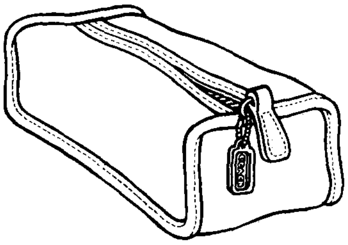

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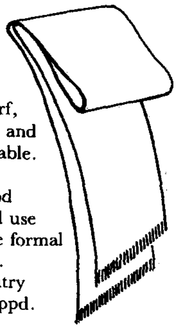

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repercussions when, last March, on his return from the Middle East, he told reporters at the airport that in southern Lebanon the Palestine Liberation Organization was deeply mistrusted and that "the food wasn't too good." U.N. personnel from other international cities, particularly Geneva and Vienna, which have good reputations for cuisine, have been lobbying for their cities to be New York's replacement. No one has proposed that the U.N. follow the Jets to New Jersey, although Owen Moritz, a *News* reporter, has suggested that some New Yorkers would take the international organization far more seriously if Leon Hess went before the Security Council with his complaint about inhumane conditions at Shea Stadium.

NOT everybody, of course, has been getting out of town or is being asked out; indeed, there is considerable traffic in the other direction. Although neither the Democrats nor the Republicans will select their 1984 Presidential candidate here, the city was the chosen Convention site of the Libertarians, the third-largest national party, whose 1980 candidate, Ed Clark, got nearly a million votes—four times the total of Barry Commoner's Citizens Party. The Libertarians met at the Sheraton Centre Hotel just before Labor Day and nominated David Bergland, a California lawyer, as their candidate. That same month, Vanessa Williams, Miss New York, won the Miss America title and also became the first black winner. (In a locally appreciated development, the runner-up, also black, was Miss New Jersey.) Later in September, as evidence that the city was halting the retreat of corporate headquarters to other areas, Kenneth Lipper, the deputy mayor for finance and economic development, leaked to reporters the news that the Mayor would soon be able to announce that a major American corporation that had been planning to move out of Manhattan to New Jersey would move instead to Brooklyn. The company had been persuaded to stay, Lipper explained, when the city offered it a combination of loans and tax incentives, and permission to negotiate payments of real-estate taxes. At a press conference two days later, the company was identified as Brink's. The president of Brink's said that the company had been promised numerous special benefits by the New Jersey Department of Commerce and Economic Development and by the mayor of Jersey City, and that

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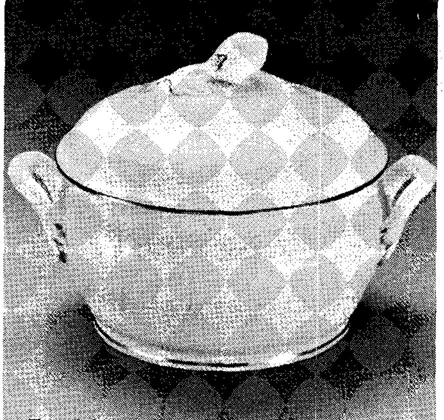

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he himself had had "serious discussions" of the matter with New Jersey Governor Thomas Kean. However, he said, Deputy Mayor Lipper had proved to be a wonderful salesman for New York, and Brink's would stay in the city. The New Jersey Department of Commerce and Economic Development later told reporters that it had not made the offers described, the mayor of Jersey City said he hadn't heard from Brink's in a year and a half, and Governor Kean said he had not had any discussions at all on the subject. Anyhow, there was little doubt that Brink's would be welcome in Brooklyn.

The incoming traffic here includes former Presidents of the United States. Although Richard Nixon sold his New York home and bought one in New Jersey a couple of years ago, his office is in downtown Manhattan, and he frequently turns up at local political and sports events. Early last month, another former President, Jimmy Carter, was also in town, making arrangements for Sotheby Parke Bernet's October 7th auction of donated items, which raised three hundred and twenty thousand dollars for the Carter Library and the Carter Center of Emory University, in Atlanta. At a large party given for the Carters three nights before the auction, Mayor Koch *was not present.* Referring to what he regarded as the Mayor's destructive actions in the 1980 campaign, Carter wrote in his memoirs, "With supporters like him, I didn't need any Republican opponents." The state director of the Carter-Mondale campaign in 1980 was Mario Cuomo, who did attend the party. During the evening, Carter told the guests, "The happiest moment of my life since I was elected President myself was when Mario Cuomo was elected governor of New York," which he called "our greatest state." Despite the former President's evident affection, however, in 1982 Cuomo had not asked Carter—by then the personification of the hapless political loser—to campaign for him, and last month's party was the first time the two men had met since Cuomo moved to Albany.

When another event in early October brought the seven announced candidates for the 1984 Democratic Presidential nomination to the city, Carter was not among the invited guests, although he was in town that evening. In accordance with a program proposed by Cuomo and Senator Moynihan, each of the candidates had

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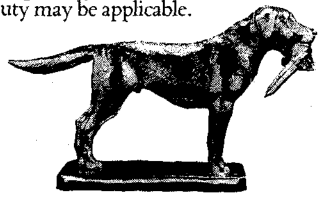
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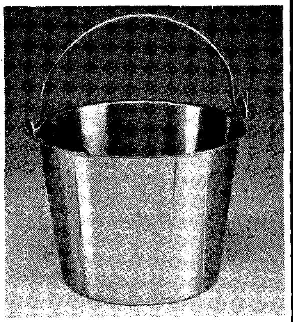
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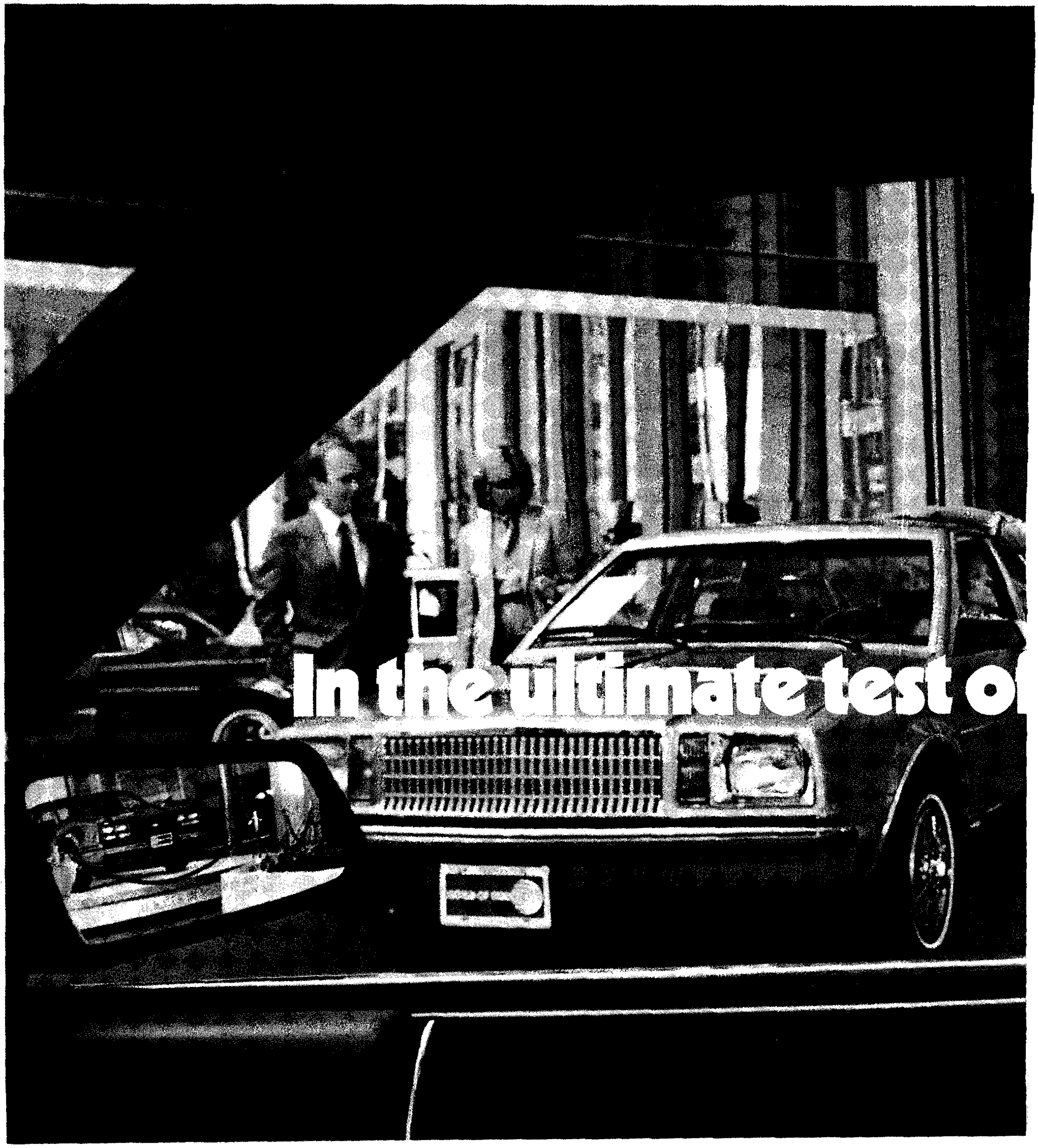

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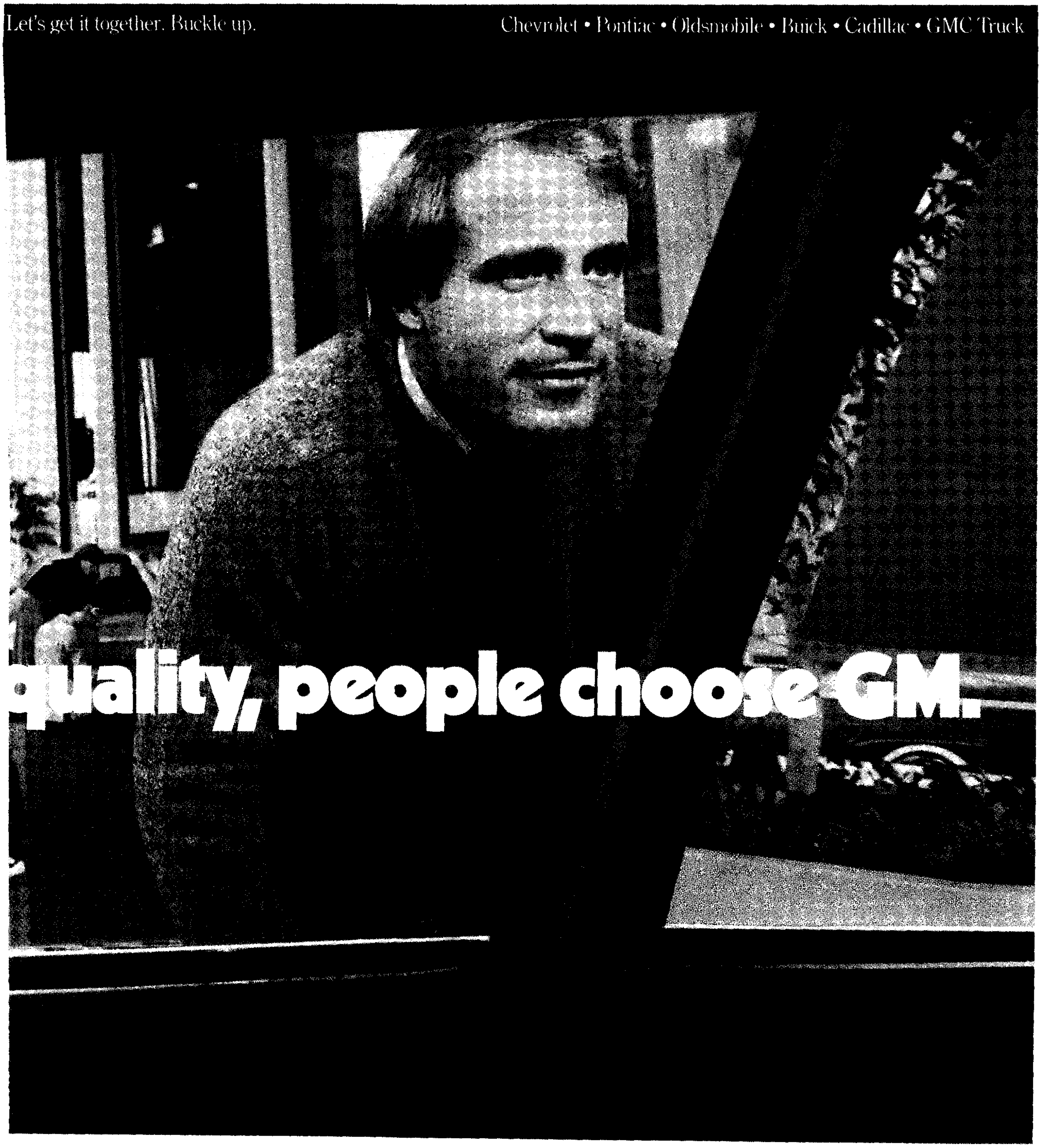
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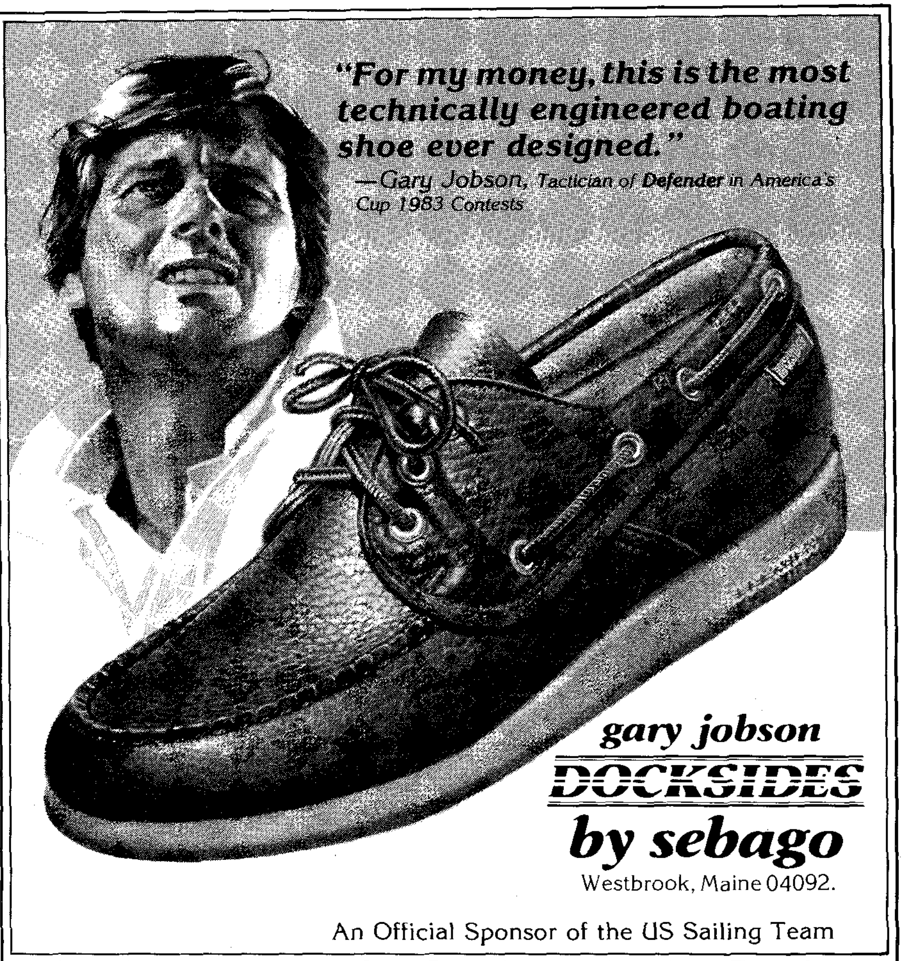
appeared at a forum in a different city in the state during the previous weeks. The seven then assembled at a grand finale in this city's Town Hall on October 6th. Cuomo had argued that it would increase the state's influence on the choice of candidate and on the eventual Party platform if, in a show of unity, leading New York Democrats were to hold off on endorsements until after the forum process, and most of them, including the Mayor, complied. Earlier in the year, it had been assumed that Koch was leaning toward Mondale (who he had suggested in 1980 should have been the Democratic candidate), and Cuomo was believed to be leaning in almost any other direction. The Governor's relationship with Mondale has been an uneasy one: despite Cuomo's efforts for the Carter-Mondale ticket, the former Vice-President did not take the risk of endorsing him in the gubernatorial primary—influenced, in Cuomo's view, by the impression that Koch was the certain winner. By the end of the series of forums, however, Cuomo had been won over, and on October 13th he and Moynihan endorsed Mondale.

The Governor's choice had been the subject of considerable speculation among Washington political writers, and the joint endorsement was featured on television's evening news programs. In the Washington *Post*, an account of it, illustrated by a four-column picture, occupied much of the second page. It was not considered so newsworthy in the endorsers' home-town paper. Unlike Koch, Cuomo is not a big favorite of the *Times* editors. Late last month, the Governor and the Mayor, together with other New York politicians, gave a luncheon for out-of-state members of Congress. The purpose of the affair, which was paid for by private corporations here, was to encourage a favorable attitude among the legislators toward the concerns of the state. The account in the *Times* stressed the widespread interest among the representatives in getting to know the state's new governor. However, the picture that illustrated the *Times* story showed not Cuomo and Koch with their congressional guests but the Mayor in the buffet line, just ahead of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Rangel—New York Representative Rangel being one of the Mayor's harshest critics in the black community. Whether or not this was what the *Times* had in mind, one could interpret the picture as a helpful



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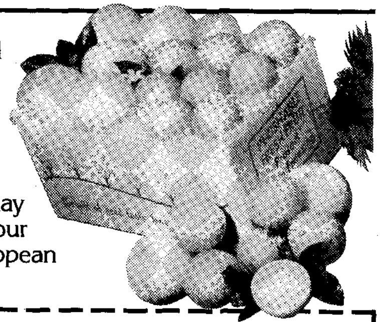

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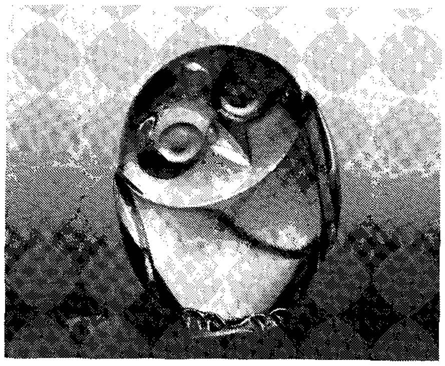

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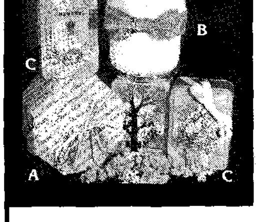

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demonstration that Koch's relationship with local black leaders may be more friendly than his critics allow. (On the other hand, in view of another recent event the last thing Koch *may have welcomed was a picture of himself in a chow line.)* When the Mayor flew out to San Francisco late this summer to outline for the Democratic Presidential candidates *how to conduct winning campaigns*—his advice, in essence, was to turn more to the political right—it was front-page news in the *Times.* The endorsement of Mondale by the state's governor and senior senator was covered in a story, about two-thirds the size of the one in the Washington *Post*, that appeared on the fifth page of the *Times'* metropolitan section, which concentrates on local and suburban news.

FEW here were surprised when the Mayor announced that he would be going out of town for several days last month to attend the Great Cities of the Americas Conference in San Juan, with a stop in the Dominican Republic. It was not described as a therapeutic trip, but the truth is that although over a year has passed since Cuomo defeated him in the gubernatorial primary, Koch does not seem to have bounced back from this event that threw his career so severely off balance. It stays with him like a lingering political megrim that no remedy can ease for more than a short time. When he made his ritual visit to a city classroom on the first day of school this year, he chose a kindergarten class (where he could count on a cheerier and more photogenic prospect and less troubling questions from accompanying reporters than in a class in the high-school system, where the dropout rate is forty-five per cent). As he sat down with the crayoning children, he remarked that he had never gone to kindergarten. "If I had gone to kindergarten," he told the bewildered five-year-olds, "I might have been governor."

Another reason the Mayor may have welcomed a change of scene is the increasing number of occasions when he is booed by his constituents as he moves around town. In September, at a hearing of a congressional subcommittee studying charges of police brutality in the city, the Mayor's name was booed nearly every time it was mentioned. He was booed when he attended a ceremony in a new high school in Chelsea, and at the opening of a shelter for the homeless in Brooklyn. The rude response does not neces-

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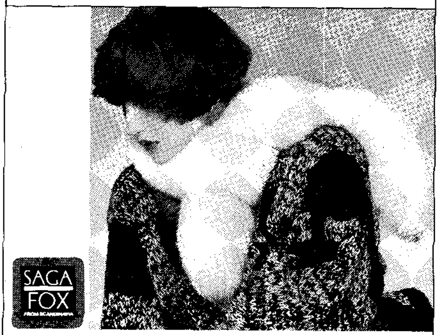

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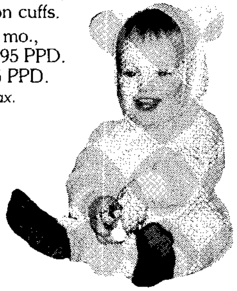

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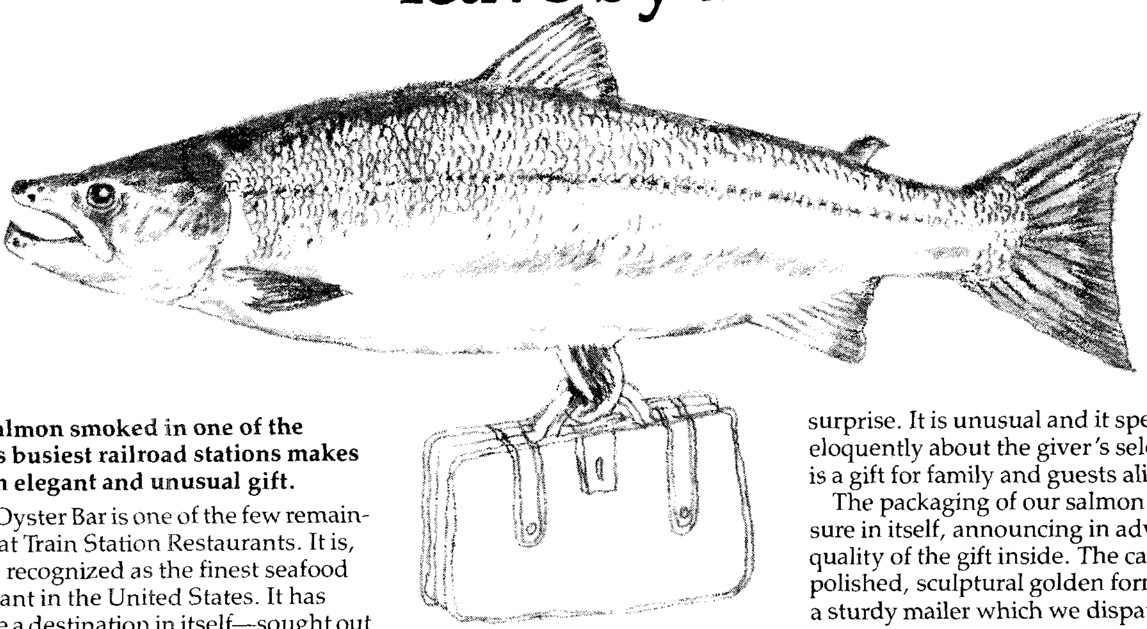

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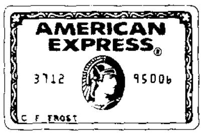

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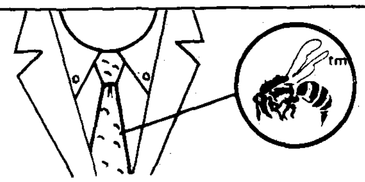

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sarily reflect a growing unpopularity; it may have to do with the relative imminence of the 1985 election, in which his opponents, who undoubtedly have friends among the booers, now believe they have a chance to defeat him. Still, compared with the political euphoria of much of his first term, when he was seen as invincible and his apparent citywide popularity was a source of great pride and jubilation at City Hall, Koch understandably finds the change hard to adjust to.

The Mayor was not booed when he went on a late-September walking tour of St. Albans, Queens. Koch has often said that when he makes such forays in the city, nearly everywhere he goes, whether the area is predominantly black or white, he is well received. This proves, he says, that the reputed bitter mistrust of him among members of minority groups is the cynical creation of a few malcontent demagogues. If the Mayor's view is, to a degree, a delusion, the mistake may not be his fault. During his tour of St. Albans, whose residents are largely middle-class blacks, he spoke to a number of people on the street and met with about two dozen at the home of a local community-board member. To accompanying reporters, he pointed out, correctly, that all those he met had been friendly—that there was "no hostility." Two *News* reporters, Arthur Browne and James Harney, stayed behind after he left, and interviewed the people he had spoken with. Asked what they thought of the Mayor, they answered, almost without exception, that, in his years at City Hall, he had not been fair or tolerant or responsive where blacks were concerned, that he had been a divisive influence in the city, that they didn't think much of him or had nothing good to say about him. The reporters asked them why, if they were so deeply critical of the Mayor, they hadn't told him so. "Sometimes they are in awe of position," explained the woman whose home Koch had visited. "They are reluctant to say what they really feel." If you have spent nearly all your adult life in the raucous and unruly political arena, it is possible to forget that most people, when they are introduced to a celebrated stranger on the street or in the home of friends, tend to politely mind their manners.

At the Presidential candidates' forum on October 6th, members of the audience were for the most part quite polite, passing out applause for the contenders with a relatively even

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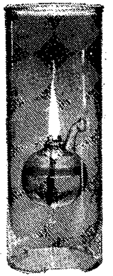

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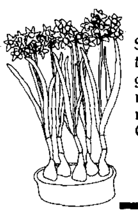

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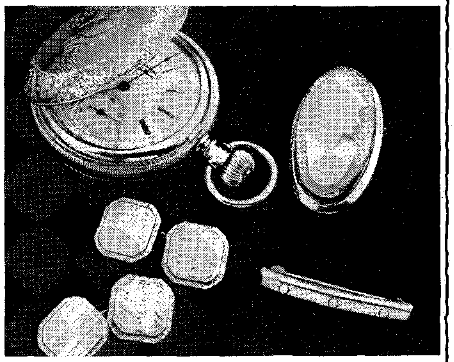

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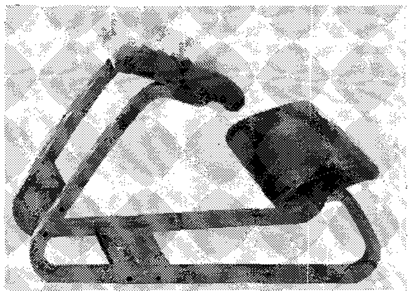
hand. Cuomo spoke at the beginning and Moynihan at the end. At intervals throughout the proceedings, the candidates expressed their thanks to the two men and to the chairman of the State Democratic Committee, who oversaw the event. Koch's name was not mentioned until almost the end of the evening, in which he had been given no role. Many had not expected him to attend, but he did, sitting prominently in the middle section of the auditorium. In his summary, former Florida Governor Reubin Askew, who had paid a courtesy call on Koch a few weeks earlier, saluted not only Cuomo and Moynihan but "the distinguished mayor of this city." The response of the Mayor's fellow-Democrats, in his own city, was a smattering of boos and hisses.

Food, of course, is a consolation. Three days after the forum, the Mayor commemorated the eve of the Columbus Day holiday by having dinner at an Italian restaurant, where, as he later put it, he "gorged" himself. (*Spaghettini with olive oil and garlic*, veal parmigiana, and cheesecake, washed down with wines, including Brunello di Montalcino of Castelgiocondo.) At the meal's end, he had a brief fainting spell. "The Mayor is down!" was the message sent out over police circuits throughout the city, bringing squad cars and ambulances to the scene. However, the Mayor returned in his own car to Gracie Mansion, and subsequent tests indicated that the episode was nothing serious. A few days later, a band of demonstrators picketing City Hall seized the opportunity to commemorate the occasion of the Mayor's having eaten too much. Representing the Coalition Against Hunger, they carried an effigy of a starving woman and shouted to passersby, "Poor people pass out from *hunger!*"

That same week, in an interview with George Arzt, of the *Post*, the Mayor complained that his old friend Mondale had not stepped forward to defend him against the New Yorkers' boos at Town Hall. The endorsement of the former Vice-President by Cuomo and Moynihan had presented Koch with another problem: if he should follow suit he would be one more face in the crowd of New York Democrats in Mondale's corner. Plans were under way for Koch to meet with Senator John Glenn, for whom the Mayor's credentials with the Jewish community would be of substantial value. "It depends on how nice Walter

ACHING BACK?



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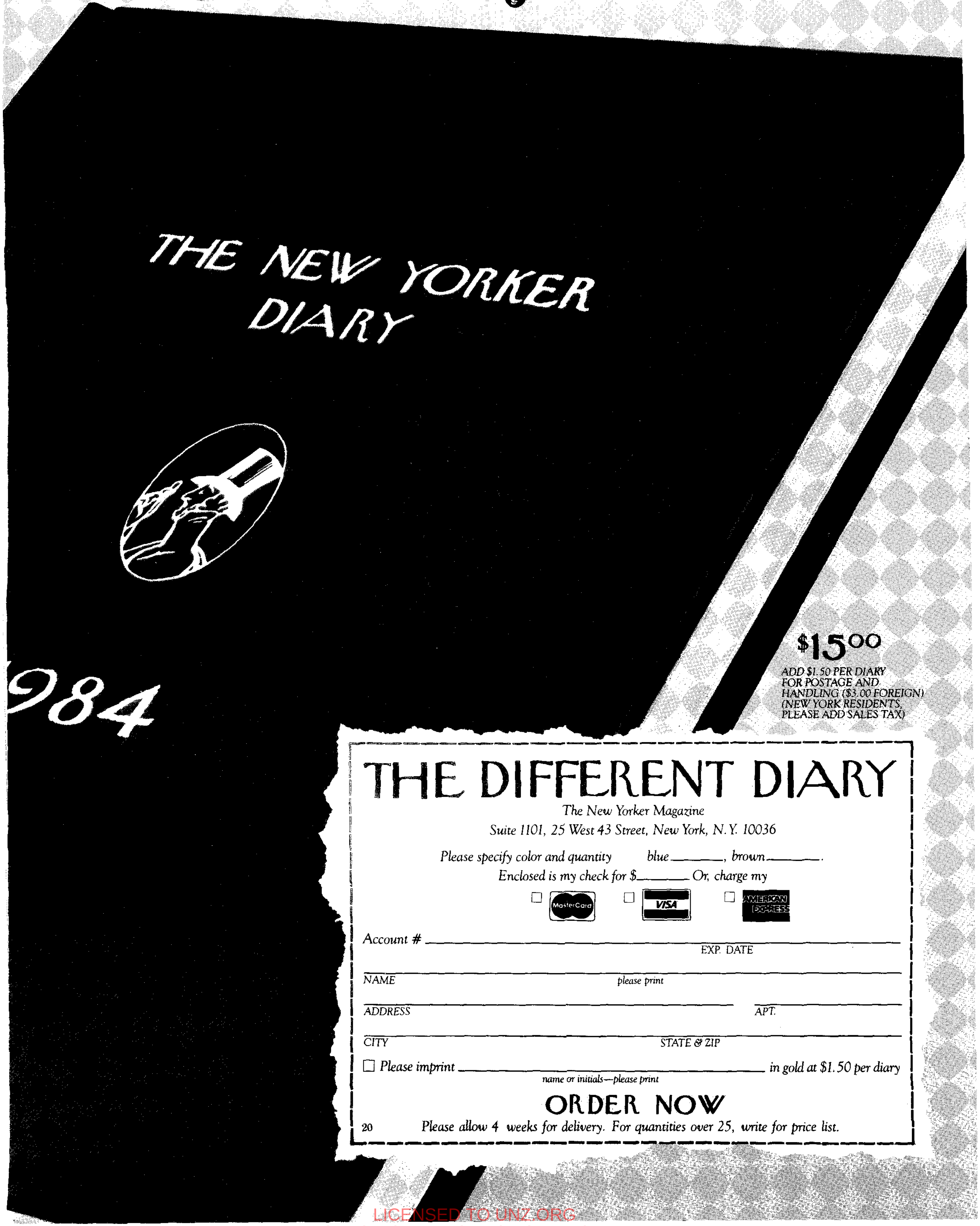

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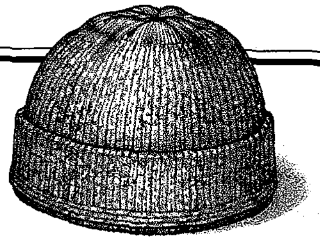

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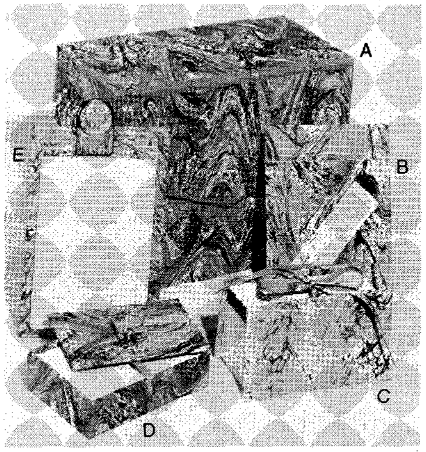

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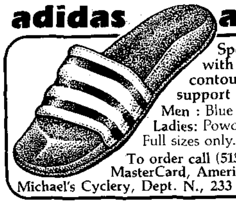

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Mondale is to Ed Koch," one of the Mayor's political advisers explained to Arzt. If Koch were to peel off on his own, it would allow him to cut more of a figure on the national scene. But it would doubtless be seen as a hostile move by Cuomo, who, like the Mayor, is a famous grudge-bearer. And Koch will badly need the popular Governor's help, particularly with liberal and minority-group voters, in the 1985 mayoral campaign.

Fortunately, the Mayor's recent trip to the Caribbean went well. Crowds bearing banners with his likeness cheered him in the streets of the Dominican Republic. While he was in San Juan, he invited the mayor of that city to dine with him on Peking duck in New York's Chinatown, and he had a gratifying encounter with the mayor of Managua, Nicaragua, Samuel Santos López, which caused the *Times* to print a picture of him squaring off with the bearded Sandinista politician. Only those who read to the bottom of the *Times* account of the event, by Michael Goodwin, learned that the meeting had been a staged affair. The two men had had a brief discussion at breakfast, and reporters, pouncing on this distraction from an otherwise dull event, had asked the two to meet again in the press center at the Caribe Hilton, where the photo session then took place. During the exchange, whose tone was in fact quite friendly, Santos López accused the United States of shipping arms to the enemies of the government of Nicaragua, while Koch accused Nicaragua of shipping arms to leftists opposed to the government of El Salvador. The Mayor suggested to reporters that the meeting resembled the 1959 "kitchen debate" in Moscow between Vice-President Nixon and Nikita Khrushchev—not necessarily implying, of course, that it meant he would end up in the Oval Office. The picture in the *Times* was on the front page and was three columns wide. On his return, the Mayor, all smiles, seemed almost as good as new and ready to face up boldly to the crises that confront a municipal leader, at home and abroad.

—ANDY LOGAN

•

CONSTABULARY NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From the police blotter in the Boothbay Harbor (Maine) Boothbay Register*]

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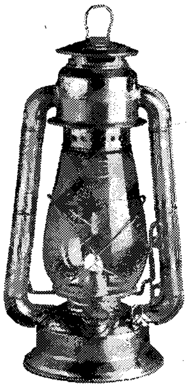

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

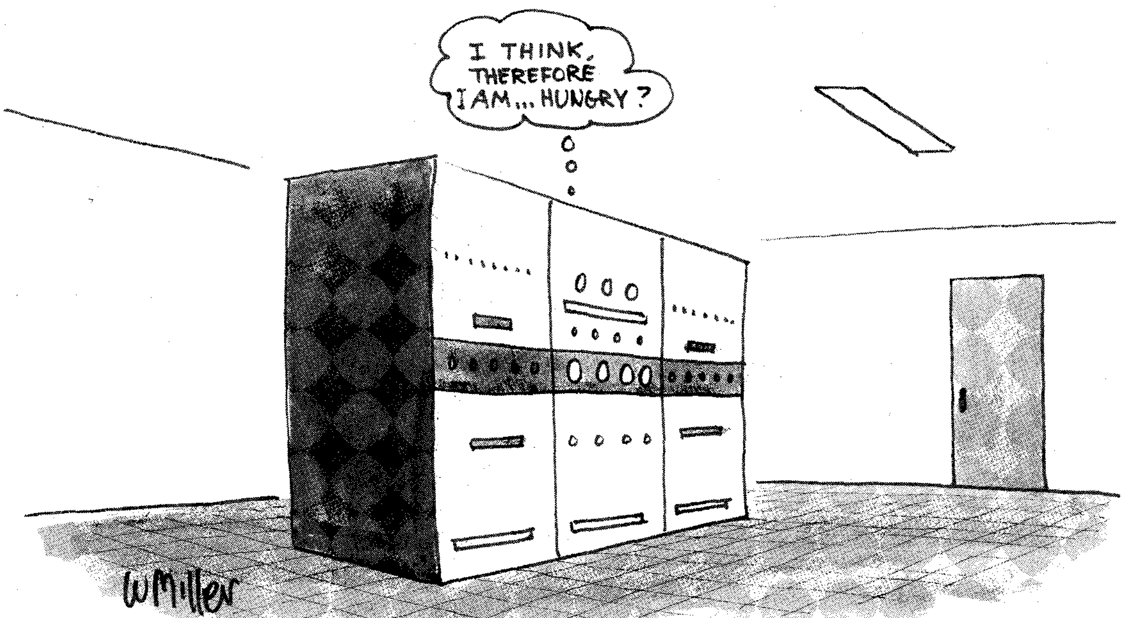
Hair

"Heart Like a Wheel" is a biographical movie about the drag racer Shirley Muldowney, who has won the National Hot Rod Association World Championship three times. The director, Jonathan Kaplan, and the writer, Ken Friedman (associates from their days at New York University), don't glamorize their heroine—played by Bonnie Bedelia—or try to turn her into a feisty, female Rocky. The film is an open-eyed look at what it cost Shirley Muldowney to win out over men in what was previously considered the domain of macho daredevils. And the feeling of authenticity that it gives you is likably modest and sensible. Kaplan gets his details right; the blue-collar people on the screen appear to be accurately observed, without interpretation. "Heart Like a Wheel" is the type of B picture in which the characters say flat, emotionally neutral things in situations that seem to call for hyperventilating excitement. This kind of affectlessness is sometimes praised as realism and as art. But there's also a cost that Kaplan and Friedman pay: the film's "objective" surfaces don't yield much to us beyond the facts of the characters' lives. "Heart Like a Wheel" has a B-picture sensibility. That's what's good about it, and that's what makes it not good enough. What's on the screen is like the raw material for a terrific movie, but if you try to assemble it in your head you may discover that there's an awful lot missing.

At the opening, the child Shirley—perhaps four or five—is in a car with her father, the honky-tonk singer Tex Roque (Hoyt Axton), who is casually speeding on back roads. She feels carsick, and he knows how to cure her. He puts her on his lap, and, with his big, burly arms around her, she takes the wheel; when she gets the sense of controlling the movement, she feels better—she loves it. When the car hits a bump in the road, it seems to fly through the air; she's exhilarated and he's gleeful as they ride together over the dark asphalt. The film jumps ahead about twelve years, to 1956. Bonnie Bedelia is Shirley as a sixteen-year-old Schenectady high-school girl marrying a gas-station attendant, Jack Muldowney (Leo Rossi), a tall, well-built hot-rodder who's a whizbang mechanic and dreams of having his own garage. Shirley is at the wheel when they speed away from the church, and soon afterward the slender, delicate-looking bride picks up a drag-racing challenge that the groom doesn't think he can handle, and, driving his car, she wins.

The movie is about Shirley Muldowney's involvement with cars and men. And since it's a rare sport in which a woman competes directly with men, the picture has unusual overtones. In the years of her marriage, Shirley works as a waitress, and Jack, who works in a filling station, tools up the cars she races. They have a son, who goes along with them to the small-town competitions. It's a close family, with Jack apparently proud of his wife's driving ability—until she wants to move into the world of big-time professional racing. He thinks she's making a fool of herself, and accuses her of neglecting him and the boy, and then, fed up (and drunk), he smashes her dragster. That's the end of the marriage: they grapple and hit each other, and, with the child watching from an upstairs window, she clonks him on the head with a hefty flashlight and takes off.

The movie sticks to a biographical format, observing her progress year by year as she joins up with a champ, Connie Kalitta (Beau Bridges), wears hot pants as her trademark, and becomes a racing star, known as Shirley "Cha Cha" Muldowney. Her adolescent son (Anthony Edwards) works as part of her crew, and when she breaks with Connie she goes on alone (with the son, now full grown). The biographical material could have used more shaping, but the film is engrossing all the way through. Kaplan doesn't appear to have the sureness in domestic scenes that he has in the outdoors. The Oedipal mysteries that are hinted at seem a bit too symmetrical: when Shirley's son breaks in on a fight she's having with Connie, the three bodies become entangled, and the son (perhaps unconsciously trying to keep his mother from leaving him again) hits Connie with a wrench. Kaplan, a graduate of Roger Corman's action school, who directed seven earlier pictures and four for TV, is much more confident in the racetrack scenes, especially after Connie and Shirley, having broken up, compete against each other (and our emotions are divided). While the movie was going on, I kept mulling over Shirley Muldowney's life, thinking that with just a twist here and there she would come across as a mean bitch who sacrifices the men who love her just for the satisfaction of winning races. And I respected the fact that Kaplan and Friedman were making what appeared to be (and often felt like) a feminist movie about a working-class woman who was fighting men on their


I THINK, THEREFORE I AM... HUNGRY ?
W Miller

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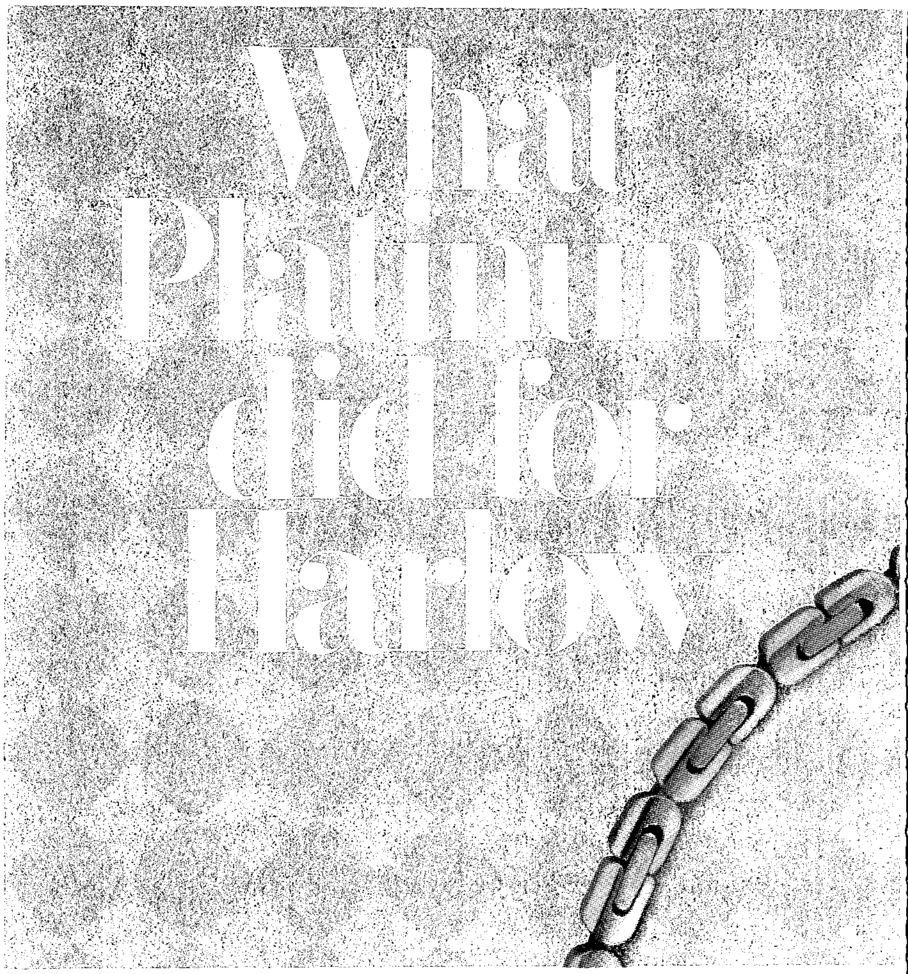
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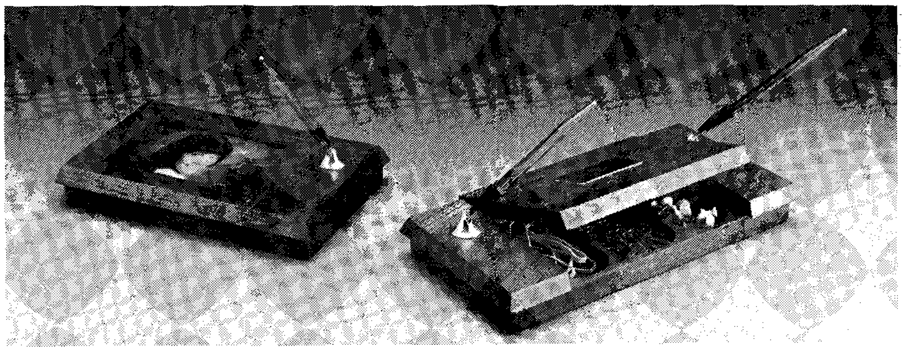

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own turf. Yet the picture left me feeling a little blank.

Bonnie Bedelia's role spans Shirley's life from sixteen to forty, and she's a highly competent actress, but I didn't know anything about Shirley Muldowney when the picture was over. I felt that I knew Beau Bridges' Connie Kalitta. Bridges brings a dazzling radiance to characters like this rowdy, all too lovable philanderer; he shows you the fellow's insides in the flash of a nervous smile. His Connie is a stocky, blobby guy who's totally impulsive; he makes sense as a drag racer. Shirley doesn't. Why would a wary, suspicious person—a planner and pusher who thinks everything out—become addicted to a suicidal sport that takes place in five-to-six-second bursts of activity? Connie lives on his instincts. After an accident in which Shirley has been badly injured, she comes to the track, and a man grabs her by the arm—the arm that has been burned. Connie goes completely ape. He lunges at the man, hitting him hysterically; you can feel his wanting to kill the guy for inadvertently giving her more pain. It's perfectly apparent that Connie loves Shirley and admires her; you can also see that he's a skirt-chaser who humiliates her without meaning to. She feels let down by him; he violates her monogamous standards. Yet his roving eye is part of his radiance; he's always true to himself—to his impulses. And he means to give pleasure. Sitting there, I couldn't fault him for being duplicitous, but I didn't have to live with him. (He's that real, that close.)

There was someone else in the movie I knew—Hoyt Axton's Tex Roque, who's earthy and congenial and doesn't want his daughter Shirley to be any man's victim. Axton is a marvellous, unforced actor. As Tex Roque, he has gusto in his canny eyes and grinning face; he loves the life he's living. That's part of what's missing from Bedelia's performance: her acting is so tightly controlled that she has no zest. (Her body never moves without her conscious consent.) Bonnie Bedelia's high, rounded forehead and her childlike features made her seem forlornly pretty when she played Bruce Dern's poor, pregnant young wife in the 1969 "They Shoot Horses, Don't They?" Since hers was the only soft face in that picture, she was able to get by with a little-match-girl display of hopefulness and courage; she sang "The Best Things in Life Are Free" in a sweet, clear voice, and hearts melted all over theatre floors. She was soft again and even prettier in 1970, when she played the bride in "Lovers and Other Strangers." Now, in her first starring role, she seems determined to show her strength. But actors show their strength when they let go; Bedelia keeps herself on a short leash with a choke collar. We don't see any of the child's exhilaration in the woman. Drag racing is a fulfillment of nothing we can detect in her character; it appears to be a career she has chosen and pursued methodically. (Running an orphanage in a Dickens novel might be more in her line.) What Bedelia gives Shirley is a dry and precise irony—which shines in a Christmas sequence, when she talks to her ex-husband on the phone, and then does a radio interview, also on the phone, with an interviewer who doesn't know the first thing about her. Bedelia has a smiling glitter as she talks to this fool on the radio. Shirley the champ is intensely aware of not getting the recognition that she thinks her accomplishments entitle her to, particularly at a time when women in more genteel sports are being celebrated. She resents the Cha Cha image, which she can't shake off. She's so hard and bitterly amused that the price she pays for being a champion seems like another form of victimization.

The moviemakers avoid sentimentality by not bringing their heroine to life. At times, what Bedelia's Shirley does has no meaning for us—it just seems as if she's doing it because that's what the real Shirley Muldowney did. And there's a detail that struck me as a beautiful (passed-up) opportunity to reveal something about her. Throughout the picture, Shirley wears a succession of elaborate, fake-looking black hairdos. They're as bizarrely stiff and ornamental as the ones on the women singers at the Grand Ole Opry, and they make her look like a dragon lady in a comic strip. (Her forehead is generally concealed.) I assume that this is an imitation of the real Shirley, and, to do the moviemakers justice, they may have felt that certain things are better left unexplained, because they're just too paradoxical to account for. But it isn't that kind of explanation that's needed—it's simply some illumination of the conflicting impulses in this woman. These heaping hairdos keep appearing on her, like a blight, and since we never go into her dressing room or see her primping or instructing the women at the beauty par-

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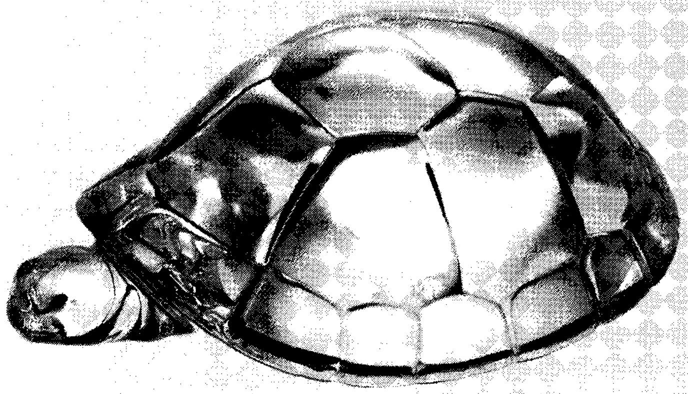

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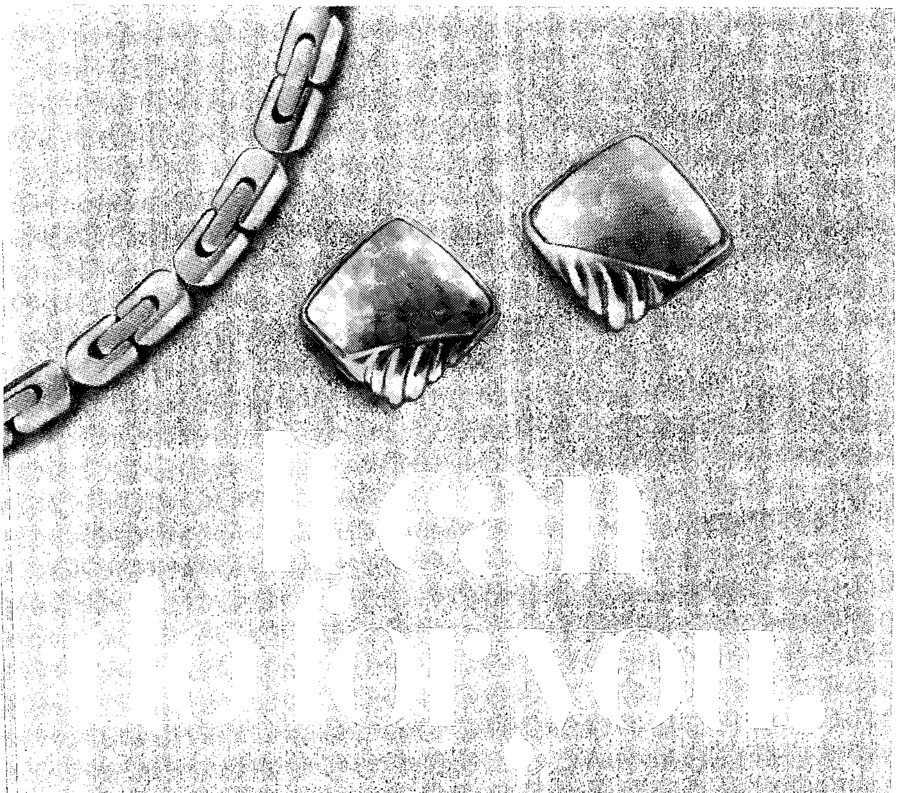

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lor, we have no way of knowing what weird notions of femininity they serve. Is it that the men she meets are more comfortable around women who look a certain way—that the men relate to what's unnatural, and that the thick, stiff curls make it possible for Shirley to feel accepted? Wouldn't it give the film's Shirley Muldowney more dimensions if we could see that unlike college-educated professional women who ask to be accepted for what they are, Shirley the hot-rod champ is still trying to pass as a classy belle? And *does* she pass? Does she get any pleasure from it? Or does it add to her feeling of loneliness and isolation?

In its own, limited terms, there's not much wrong with this movie. Kaplan stages plenty of action sequences (of the kind that action-film enthusiasts call "existential" and "cinematic"); he avoids dramatic climaxes (of the kind that these enthusiasts disparage as "theatrical"). And this can make a movie seem honest and authentically American—none of your highbrow stuff. Shirley's hardness can be seen simply as what happens to a woman who bucks a sexist society. Sometimes, the less insight a movie offers, the less it offends people. "Heart Like a Wheel" is probably being praised more for what it isn't than for what it is.

The film has one truly striking image that goes way beyond the verisimilitude that Kaplan and Friedman are after most of the time. Bonnie Bedelia's performance has been concentrated in her eyes; Shirley's intelligence shows in the way she takes in everything going on around her. Then she staggers out of her big crash in flames, and her son runs out to her. He looks into the charred helmet, and only one eye is visible—one terrified eye in a scorched patch of face, with even the eyelashes gone—and he stares into that trapped eye, trying to make contact with her, trying to assure her that she'll be all right. It's a great scene. It may even speak to the issue that is buried in the movie. There is a reason Shirley Muldowney hasn't become more famous for breaking the sex barrier in hot-rod competition. For the best of motives, women (especially young mothers) have not been eager to compete in thrill sports like drag racing. When Shirley's son—who will soon be the only man left in her life—stares into that smoking helmet, the scene exposes the superficiality of most of the film's treatment of Shirley Muldowney's determination to be the fastest hot-rodder of them all.

"EDUCATING RITA" is no more than a two-character play—a duet—"opened up" a bit for the screen, but the lines have surprise and wit, and Michael Caine, who is one of its two stars, has become something of a phenomenon. He gives each new role everything that he can—if necessary, he's a show all by himself. Luckily, he gets some help here. He plays a dispirited college professor—a once promising poet who now poses as a boozehound and a burned-out slob. He tries to conceal his mediocrity by carrying on as if he were Dylan Thomas. Rita, played by Julie Walters (for and partly about whom the role was written), is a street-smart young hairdresser in Liverpool who signs up for literature tutorials in the Open University and is assigned to him. She wants the education that he, with his doctorate and his fancy turns of speech, has decided is worthless. He enjoys her quick mind, her slang, and the yowl in her voice. He thinks she has a more honest perception of things than his book-fed, upper-class students do; she's funny and eager to learn, and he delights in her alertness and her tattiness—a miniskirt and a maxi-coiffure and high heels that rattle on the university's old cobblestones.

Julie Walters' performance may be too "set" for the camera (she played the role on the London stage for about seven months), but her inflections are funny in unexpected ways. Rita is Julie Walters' role in the way that Billie Dawn in "Born Yesterday" was Judy Holliday's role; you enjoy these performances, knowing how worked-up they are. At first, Julie Walters seems tiny, with a pinched, doll's mouth, and she reminded me of Barbara Harris; then her brassy-waif quality suggested Shirley MacLaine, and before long she recalled a whole collection of funnygirls. (She has good fast timing.) Willy Russell adapted his own play, and some of the opening-out scenes he has provided actually work (this almost never happens); the director, Lewis Gilbert, has an affectionate touch here. The material isn't sustained—Rita, like Billie Dawn, is inevitably less entertaining after she's transformed. And there are scenes that sort of wobble around, such as the one in which Rita gives an educated, false response to the professor's poetry, and he sees right through what she says. And there are foibles, such as the proessor's giving Rita a dress that we don't see him buy and never see her wear—what's it doing in the movie? But none of this matters much, because of Caine. About half an hour into the film, the professor is in a rage, and Rita says something hilarious out of the blue, and he breaks up—he can't help himself. The way Caine plays the scene, you'd swear she took him totally by surprise. Later, after Rita has been devouring the learning she is offered, the professor realizes he doesn't have much more to give her, and he becomes anxious, and jealous of the students she spends time with. His last trump card is Blake—he looks forward to teaching her Blake in the fall. When she comes back from summer school in the country and he realizes she has already "done" Blake, he is devastated, crushed. The news is tragic to him—he can barely comprehend it. He seems to turn red all over; he has been cheated out of giving her the last gift he had to offer. Their teacher-student relationship is finished prematurely—he isn't ready to accept it.

Michael Caine is the least pyrotechnical, the least showoffy of actors. He has prodigious ease on the screen; it's only afterward that you realize how difficult what he was doing is. His role here is a masochistic one, but Caine transcends that aspect of it. The professor's anguish at having nothing left to give Rita is also his recognition that he has lost his last vestige of superiority. For years, he hasn't been able to give form to his thoughts—they've been eating away at him, bloating him. We can see his impotence in his pink-rimmed, blurry eyes. He's crumbling from within. Somehow, Rita is the one person who reaches him, and after he accepts her token gift to him—she trims his beard and cuts his hair—he looks bewildered but years younger. His smirking terror is gone. This is a master film actor's performance. The goal of Caine's technique seems to be to dissolve all vestiges of "technique." He lets nothing get between you and the character he plays. You don't observe his acting; you just experience the character's emotions. He may be in acting terms something like what Jean Renoir was in directing terms.

—PAULINE KAEL

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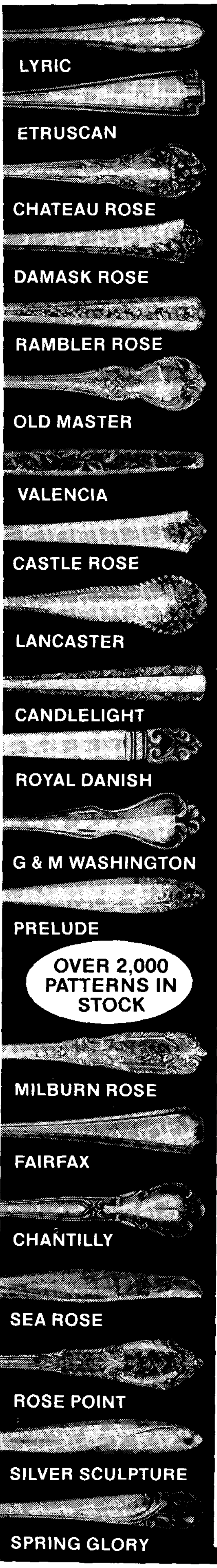

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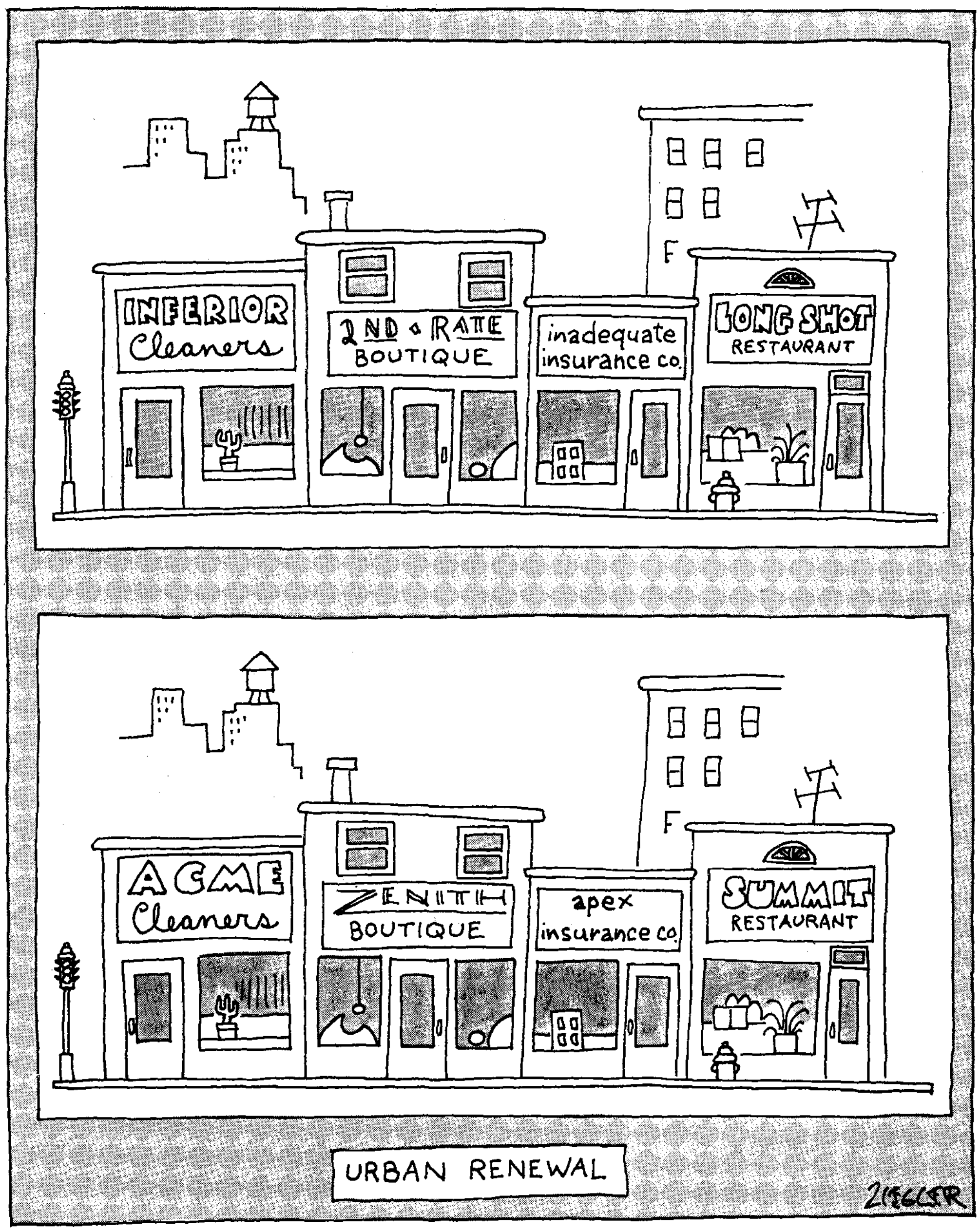
MUSICAL EVENTS

Fatal Error of Misguided Love

HANDEL's musical drama "Hercules" has been called "the highest peak of late baroque music drama" (Paul Henry Lang), "perhaps Handel's greatest achievement" (Henry Prunières), "the culmination of the Handelian musical drama, and indeed one might say of the whole musical theatre before Gluck" (Romain Rolland). Winton Dean collects the judgments at the start of the "Hercules" chapter in his book on the dramatic oratorios, and endorses them: "These are no exaggerations." He himself calls "Hercules" a "work of supreme genius" and a "great dramatic masterpiece" that "should be in the repertory of half the opera houses of Europe." But opera houses have been slow to take it up. There was a production at La Scala in 1958-59, grandly cast: Jerome Hines in the title role, Fedora Barbieri as Dejanira, Elisabeth Schwarzkopf as Iole, Franco Corelli as Hyllus, and Ettore Bastianini (an octave too low) as Lichas. In London, its staging has been left to the short annual seasons of the Handel Opera Society, which has produced it three times, between 1956 and 1979. "Hercules" apparently awaits an American stage première. Last week in Merkin Hall, the Sine Nomine Singers and the Philip Levin Baroque Ensemble, conducted by Harry Saltzman, gave a modest but successful concert performance—on that could arouse, or confirm, enthusiasm for the piece but did something less than justice to its grandeur and it dramatic force.



URBAN RENEWAL

Dejanira is one of the great mezzo-soprano roles. (The Met should stage a production of "Hercules" for Marilyn Horne.) We meet her in the palace at Trachis, lamenting her long-absent lord—"indulging grief," as Lichas puts it. ("A musical drama" is Handel's designation of the work; it was performed in his day oratorio-fashion, but the score and the libretto—like those of his other dramatic oratorios—contain stage directions.) Rich, chromatic accompanied recitatives set the scene; all is sombre, magnificent. There is excess in the large, proud leaps of Dejanira's grieving line, excess in the hectic floridity and sharp dynamic contrasts with which she greets the news of Hercules' return. Hercules brings in his train the captive princess Iole; Dejanira's jealousy is aroused, and the evil emotion poisons her surcharged love. (There is open borrowing from "Othello" in Thomas Broughton's libretto.) With bitter scorn and malice, she rounds on her husband, in "Resign thy club." (Monica Sinclair's spitfire account of the air was once famous.) Her "Cease, ruler of the day, to rise" is a precursor of Lady Macbeth's "La luce langue." As the "last expedient of despairing love," she sends her husband a robe steeped in Nessus' blood; the dying centaur—pierced by Hercules' arrow—had told her it could revive the flame of passion. Instead, it burns Hercules' flesh from his bones. Near-mad with remorse and guilty grief, Dejanira sings a scena some of which, Hugo Leichtentritt remarked, might have been written note for note by Verdi.

The other characters are firmly, if less vividly, limned. Hercules is bluff, a little boastful, powerfully moving in his tortured death scene. Hyllus, his n, is a chivalrous young prince, and e innocent Iole is a gentle, courteous incess; they suggest an earlier Ida- antes and Ilia. Lichas, merely a her- d with some recitative announce- ients in Handel's original plan, ained six airs when the popular ac- ·ess Mrs. Cibber joined the cast, be- ore the first performance. They are edundant to the drama—Handel ropped Lichas altogether in his re- ivals—but two of them are fine. Mr. altzman retained both, and also the lightly vapid "Constant lovers" (an ir to the effect that an occasional tiff dds spice to love—unworthy com- nent on Dejanira's plight). With nid-act commentary, the chorus sharpens and drives home the dramatic points—its "Jealousy!" is a stunning ntervention—and as a Trachinian rowd it closes the three acts with a iotous musette (celebrating the hero's eturn), a lilting gavotte (looking orward to the restoration of nuptial iarmony), and a ceremonial minuet (greeting Hercules' elevation to Olympus). The librettist drew on both Ovid and Sophocles; Dean goes so far as to declare that "in all respects except the poetry—which is not required in a libretto, since the music supplies it —Broughton's version is immeasurably superior" to Sophocles' "Women of Trachis."

In Berlin in 1936, "Hercules" had an open-air production with a chorus of a thousand. Back in 1895, in Mainz, there had been an attempt to return to the smaller forces of Handel's day: "Hercules" was given with a chorus of a hundred and sixty and an orchestra of eighty, and *The Musical Times* called it "this very modest demonstration." By Victorian—if not by Hanoverian or present-day—standards, it was modest. Mr. Saltzman had a chorus of twenty-six and a band of twenty-one. Handel's own complement varied: he probably had more singers, and his soloists joined in the choruses; he usually had a larger orchestra. But Mr. Saltzman's consort matched the size of the hall. Handel's oratorio soloists were stage-trained. Mr. Saltzman's were not theatrical enough—lines such as "I burn, tor- nenting fire consumes me" and "Chain me, ye furies, to your iron beds, And lash my guilty ghost with whips of scorpion" can hardly be too strikingly declaimed—but they had begun to shake off "oratorio" bland- ness. Sometimes one wanted still more attention to the text—to its punctua- ion, syntax, and sentiments. (For ex-

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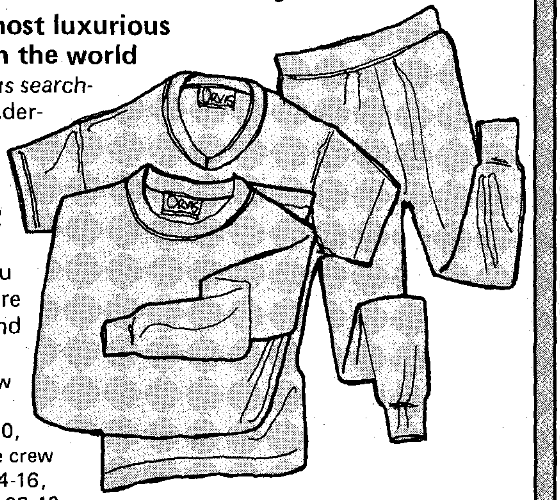

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ample, the Hyllus, Frank Hoffmeist omitted the comma in "By hono love and duty led," and the line w hard to follow.) By and large, t execution was more dramatic than th of "Theodora," last year's Si Nomine presentation. (For next se son, an "Israel in Egypt"—complet for once, with its first part, the adapte funeral anthem—and a double bill Handel's "Choice of Hercules" an Bach's setting of the same subject ar planned.) Marianna Busching, th Dejanira, made much of the heroine' mad scene. Julianne Baird was sweet, pure Iole. Jan Opalach was polished but slightly inhibited Hercules. Jeffrey Dooley sang Lichas' musi with such keen, precise art that th inclusion of "Constant lovers" wa welcome. The choral singing wa alert, distinct in counterpoint, and def in the cross-accentuations where Handel's verbal stresses break free of ba lines.

OFFENBACH'S "La Périchole," las week, was the first of the thre opéras comiques that Carnegie Hall i putting on this season, with Frederic von Stade their heroine or (in Massenet's "Chérubin") hero. It was a happy performance. I never saw the Met production, which in 1957 had Patrice Munsel, and in 1970 Teresa Stratas, in the title role; "La Périchole" has meant for me delectable recordings of its airs by Maggie Teyte and by Jennie Tourel. Miss von Stade was quite different from both, and no less bewitching. Her timbre was seductive, her timing exquisite. Delicately, with distinction, she used the music to flirt with every man in the hall, as Hortense Schneider, the first Périchole, must have done. Offenbach's opéra bouffe, first staged in 1868, dates from a time when he was moving from high-spirited comedy spiced with satire toward romance; Miss von Stade boldly stressed the languors and tenderness of the music without losing its sparkle. In recent years, she has done some disappointing, dullish things; her Périchole was as vivacious, bright, and subtle as the Cherubino, ten years ago that first made me love her.

Neil Rosenshein was a likable, full-voiced Piquillo, but he should cultivat a lighter, more forward delivery, wit crisper words, for his French repertory. Renato Capecchi played th Viceroy with wit, with relish that wa —just—not too thickly spread. In th large, able supporting cast, John Fryatt's sharp-cut Don Pedro was outanding. The opera was fully acted by e soloists, on the left half of the arnegie platform. (The orchestra as stationed on the right.) The di-ector, Bliss Hebert, was also the per-etrator of an ambitious, unstylish, wordy linking narration, in English, which was delivered with deadly cuteness by Madeline Kahn. (The plainer narrative of the RCA recording—in which, however, Régine Crespin makes heavy weather of the title role—is more acceptable.) The chorus—the Orpheon Chorale, in dapper voice—stood across the back. The anonymous orchestra, trimly conducted by Mario Bernardi, seemed rather large; although it didn't drown the singers, Offenbach seems to call for a leaner, less "symphonic" sound.

RALPH SHAPEY'S Quartet for oboe, violin, viola, and cello was composed in 1952 but—"through a series of circumstances concerning the difficulty of the composition," Shapey says in a program note—remained unheard until last week, when James Ostryniec and members of the Alard String Quartet played it in Merkin Hall. It is a brief (about ten-minute), lively, attractive work in three movements. The first of them is beguiling—linear, airy in texture, made of linked, lapped strands of exuberant melody. The central movement, a scherzo in 5/16, treads a maze of light, dancing rhythms. The finale bears a more defiant aspect: with scratchy harmonies and uncompromising gestures it seems to challenge a listener to like it. The challenge, however, is easily met. Mr. Ostryniec and the Alard played the work as if delighting in its rhythmic intricacy and difficult, buoyant lines. The concert began with Otto Luening's "Legend," for oboe and strings (1951), an agreeable, unmemorable piece—here a little romantic, there neoclassical—by this protean composer. Two Elizabeth Sprague Coolidge commissions, Prokofiev's First String Quartet (1930) and Arthur Bliss's Oboe Quintet (1927), completed the bill.

The Alard is an expert group. It plays in tune, with full, pleasing tone. Its lines are well balanced, its ensemble is precise. But there was something missing. In the Prokofiev, I thought it was wit, quirkiness, liveli-

portugal

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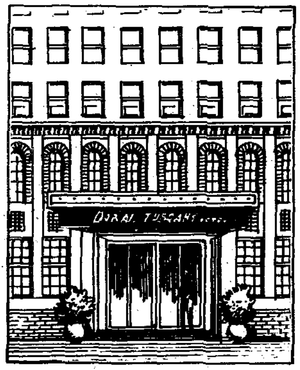

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ness of individual articulation. Prokofiev's quartet can be captivating; it is, in the keen, bright performance by the Sequoia String Quartet on a record published earlier this year by Nonesuch. The Bliss, a faded score, needs ardent championship today if it is to seem worth doing. Leon Goossens had the knack of piping its pastoral strophes and jigging finale in a way that held the attention; Mr. Ostryniec was a shade too suave, and all the players shared a reluctance to drop below a well-nourished mezzo forte. It was a slightly disappointing concert. In the familiar works, specific characterization was subordinated to gener smoothness of execution, to long lin even in places where short, punctuate lines are needed, and to homogenize excellence of tone quality. The Alar is not always like this: I recommend recent Leonarda record that couples it thoughtful accounts of Karel Husa' adventurous First Quartet and Priaul Rainier's Quartet, the strong, delicat early work (1939) that made her name. Rainier's "Quanta," for oboe and string trio, might have been a stronger and apter choice than the Bliss quintet for this twentieth-century program. —ANDREW PORTER

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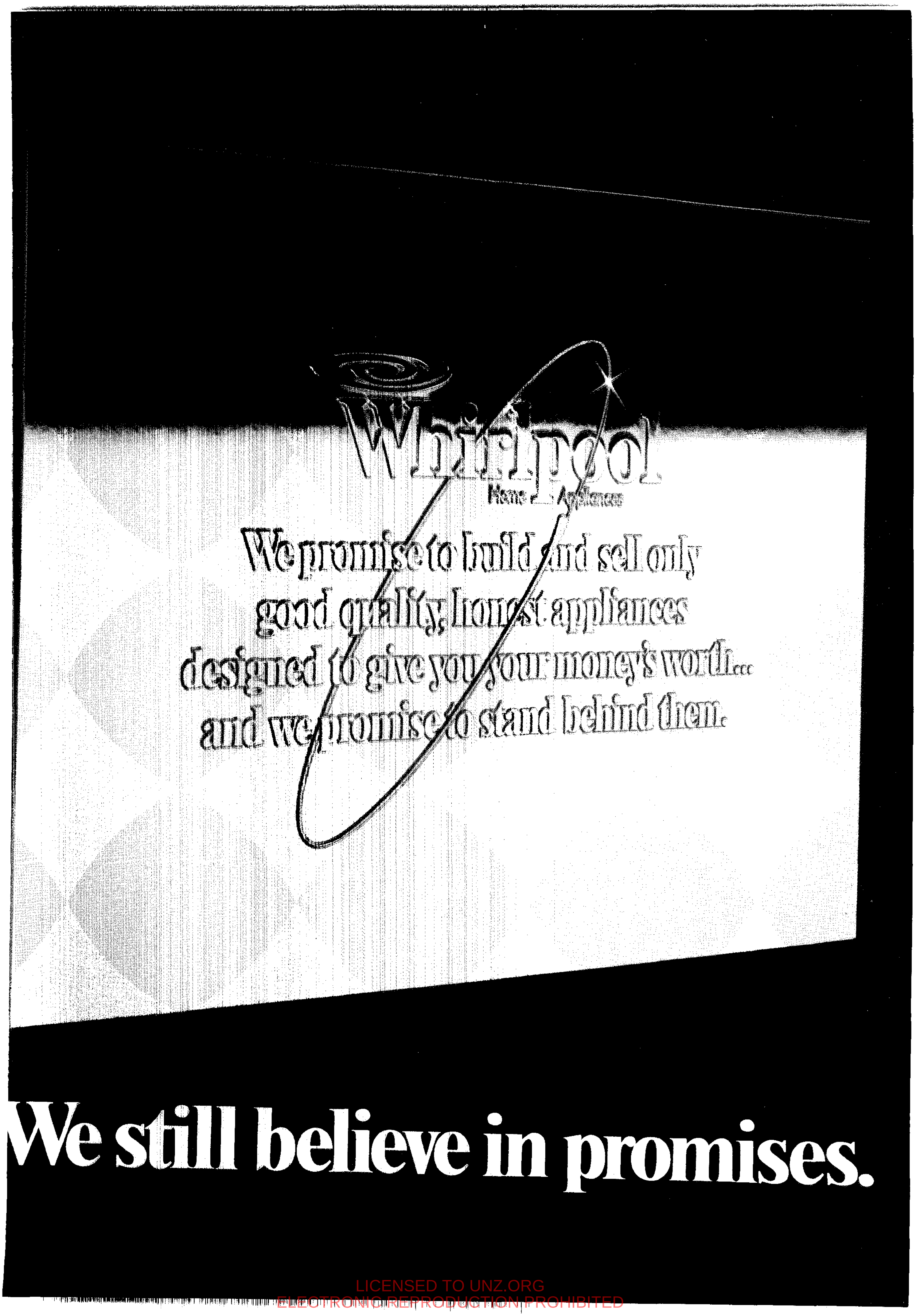
At first this discipline is almost total.

He has illusions, and you are one of them.
Every day he brings you
Himself for your approbation.
Though his belief in you is unbounded,
Tutor him in disappointment.
Like you he will have to learn
To live with your limitations. (You, too,
Must modify your expectations:
Nothing you can do
Will make him always just and kind,
Though he aches for your admiration.)

At times you will have wondered
What was in it for you. Indulge yourself.
Run screaming from the house.
For hours he will understand you.
He, too, has his despairs. Like you
He will cry out
Against the world that it has wronged him.
"The best is not to be born,"
He will say, the enormous baby!

In time you will leave him alone.
This is the school of kindness.
You say goodbye to him,
This imperfection.
You have made a life for him.
He shares your disappointment.

This is what you both embrace,
Meeting and parting. You cleave to this.
At last he will leave you
The empty nest, abandon
You to the care of your children.
At last he will have learned
Everything they have to teach you.
—JOHN N. MORRIS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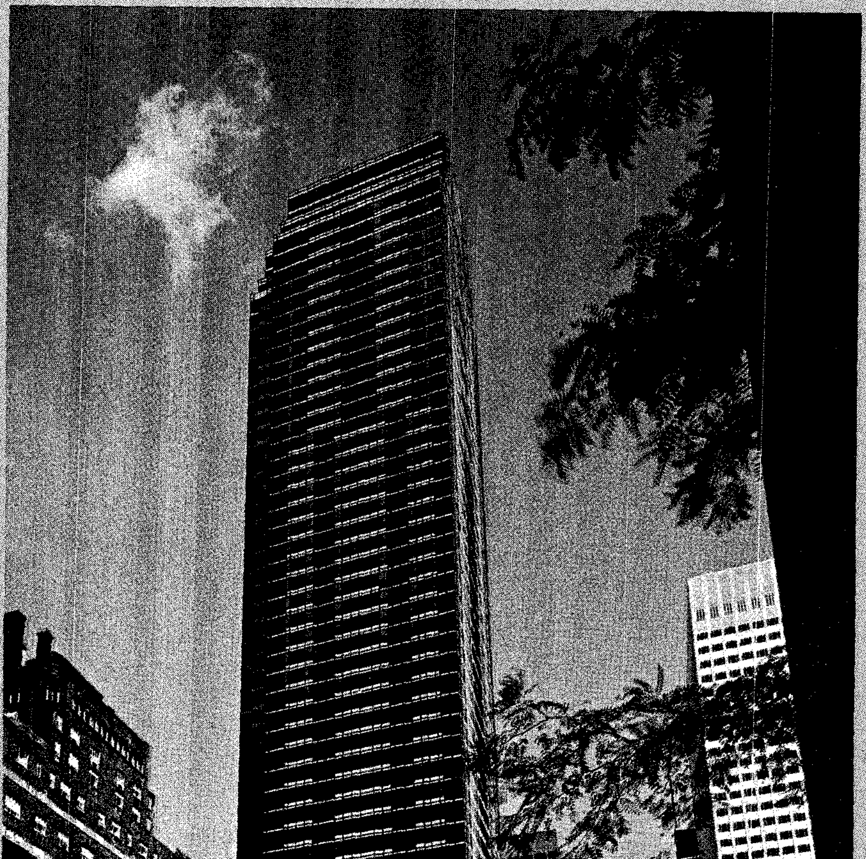

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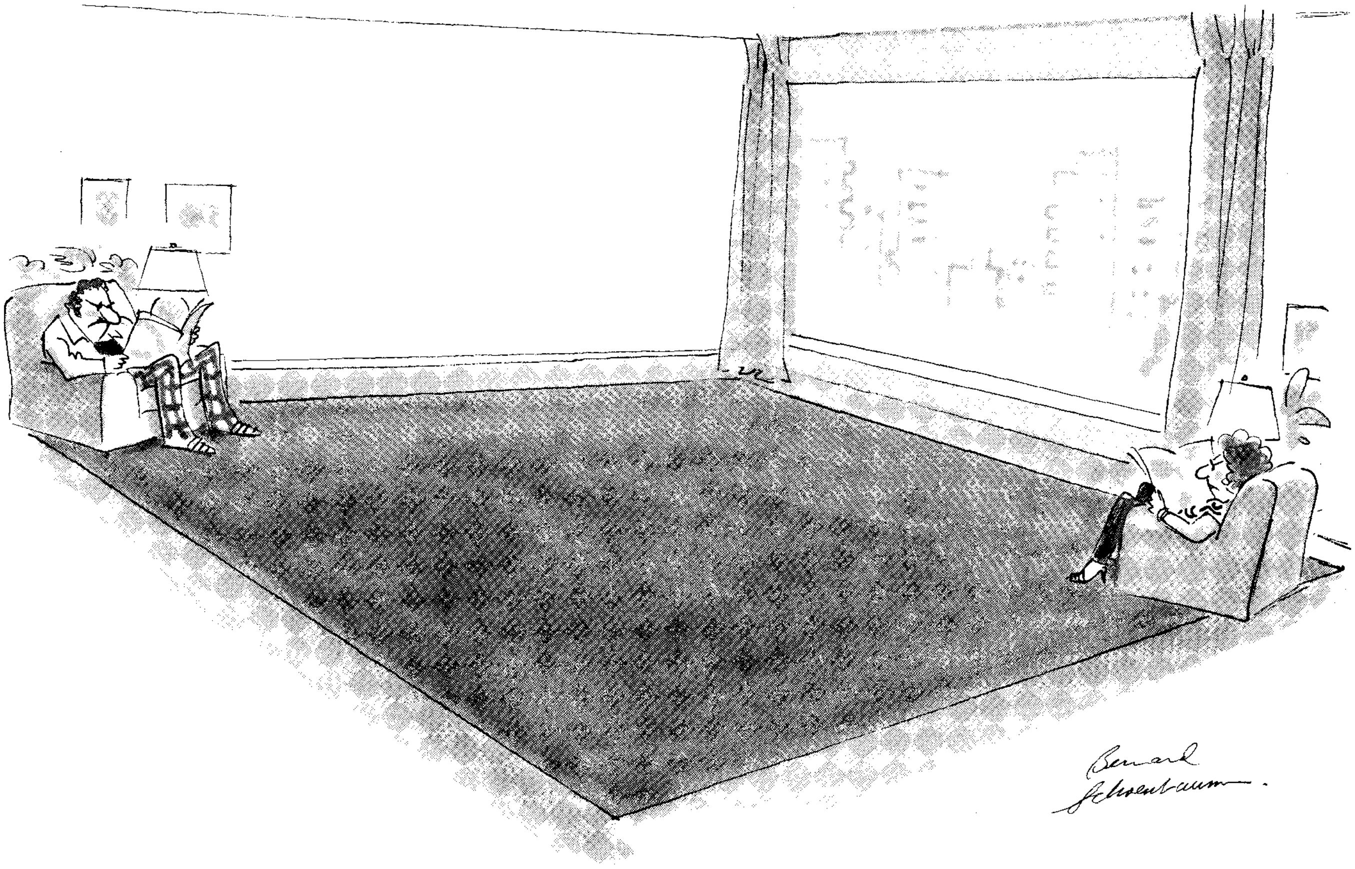
DANCING

The Waves

Eadweard Muybridge can be regarded as the first dance photographer, so "The Photographer," a theatrical production about Muybridge with music by Philip Glass, a composer much associated with dance these days, could be expected to have a conspicuous dance element. The piece had its première a year ago in Amsterdam. This fall, the Brooklyn Academy of Music produced a second version, commissioning choreography from David Gordon, who had already done a Muybridge study starring his wife, Valda Setterfield. With Setterfield and the rest of Gordon's group taking part, and with a few further commissions—book by Robert Coe, who has been a dancer and a writer on dance, staging by the avant-garde director (and former wife of Philip Glass) JoAnne Akalaitis, costumes and scenery by Santo Loquasto, and lighting by Jennifer Tipton—the whole package sounded promising. "The Photographer/Far from the Truth," as the production is called, was planned in three parts: a play followed by a concert followed by an extended dance scene. In the event, only the dance scene and the concert (played to a show of the photographs) evoked the spirit of Muybridge. The photographs, their splinters of human motion projected rapidly on a vast scale, spoke for themselves. Glass's music spoke of similar microscopic transitions within larger linked units. And Gordon's movement for actors and dancers bore eloquent witness to the static and dynamic principles of both the photographs and the music.

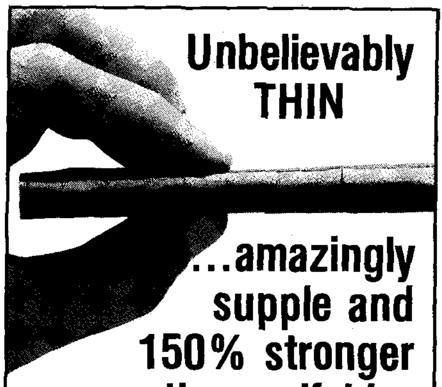
Muybridge's work has a strange beauty, weird and serene, like some nineteenth-century American painting, and it has the exhaustive range of a nineteenth-century science. Whole bodies, the shock of discovery still fresh upon them, are scrutinized in numberless activities; also, a legless man, in the kind of motion available only to him. Women show themselves naked in their everyday roles; they are not artists' models but laboratory specimens. (One, who seems to resent this, hides her eyes and her genitals.) Time has turned the photographs into works of art, but Coe's conclusion—that Muybridge's pursuit of scientific truth was illusory—seems harsh and forced. If there is a moral in Muybridge's work, it isn't that photography is "far from the truth"—it's that no one photograph can be *the* truth. The very pluralism of his exposures testifies to his skepticism on this point. But because of the turmoil of his private life—finding that he was not the father of his wife's child, he sought out the real father and killed him, went on trial, and was acquitted—Muybridge becomes a fit object of condescension, a man whose uncontrollable passions belied the pretensions to objectivity in his work. Coe's Photographer is just another repressed Victorian.

The only thing that prevented the banality of this idea from sinking in as readily as it might have was the chaos of Akalaitis's staging. She devised so many busy variations on Coe's "paradoxical" theme that her embellishments became an end in themselves. Every scene dripped rhetorical gingerbread, some of it organic (Mrs. Muybridge and her lover, grappling on a couch, pantingly recite strictures from a Victorian book of etiquette), some not (phantom choruses enter, wheezing, hissing, bearing candles). The only sensitive note in all this was the décor. Loquasto's designs, beautiful and disturbing, were in that vein of surrealistic Victoriana invented by Max Ernst. But in the dance scene his costumes took on the touching veracity of Thomas Eakins' paintings. (It's ap-



propriate that Muybridge's people, clothed, should look like Eakins'; the two men, who felt a kinship, collaborated on some technical experiments.) Going from the swollen scale of the photographic projections to David Gordon's dancers was one of the evening's bumpier transitions, not improved by Akalaitis's stratagem of five silken banners crumpling to the floor. (We had to wait while stagehands cleaned up.) The difference between Gordon's calm assurance and the opinionated, cocksure tone of Coe-Akalaitis was even more noticeable—it amounted to a break in style. The play's cast of characters had been portrayed by actors and dancers; Gordon retained the whole cast, along with the character references and bits of the action, so that one saw, amid the populous comings and goings, incidents from the play repeated or repeated with a twist. Mainly, though, he created a Muybridge panorama that had nothing to do with the Coe-Akalaitis section.

In its volubility and propulsive flow, its careful spacing, and its changes of speed and density unpredictably timed to the music, this was one of Gordon's most admirable technical achievements. His crowd scene isn't composed of the usual marching automatons one gets with Glass's scores; I would compare it favorably with the crowd in "Petrushka." Nor is his Muybridge the wild-eyed fanatic that he was in the play—he's a sober figure immersed in the movement around him, a man now lost in the crowd, now standing apart and observing. Gordon reminds us of the humanity of the artist and his subjects, and without trying to mimic the photographic sequences he brings to life the various catalogues of movement and behavior. Even the "Muybridge solo" that Valda Setterfield performs here—an extension of a 1972 piece—is not a sequence in Muybridge's terms but a series of distantly related or wholly unrelated poses drawn from various parts of the canon. Setterfield, who earlier had taken two speaking parts (the more amusing one as a fervent lady lecturer), performs this virtuoso dance in the midst of the crowd, standing in a shallow pool of water. The water echoes the arc of her movements in the air (splashing water, crystallized by high-speed photography, was one of Muybridge's minor themes) and plasters her Grecian tunic to her body; she comes to look like a nymph in a fountain. Wild yet com-



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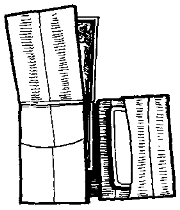

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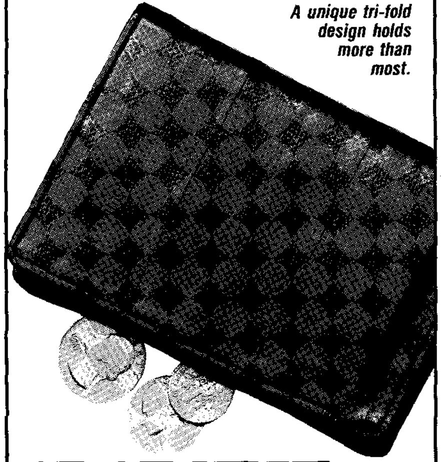

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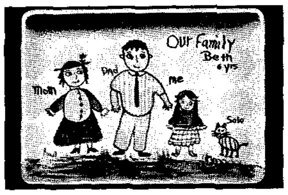

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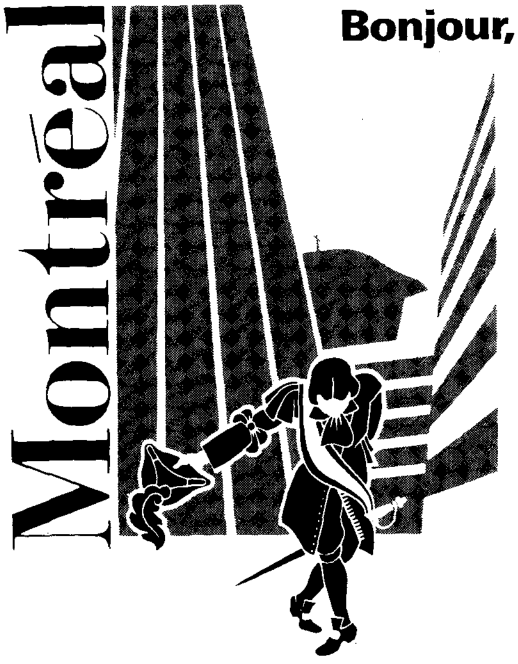
posed, the solo builds a counterpoint to the casual, more unconscious grace of the mass dance of men, women, and children that encircles it; it's the perfect "artful" contrast to the dance of life—the image of paradox, one feels, which had eluded Coe and Akalaitis. In their view, art and life exist to rebuke each other. Gordon's art, uncontumacious and clear-eyed, is based on life studies.

"THE PHOTOGRAPHER/FAR FROM THE TRUTH" opened the Brooklyn Academy's current avant-garde season, and, along with some other events in the series, it will be sent on a tour of American cities next spring. Not all these programs, which the Academy bills under the general title Next Wave, are exclusive Academy commissions. Trisha Brown's "Set and Reset" springs from a mixture of funding sources; Lucinda Childs' "Available Light" originated under the auspices of the Museum of Contemporary Art in Los Angeles. But, wherever they come from, the main Next Wave events are alike in attempting collaborations among leading members of the avant-garde—choreographers, directors, composers, visual artists, sculptors, architects. "The Photographer/Far from the Truth" was one attempt that didn't come off. "Set and Reset" was one that did, in the special sense of a present-day Merce Cunningham collaboration—the contributions of the artists involved (Brown, Robert Rauschenberg, and Laurie Anderson) were independently effective. At times, there seemed to be collusion between Brown's choreography and Anderson's music, but I wouldn't swear to it. In any event, one saw a technologically impressive video installation by Rauschenberg and then one saw a pleasant concert of dance.

It began with an image from Trisha Brown's past—one in which a dancer, borne horizontally along by two stagehands, appeared to be walking on the back wall of the theatre. The entire concert up to "Set and Reset" had been a retrospective of Brown's work, and by evoking the long-gone days when she used to walk on walls (with the aid of a harness) Brown seemed to be setting the new piece in the context of previous phases of work, suggesting, perhaps, that she was moving on. Indeed she was. "Set and Reset," a suite of dances for Brown and her company, was novel both in quality of movement and in specific kinds of



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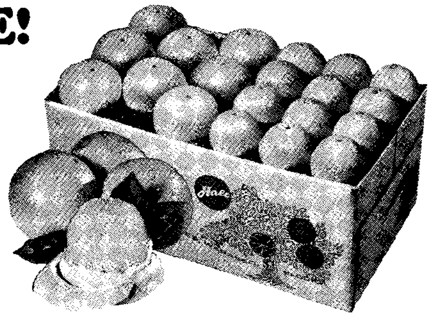

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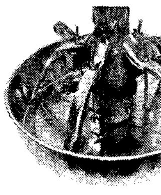

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moves. The dancing was looser, with more dynamically varied phrasing; it had a rhythmically keener edge. And the partnering was astonishing. Much of it involved supported air work but not lifts. People would be yanked out of the air as they leaped, or their momentum would be suddenly stopped by a catcher who hadn't noticeably prepared the catch. At one point, Brown caught hold of the edge of one of the wings (which Rauschenberg had made of clear plastic), and her extended body was swung around it, remaining visible on both sides. The ragalike music, its beat marked by the clanging of a fire bell, added to the urgency and breathlessness of the dancing. But though a lot of new things were happening in the choreography, it didn't, to my eye, accumulate more depth of expression than Brown usually shows. Part of the problem is that Brown's dancers are carbon copies of their leader with none of her zest and intricacy. Part of it lies in the curiously flat-footed technique. With no relevé to speak of, too much attention is absorbed by the upper body, and there's too much torsion trying to take the place of a clearly multidimensional bodily technique. Brown's style—her whippet-fast transitions, particularly—seems designed to be seen close to. On opera-house scale, it can look hasty, indistinct, and monotonous. The lack of proper scale is a general drawback now that postmodern dancing is moving into large theatres. In Brown's concert, the many feet of unused cubic space were partly diverted to Rauschenberg's décor. Still, the dancing didn't transform what was left over into a reverberant field of action. None of the Next Wave choreographers have managed to use the big Brooklyn stage in this way. The scale of David Gordon's Muybridge scene was measured more by his use of actors and his commitment to an over-all picture consistent with Coe's play than by considerations of space in the abstract. Only Setterfield—ironically enough, rooted to the spot—was granted the opportunity for all-out radial movement and seized it.

As for Lucinda Childs, the question of space didn't arise in "Available Light," not only because here, too, a set intervened (Frank Gehry's jutting platform on packing-case supports, the effect of which was to pocket the dancers in separate cubicles of air) but also because defining large-scale space is simply one of a long list of

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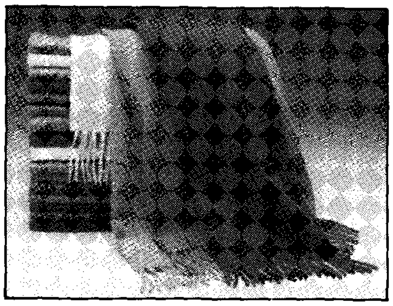

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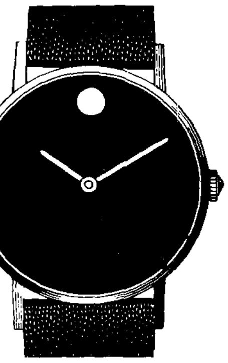

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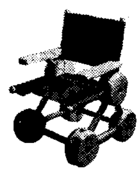

things Childs can't do. The excessive frailty of her technique undermined "Mad Rush" as well as "Available Light." These two pieces, presented together in Brooklyn, were plainer and fancier versions of the same thing: Childs and her dancers facing the audience, performing their "See Spot run" movement sentences. Sometimes the dancers switched to a diagonal; sometimes only a few performed while the others stood and waited. The two works are distinguished mainly by their composers—Philip Glass running through his gridlike patterns in "Mad Rush," John Adams bathing "Available Light" in oceanic, dramatically suggestive sound, some of which recalled famous dance scores. Childs' minimalism these days consists of a scattering of basic ballet steps, to which she assigns a mystique of legibility. In fact, nobody onstage seems to know for sure how the steps are done. Spot can run, but he can't turn like *that* and call it a pirouette. I don't think I'm imposing an irrelevant standard. The dancing just isn't what it seems to want to be—delicately modelled, surgically clean. It's mechanically inexact and theatrically anemic. Childs has always had her fixations, and ballet steps may as well be one of them—she's as high on her feet as Brown is flat. But Childs' adaptation of ballet has no inner core. When she's finished, you feel as if you'd heard a whole opera sung falsetto by a church choir.

—Arlene Croce

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[*From the Philadelphia Inquirer*]

Stein finds the teenagers of Southern California astoundingly ignorant and wonderfully innocent. He spent two years collecting a mass of data on their knowledge and their attitudes. "No amount of preparation could possibly cushion the blows of unawareness of even the most elementary current events, history, politics, economics, or just what goes on each day in the world outside of Los Angeles which lurks in the cheerful minds of these children."

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Outside the city, true history buffs will want to visit Fort Pulaski, named after the Revolutionary War General who died in battle at the Visitor's Center before there was even a railroad station.—*Janeen Andrews in the Suncoast Motorist.*

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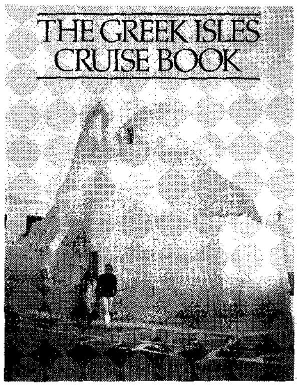

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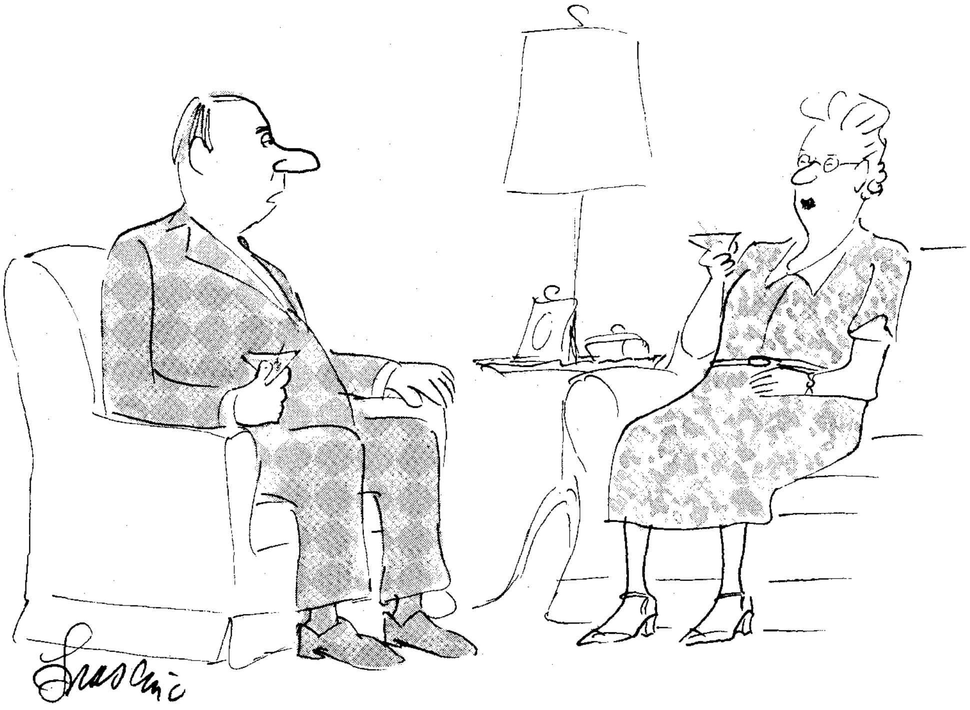
Baggy Monsters

HENRY JAMES wrote deprecatingly of novels he deemed to be "baggy monsters;" by way of illustration he cited—a grouping that would not occur to many critics these days—"War and Peace," "The Three Musketeers," and Thackeray's "The Newcomes." But how, this medley of titles begs us to ask, can the novel *not* be somewhat baggy, as its heritage of roles as historical chronicle, adventure saga, social panorama, and personal confession descends to it and ever more self-consciously complicates and thickens? The masterpieces of this century, as represented by "Remembrance of Things Past," "Ulysses," and "The Magic Mountain," yield nothing in farraginous ambitious bulk to those of the nineteenth cited by James, and the admired American careers of Saul Bellow, Norman Mailer, and Thomas Pynchon show that bagginess, if not esteemed as a virtue in itself, is nevertheless deferred to and indulged, like prankishness in young men, as a sign of vitality. For is not the novel a progeny of the epic, by way of medieval romances and "Don Quixote"? To its already vastly stretched potentialities modernism has added, from Flaubert on, the option that the novel form a marvellously extended prose poem. As philosophy has withdrawn from the epic mode of Hegel and Schopenhauer into an academic language of inscrutable nicety, philosophical messages additionally bulge the novel's bag. Indeed, prose fiction has become the one podium where philosophy can speak not in the mincing accents of semantics but in commentary upon our existential lives, along the lines laid down by Plato and Aristotle and Christian theology. The characteristic question of modern philosophy has become "Are we speaking clearly?" But an atavistic element in us still asks "How shall we live?" and "Is there Something Else?" When philosophers ask these questions now, it would seem they must ask them away from their lecterns, within that permissive genre which since the Renaissance has offered sanctuary to the otherwise inexpressively, unofficially, less than respectably human. The past summer's airy reading fare has been varied by two baggy and brilliant novels, totalling over a thousand pages, by teachers of philosophy in European universities.

One of them, Umberto Eco's "The Name of the Rose" (translated from the Italian by William Weaver; Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; $15.95), in fact has attained, for all its convolution and erudition and blithely untranslated Latin, the top reaches of the best-seller list here, as it has in Italy, France, and Germany. An elegant murder mystery set in the Middle Ages, it has won as well a number of literary prizes; not since "One Hundred Years of Solitude" has there been such a consensual success on the Continent. The fifty-one-year-old Professor Eco is, the American book jacket tells us, "a world-famous specialist in semiotics, a distinguished historian, philosopher, and aesthetician, and a scholar of James Joyce. He teaches at the University of Bologna and lives in Milan." Now that Roland Barthes is dead, the popularization of semiotics triumphantly continues in this novel, whose title refers to a medieval aperçu: "*Stat rosa pristina nomine, nomina nuda tenemus*"—"The rose endures by virtue of its name, we have only names." The novel purports to be an Italian translation of a nineteenth-century French transcription, by "a certain Abbé Vallet," of a fourteenth-century manuscript written by one Adso, a Benedictine monk in the Austrian monastery of Melk, recounting events that occurred late in Novembe of 1327 at an Italian abbey situated i "a vague area between Pomposa an Conques, with reasonable likelihoo that the community was somewher along the central ridge of the Apennines, between Piedmont, Liguria, an France." Eco's introduction, heape with intricate and musty references pays open homage to Jorge Lui Borges, mentioning his native city a well as imitating his mock-scholarl style: "But then, in 1970, in Bueno Aires, as I was browsing among th shelves of a little antiquarian bookseller on Corrientes, not far from th more illustrious Patio del Tango o that great street, I came upon the Castilian version of a little work by Mil Temesvar, *On the Use of Mirrors i the Game of Chess.*" And one of th monks in the unnamed abbey tha serves as the novel's mise en scène i named Jorge of Borgos. Other suc punning allusions are woven int "The Name of the Rose," and othe literary influences than Borges's can b detected—Joyce's Thomistic rigor c organization, for instance, and th playful bookishness and maze-makin



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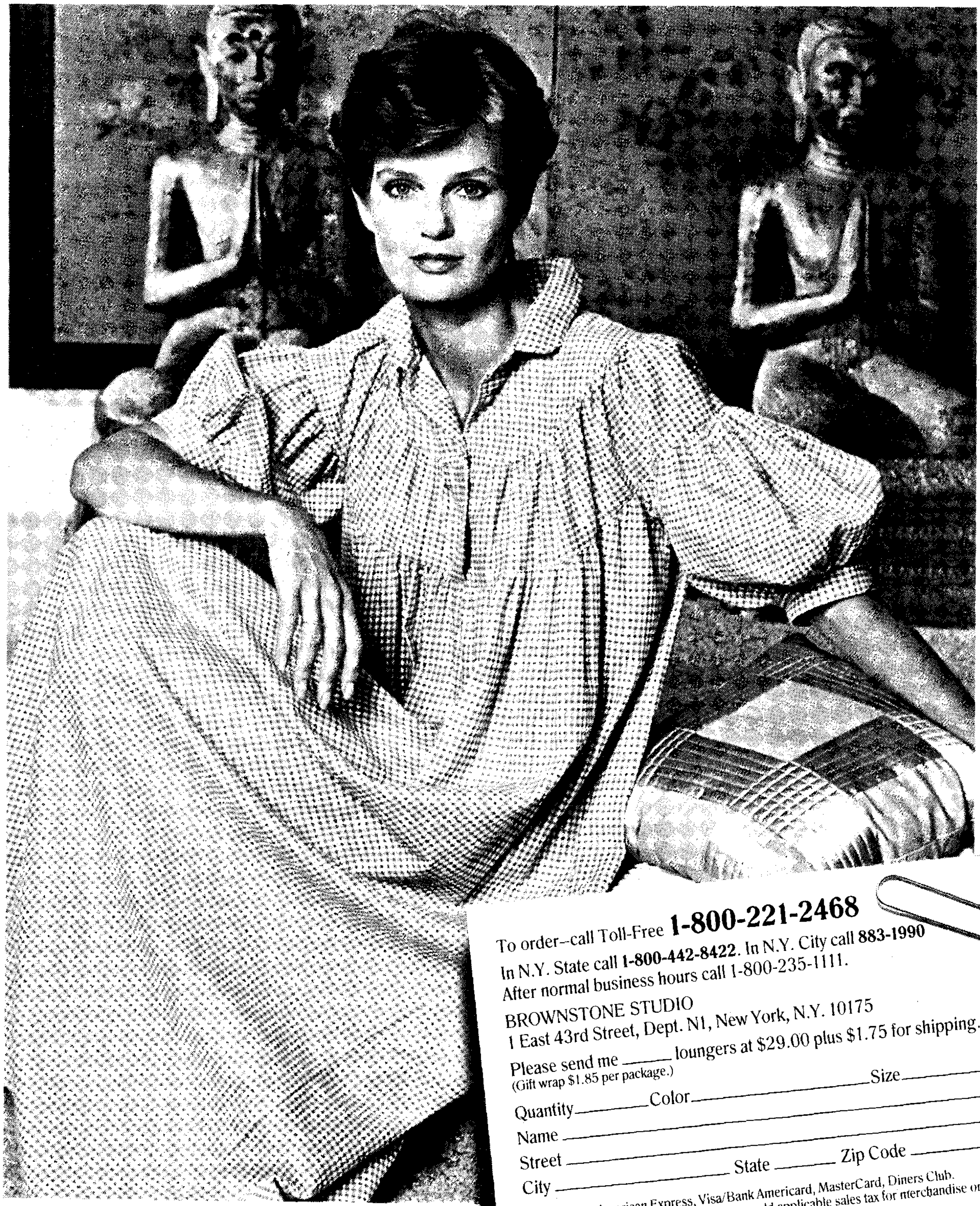

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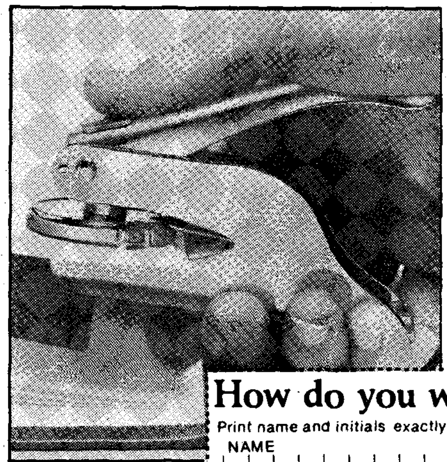

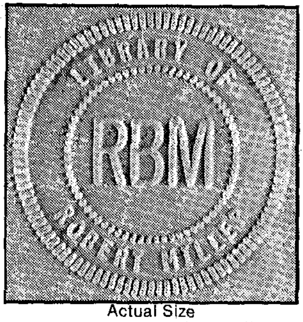

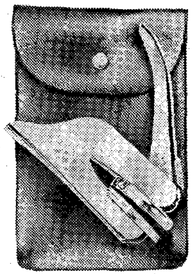

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of Eco's compatriot Italo Calvino. Calvino's recent novel "If on a Winter's Night a Traveler" included a character strongly suggestive of Ian Fleming, and Eco is represented in the recently published critical anthology "The Poetics of Murder" by his analysis of "Narrative Structures in Fleming." Another structuralist represented in the anthology is Barthes, with two excerpts from "S/Z" entitled "Delay" and "The Hermeneutic Sentence;" these set forth the principle of suspense behind all "classic" narrative, of which the most stylized form (and the most readily available to structuralist analysis and avant-garde manipulation) is the detective novel. Borges, Calvino, Robbe-Grillet, and Michel Butor are among the modernist writers who have come to the detective novel from on high, as it were —out of a certain theoretical attraction, as opposed to those practitioners like Graham Greene, Dorothy Sayers, and Simenon, who have lifted it toward literary status from below, with no initial condescension. Eco now joins their ranks *en haut*, but without *disregarding the main requirements of* the popular form, and indeed managing to achieve popular success.

"The Name of the Rose," twice as long as the conventional mystery, marshals these conventional ingredients: an eccentric detective given to inscrutable swoops of deduction, an amiable but naïve sidekick who narrates the tale, a closed setting wherein a succession of ghastly murders takes place, a restricted array of characters which must include the murderer, an unsympathetic and bumbling official detective, maps and codes and secret passageways and hidden latches and missing documents, and a final, cleansing elucidation and dénouement. The detective is a "learned Franciscan, Brother William of Baskerville;" like the hero of "The Hound of the Baskervilles," William is English, tall, thin, beak-nosed, and takes dope:

> On . . . occasions a vacant, absent expression appeared in his eyes, and I would have suspected he was in the power of some vegetal substance capable of producing visions if the obvious temperance of his life had not led me to reject this thought. I will not deny, however, that in the course of the journey, he sometimes stopped at the edge of a meadow, at the entrance to a forest, to gather some herb (always the same one, I believe): and he would then chew it with an absorbed look.

In the manner perfected by Conan Doyle, Eco has William astound his

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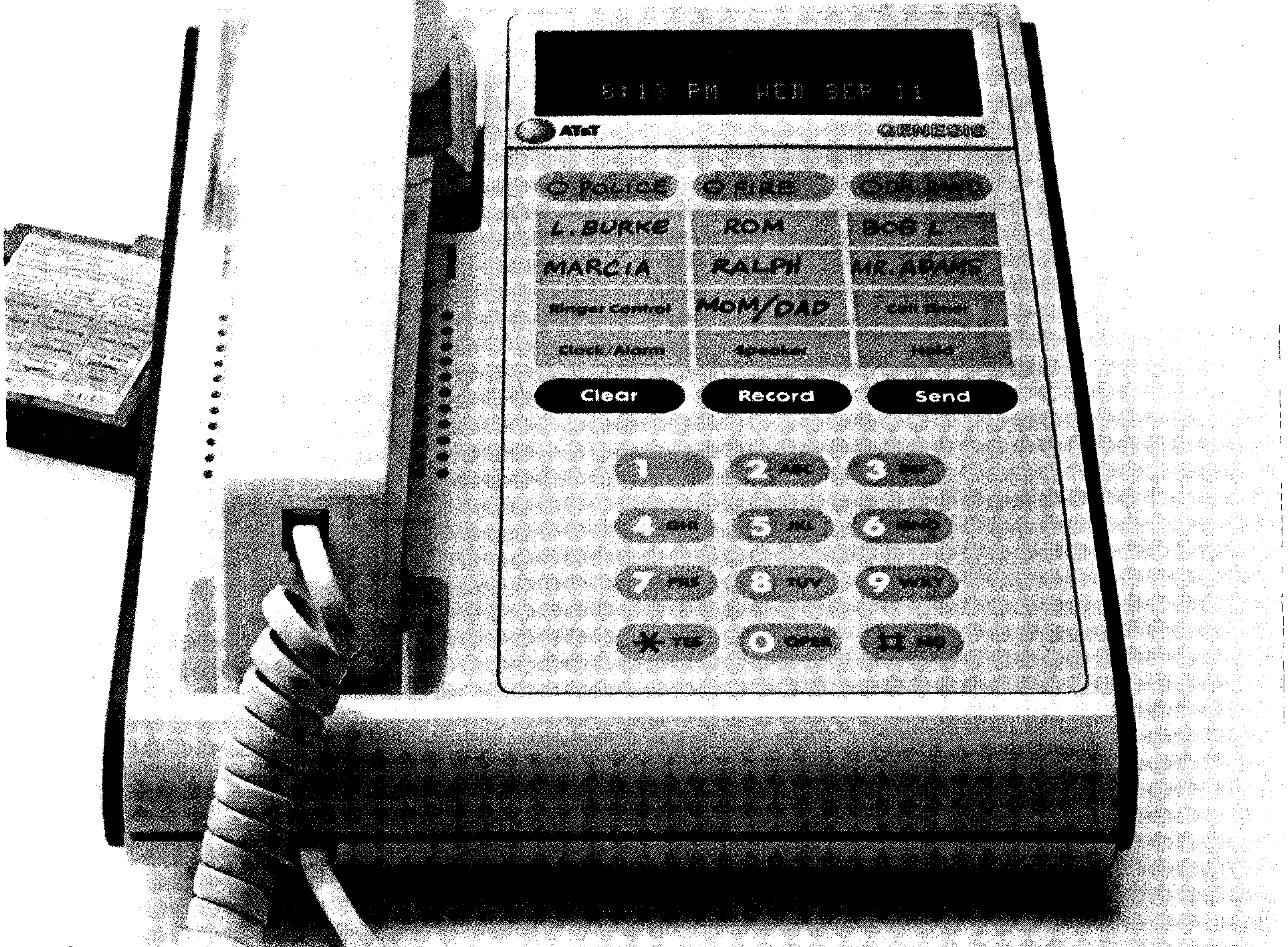
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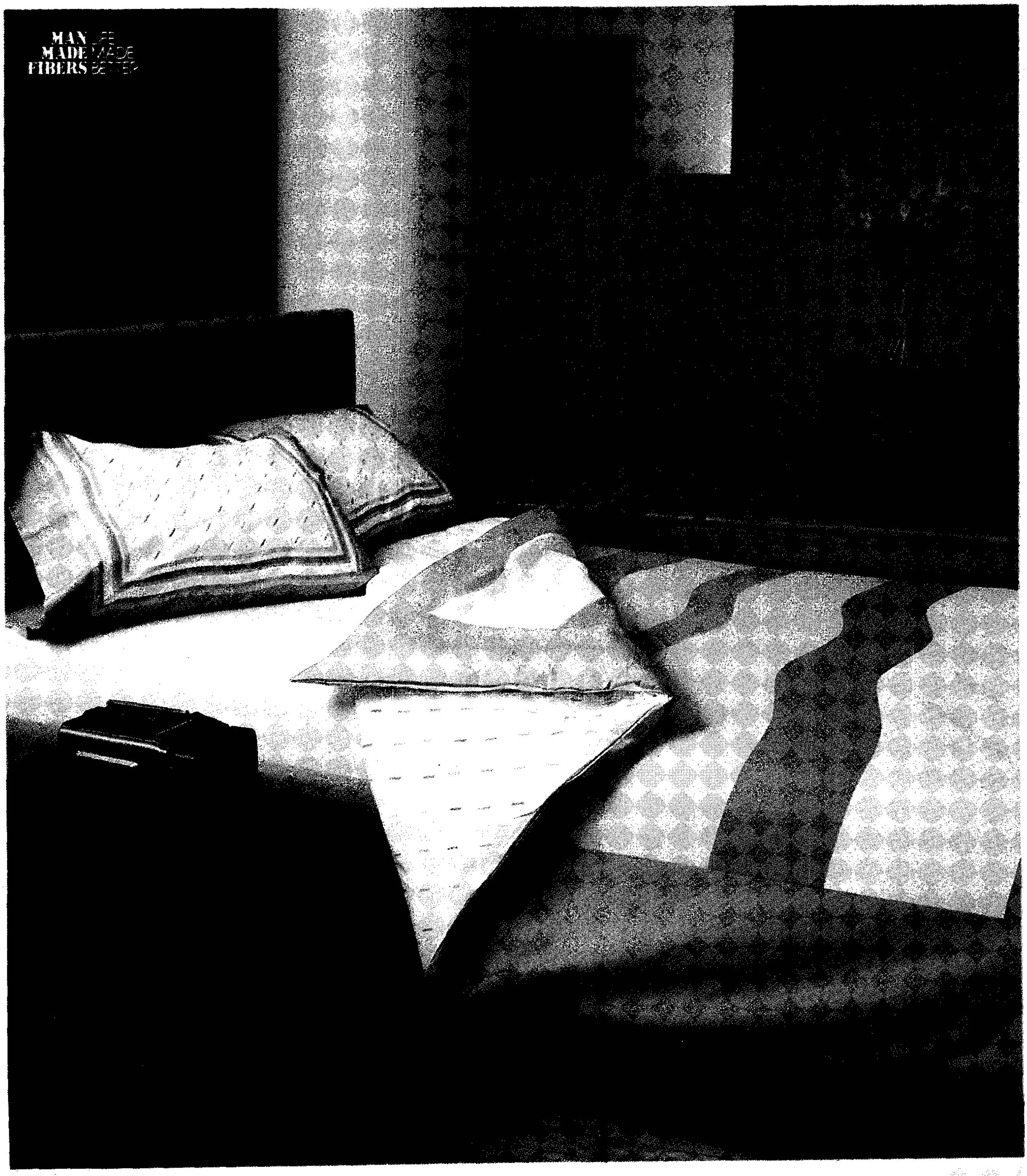

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"clients" at the calamitous abbey with an instant feat of apparent clairvoyance: "Come, come, it is obvious you are hunting for Brunellus, the abbot's favorite horse, fifteen hands, the fastest in your stables, with a dark coat, a full tail, small, round hoofs, but a very steady gait; small head, sharp ears, big eyes." He never quite says, "Elementary, my dear Adso," though he does patronize his disciple in Holmesian fashion: "My good Adso, during our whole journey I have been teaching you to recognize the evidence through which the world speaks to us like a great book." Young Adso (who is recalling these events in exhaustive circumstantial detail toward the end of his life, over half a century later—a medieval miracle of sorts) has been assigned, as a young Benedictine novice, to accompany Brother William on a complicated mission that involves seeking a reconciliation between the Holy Roman Emperor Louis the Bavarian, to whose court William is attached, and the Avignon Pope, Jacques of Cahors—"an old man of seventy-two who took . . . the name of John XXII, and heaven grant that no pontiff take again a name now so distasteful to the righteous." Along with the intricacies of the deepening and increasingly bloody murder mystery, a strong dose of the multifarious ins and outs of fourteenth-century politics is administered to the reader. The official detective who arrives at the seething abbey is an inquisitor, the venerable Bishop Bernard Gui, to whom the Pope has entrusted the command of French soldiers assigned to protect the papal legation that is to meet, at the abbey, with Michael, minister general of the Minorite Franciscans, a body whose resolution in 1322 emphasizing the poverty of Christ had displeased the money-minded Pope and therefore pleased the excommunicated Emperor. Gui succeeds in unearthing some heretics in the lower regions of the abbey's personnel and leaves satisfied, though crime still rages. "Bernard is interested," says William ruefully, "not in discovering the guilty, but in burning the accused. And I, on the contrary, find the most joyful delight in unraveling a nice, complicated knot."

No doubt those who like their history lessons wrapped in colorful fiction have joined mystery aficionados in swelling this novel's international audience. As a paradigm of bloody turmoil and scintillant rot, of the cruellest cynicism confounded with the most

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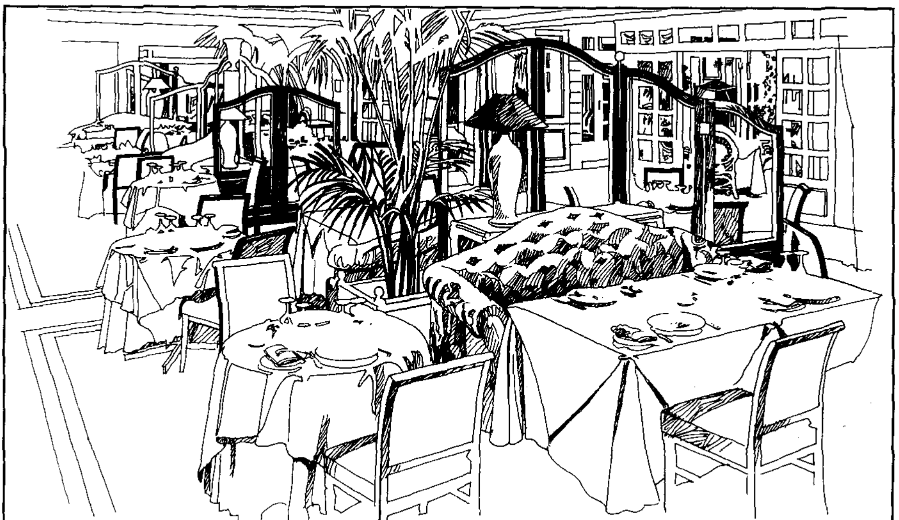

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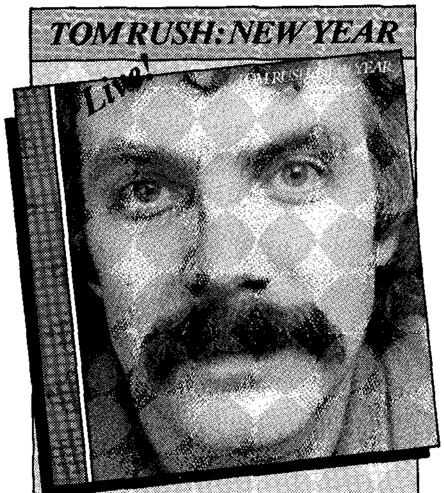

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extravagant religious passion, the fourteenth century is inexhaustibly fascinating, as Barbara Tuchman recently showed, and Jacob Burckhardt and Johan Huizinga before her. A hot issue of the time, according to "The Name of the Rose," was the poverty of Christ and by extension that of His by now notoriously wealthy and corrupt Church. The Franciscans were part of a widespread protest movement, which included heretical sects such as the Fraticelli, or Friars of the Poor Life, who broke off from the Franciscan order and supported themselves entirely by begging, and the even more radical Pseudo Apostles of Gherardo, who preached disregard of the laws of private property and discounted marriage vows. A disciple of Gherardo, Fra Dolcino, founded a roving band that practiced free love and banditry and urged the complete destruction of the Church. When, under Bernard Gui's interrogation, the cellarer of the abbey confesses to having been a Dolcinian, he cries out:

> We burned and looted because we had proclaimed poverty the universal law, and we had the right to appropriate the illegitimate riches of others, and we wanted to strike at the heart of the network of greed that extended from parish to parish . . . we killed to punish, to purify the impure through blood. Perhaps we were driven by an overweening desire for justice . . . We had to kill the innocent as well, in order to kill all of you more quickly. We wanted a better world, of peace and sweetness and happiness for all, we wanted to kill the war that you brought on with your greed . . .

The parallel with the rationale of modern terrorism, which has afflicted Italy above all Western nations, is as clear as the sly allusion to Pope John XXIII quoted earlier. Eco spells out the revolutionary impulse behind heresy, and the oppressive poverty of the "simple" that lies behind the impulse: William of Baskerville tells the conservative, jewel-loving abbot, "I say that many of these heresies, independently of the doctrines they assert, encounter success among the simple because they suggest to such people the possibility of a different life." Yet he is frightened by the cellarer's outburst of radical fervor, the cellarer's lust for purity. When Adso asks "What terrifies you most in purity?" William answers "Haste," and seems the very voice of the modern liberal paralyzed between the system's enforcers and its unappetizing would-be revisers.

Though a cleric and an imperial envoy, William of Baskerville is presented as an incipient modern man.

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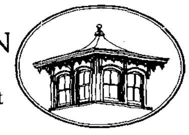

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He wears reading spectacles, concocts a magnet, and knows how to use—another fresh invention—a fork. He is an intellectual follower of the empiricist Roger Bacon and of the nominalist William of Occam, whom he has known at Oxford, where, Jorge of Borgos accuses him, he has been taught to idolize reason. He foresees a future when "the community of the learned will have to propose this new and humane theology which is natural philosophy and positive magic." Yet he also enters vigorously into medieval debate, with its stupefying mix of idle analogy, scholastic chop-logic, and reverent quotation from the Bible and its sainted commentators. Eco's picture of late-medieval intellectual life is one of the richest aspects of this richly worked book; where we tend to imagine a gray monochrome like that of the era's limestone cathedrals, he gives us splashes of brilliant debate upon issues still fundamental, in lurid colors taken from such now faded sources as the apocalyptic Revelation of St. John and the "Coena Cypriani," a kind of rhyming underground joke book. He even manages to give us a sex scene, wonderfully bejewelled in quotations from the Song of Solomon; Adso, having been seduced by a young peasant girl from a village near the abbey, is thereby provoked to a noble philosophical examination of the nature of love. "My intellect knew her as an occasion of sin, my sensitive appetite perceived her as the vessel of every grace. . . . I understood why the angelic doctor said that amor est magis cognitivus quam cognitio, that we know things better through love than through knowledge. . . . And I believe that the nighttime love had been concupiscent, for I wanted from the girl something I had never had; whereas that morning I wanted nothing from the girl, and I wanted only her good . . . and I wished her to be happy . . ."

Yet it cannot be said that Umberto Eco immerses us in the Middle Ages as, say, Zoé Oldenbourg or a host of lesser historical novelists have striven to. We are always aware of—indeed, the very lavishness of his displayed erudition serves to remind us of—the play of his detached, very contemporary mind across the reflecting surfaces of his brilliant, brittle invention. The book is semiotic in essence, a glittering assembly of signs vacant at the center; or, rather, at the book's center is its own bookishness, of which dozens of bookish references remind us. The preface is elaborately bibliographical. The

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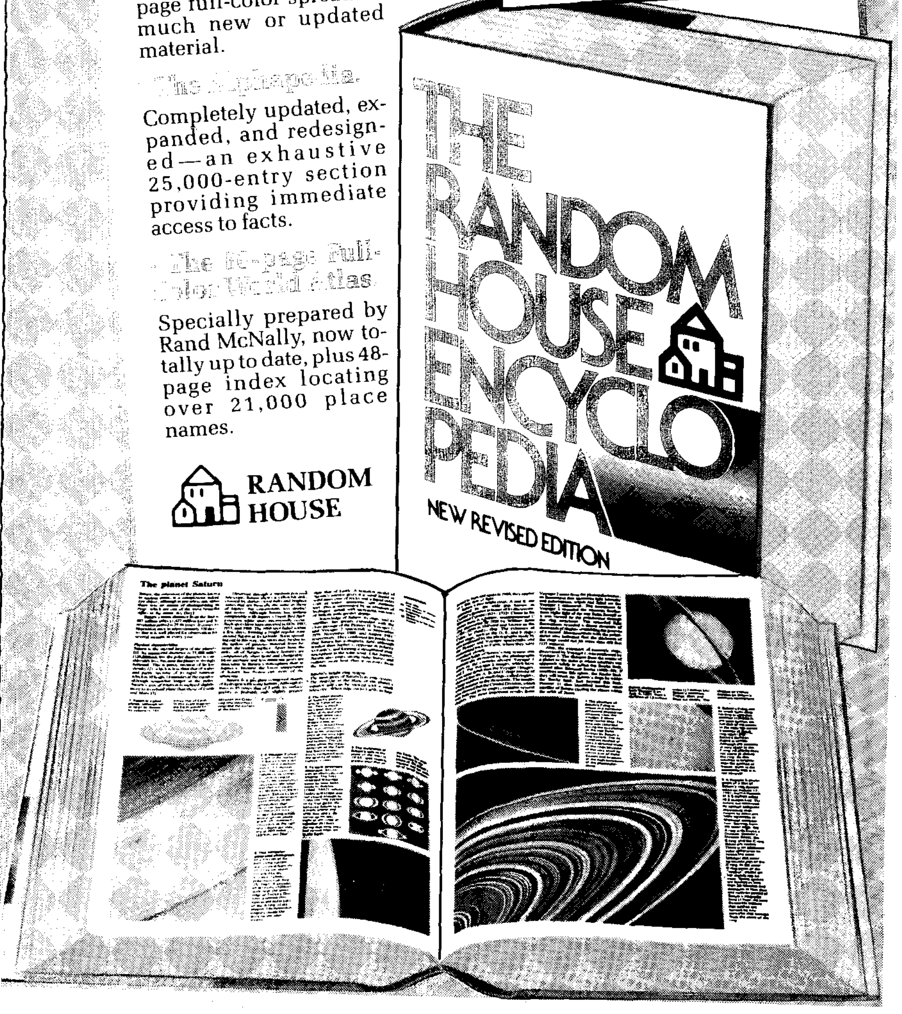

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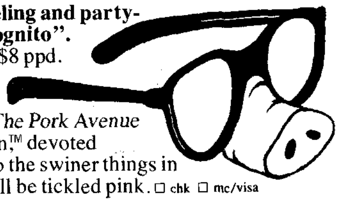

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first sentence posits the primacy of the Word. The central mystery involves the abbey's library and scriptorium and a certain priceless volume therein. "Here we are trying to understand," William explains, "what has happened among men who live among books, with books, from books." For William, Adso observes, "every book was like a fabulous animal that he was meeting in a strange land," and, a semiotic scholar before his time, William tells Adso, "Books are not made to be believed, but to be subjected to inquiry. When we consider a book, we mustn't ask ourselves what it says but what it means." Borges's beautiful parable of "The Library of Babel" has been here monstrously expanded, with the aid of the medieval belief that "*omnis mundi creatura, quasi liber et scriptura*"—"every creature in the world is as a book and scripture." A world composed altogether of signs, however, wears thin: medieval probability is strained as Eco smoothly leads his pious young narrator into what seems limpid late-twentieth-century atheism. "But how can a necessary being exist totally polluted with the possible?" Adso is made to ask. "What difference is there, then, between God and primogenial chaos? Isn't affirming God's absolute omnipotence and His absolute freedom with regard to His own choices tantamount to demonstrating that God does not exist?" As an old monk near death, Adso prepares to sink into a God who "*ist ein lauter Nichts*"—"a pure Nothing"—a "silent and uninhabited divinity where there is no work and no image." Even granted that the Age of Belief ventured daringly in its thought and mysticism, and, like our own, was haunted by the void (St. Thomas discusses God, for instance, almost entirely in terms of what He is not), these stately stoic negations do seem forced upon our fourteenth-century monk from afar—from the University of Bologna, to be exact.

A murder mystery is the most bookish of novels, with its characters made to be killed and its puzzles knotted to be unravelled. As Eco observed in connection with Fleming, a mystery "seems to be built on a series of oppositions which allow a limited number of permutations and interactions." The reader-writer contract is plainly drawn up; after the hermeneutic delay, as Barthes wrote, "everything falls into place, the sentence can end." But an abrupt deflation accompanies the resolution of mysteries so formally

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limited, and a novel thus constructed ends by seeming terribly much smaller than it did while in progress. Indeed, the reader feels he has earned the right to have it disappear entirely; Agatha Christie fans hope for the total forgetfulness that will enable them to read her works all over again. I do not think (as did the distinguished Boston critic Robert Taylor) that "The Name of the Rose," as a historical exploration, would be better without the murder mystery in it; it is the mystery that keeps us going through all the history. But once a code has been broken it becomes a trinket. Once this novel is set down, it feels more miniature and toylike than it should, considering the large amount of passionate wit and learning poured into its pages.

HENRY JAMES had no use for the "fatal *cheapness*," the "mere *escamotage*," of the historical novel; if, after the exotic adventure of "The Name of the Rose," we long for what James called "the palpable present *intimate* that throbs responsive," we can turn to no more reliable purveyor of intimacy than Iris Murdoch, whose latest novel, "The Philosopher's Pupil" (Viking; $17.75), is one of her biggest and best. It opens with a whirlwind of an argument between husband and wife, and its first paragraph is the best description of driving a car in the rain—a "palpable present" sensation par excellence—that I have ever read:

> A few minutes before his brainstorm, or whatever it was, took place, George McCaffrey was having a quarrel with his wife. It was eleven o'clock on a rainy March evening. They had been visiting George's mother. Now George was driving along the quayside, taking the short-cut along the canal past the iron foot-bridge. It was raining hard. The malignant rain rattled on the car like shot. Propelled in oblique flurries, it assaulted the wind-screen, obliterating in a second the frenetic strivings of the windscreen wipers. Little demonic faces composed of racing rain-drops appeared and vanished. The intermittent yellow light of the street lamps, illuminating the grey atoms of the storm, fractured in sudden stars upon the rain-swarmed glass. Bumping on cobbles the car hummed and drummed.

Let this evocation stand as typical of Miss Murdoch's magic when it works: the blunt successive sentences, with scarcely a dependent clause among them, yield up the superb "little demonic faces composed of racing rain-drops" to remind us that not all is as simple and declarative and breathless as it seems—that a highly symbol-prone intelligence presides behind this hurrying actuality. In twenty-one un-

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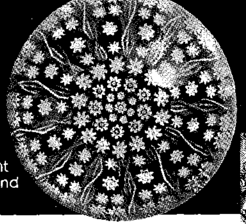
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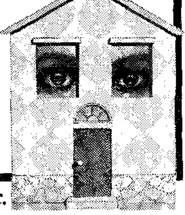

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The seminal event in "The Philosopher's Pupil" is the arrival back in Ennistone of Professor John Robert Rozanov, who, after a humble youth in one of the city's less fashionable districts, has found in the wider world fame as a philosopher and in America, where he teaches and lectures, some wealth. He has brought in his wake his granddaughter Hattie Meynell and her paid companion Pearl Scotney, who by no great stretch of coincidence is close kin to Alexandra's venerable servant Ruby Doyle and George's longtime mistress Diane Sedleigh; Rozanov installs Hattie and Pearl in the Slipper House, an elegant Art Deco small residence on Alexandra McCaffrey's property, and, oddly keen to find a suitable mate for his seventeen-year-old ward, settles upon happy and innocent Tom McCaffrey. Tempestuous, demon-driven George Mc-

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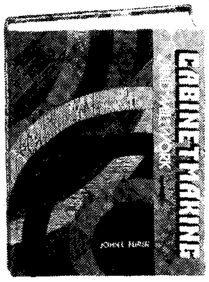

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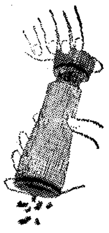

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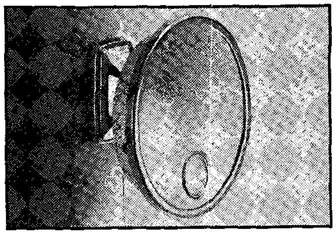

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Caffrey, in the meantime, is ferociously obsessed—in one of those semi-real obsessions that torment Iris Murdoch's characters and that all seem descended from a primal schoolgirl crush—by Rozanov, whose unsuccessful pupil he once was. John Robert's Olympian indifference to him rankles George to the point of murderous rage. The novel's title, incidentally, is somewhat ambiguous. Though George would seem to have foremost claim to be the titular pupil, his wife, Stella, was also a student of Rozanov's, and a more favored one; and Father Bernard Jacoby, a disbelieving Anglican priest, claims in a letter that "I was his last pupil and I failed the test." And, in a droll final twist, a prize younger pupil of Rozanov's, the American Steve Glatz, shows up in Ennistone and carries off the town prize, the rich and beautiful Anthea Eastcote, great-niece of the saintly Quaker philanthropist William (The Lizard) Eastcote—who, you should know, makes the first of several flying-saucer sightings reported in the novel. Another character worth mentioning is Emmanuel (Emma) Scarlett-Taylor, Tom's androgynous young Irish friend, a brilliant student on his way to be a historian but distracted by Pearl Scotney and his own magnificent countertenor voice. The peekaboo narrator calls himself N and names the town after himself—N's town, Ennistone. He is, we gradually learn, middle-aged, unmarried, something of a voyeur, and Jewish. Jewish also are Stella McCaffrey, Father Jacoby, and, one surmises, Steve Glatz. Enough plot, surely. There is plenty more of it, all sumptuously cloaked in Miss Murdoch's unfailing and seemingly effortless provision of faces and costumes and hairdos, of furnished rooms and architectural façades, of histories personal and local, of delightfully individual toads in botanically specific gardens. She is the happiest imaginer in the English-speaking world, fearless and fresh whether she displays a night of homosexual initiation or a music lesson, a Quaker meeting or a murderer's exalted frenzy, a dog's impression of a fox or an old woman's dream of dispossession.

This reviewer found "The Philosopher's Pupil" more involving and satisfying than the previous, equally energetic and knowledgeable novels by Miss Murdoch that he has read lately—"The Sacred and Profane Love Machine" and "Nuns and Soldiers." Why? For one thing, love has been

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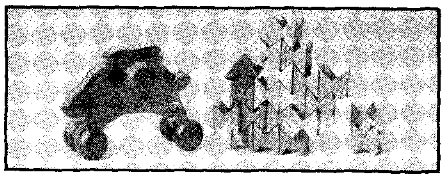

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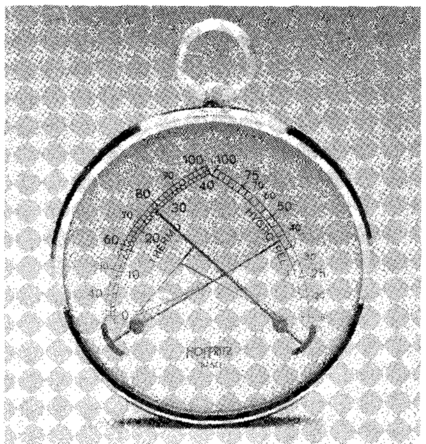

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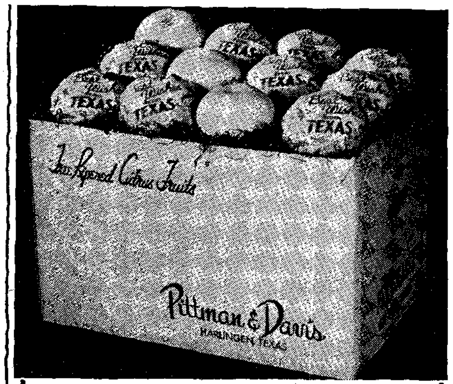
given something of a vacation here, or at least romantic infatuation shares with other sorts of steam the propulsion of the characters. A certain friendly grit coats this little industrial town, with its "strong and long-standing puritan and non-conformist tradition." Away from the dreaming spires of Oxford and the verdant squares of London, Miss Murdoch shows a bracing grasp of plain unpleasantness. In George McCaffrey she has created a fascinatingly nasty man—conceited, disappointed, muddled, and outrageous and destructive with a smugness that perhaps only an Englishman could muster. His brother Brian is saner but otherwise no great improvement; nor is tyrannical, corpulent John Robert Rozanov a very appealing apparition. Unless we call love George's mad desire to impress Rozanov, or Stella's aloof loyalty to her cruel and slovenly mate, erotic passion scarcely enters the plot until halfway through, and then in the ironic form of a knightly quest openly allegorized. Until then, and throughout, we are in the grip of a type of murder mystery, in which the question is not "Whodunnit?" but "What did he do?" Did George try to kill Stella? And the psychological mystery the author has set herself to examine is not that of amorous affect but that of human destructiveness, bilious and incorrigible. Miss Murdoch, in short, has given her darker side some rein and her broad and shrewd perceptions of human nature some breathing space away from the doctrine of omnipotent Eros. "The Triumph of Aphrodite" is a masque rehearsed in the novel, but the reader is excused from seeing it performed.

Also, in the so thoroughly and affectionately constructed setting of Ennistone she has given her volatile spiritual dramas a solid stage. The town is distinguished by the presence of famous and ancient hot springs. The waters, dating back to Roman times and rumored to have medicinal and aphrodisiac qualities, are housed in a set of pools and Victorian structures called The Bath Institute. Almost all the citizens of Ennistone swim the year round, and the gatherings and encounters of the characters at this watery forum as they stand about in the near-nude like figures on one of Dante's penitential terraces make a recurrently resonant image—souls, and not bodies, seem to be assembled. Miss Murdoch, with her painterly eye and theatrical sense, is a deviser of



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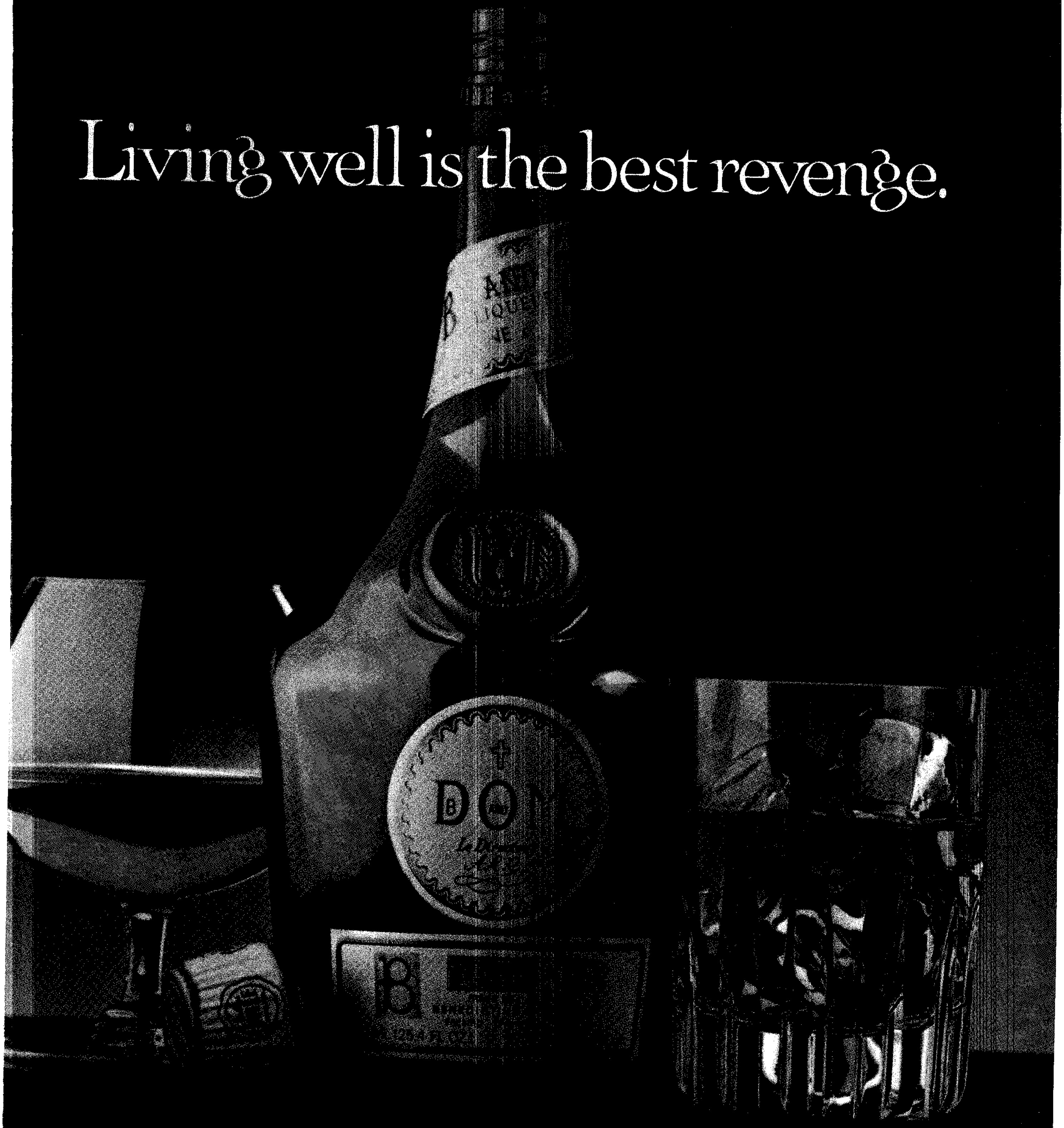
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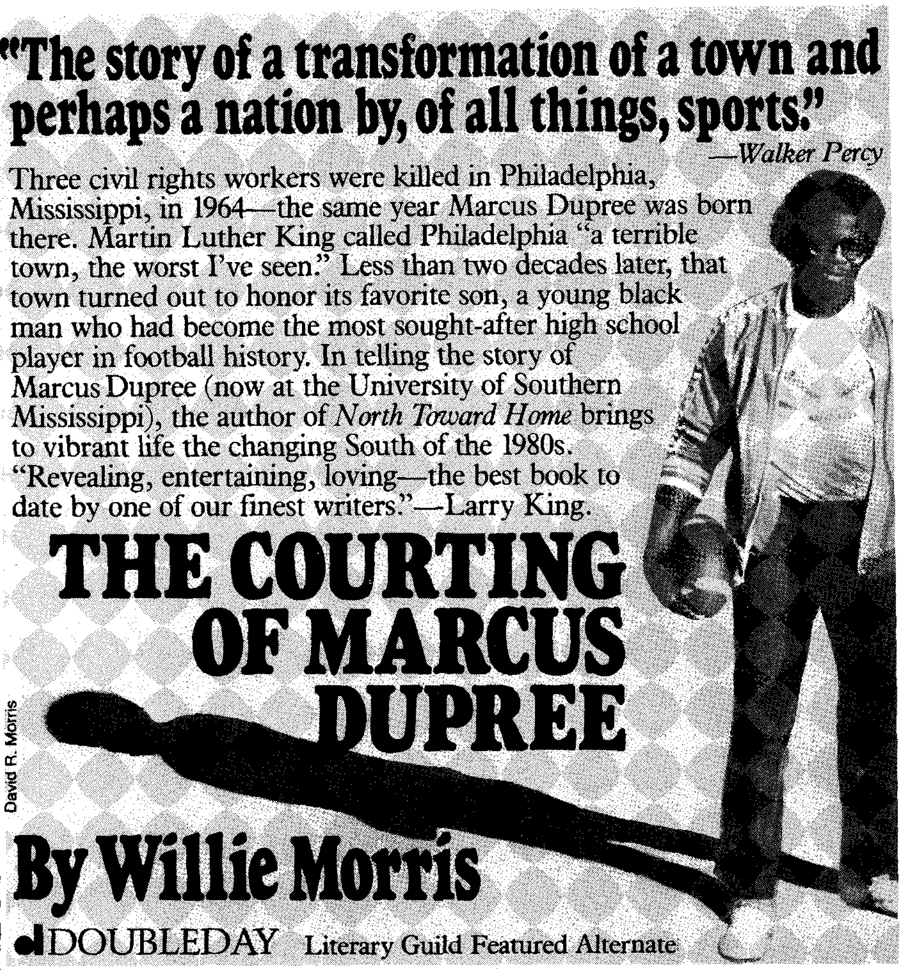
tableaux, of meaningful environments. When, during an impromptu revel outside the Slipper House, a drunken Emma lifts the lid from his hidden gift and sings, the crowd freezes like a throng in Malory: "And they stood where they were, as still as statues, some even in the attitudes in which the music had surprised them, kneeling on one knee or holding up a hand." The Ennistone baths, with their constant steam and rumble issuing from an unfathomable underground source—the earth's subconscious, as it were—afford the novel's vapors and machinations a hot center that yet is quaintly, sturdily actual. Tom, in his role of knight errant, descends into the heart, forbidden to the public, of the bath's mechanism, a "mass of gleaming pipes, some very small, some enormous . . . a light silver gilt in colour, a very very pale gold, and covered with tiny droplets of moisture which glittered here and there like diamonds." We are thrilled, and simultaneously acknowledge the symbolic dragon's cave and the pragmatic marvel of Victorian plumbing. Water has often figured in Miss Murdoch's work as the outward emblem of the amorous power that suffuses and overwhelms us; by enhousing it at the center of her city she has tamed and channelled and strengthened the symbol. Things fit; the novel's furniture is irradiated by feeling, and functions as thing and sign both. When, toward the end, a UFO swoops low and blinds a character, we are not put off as by whimsy; we know by now what is meant, and in what sense such things do happen. "The inner is the outer, the outer is the inner: an old story, but who really understands it?"

Of course, fault can be found, as with any free and generous production. In a field of characters so immensely extended, not all ripen as perhaps was intended. Adam and his dog Zed rather fade away; Ennistone's crowd of "bright young things" do little more than swell the scene. Though Father Bernard was mistaken for the main character by the person who writes up the *Times Book Review's* "And Bear in Mind" section (for this novel was no best-seller), in fact he is flimsy, and a victim of the author's tendency to hit and run, to fling scarecrows into her gardens. At one point during an electric-power cut, this faithless but compassionate priest is ministering to a Miss Dunbury, who is near death, frightened, and deaf; so she can read his ritual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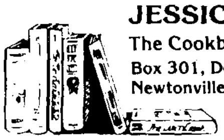

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consolations, he has her train a flashlight on his lips. What pathos and terror Bernanos or Graham Greene or even, in his clipped way, Evelyn Waugh would have extracted from this inspired tableau! But here it glances by, somehow campy. In a later scene, the priest is found meditating to the sound of Scott Joplin's "Sugar Cane." Though he thinks, "But oh the desire for God, the desire, the desire," it is "Sugar Cane" that gets, and keeps, our attention. The novel's evident moral haphazardly falls to the priest to pronounce, in a letter penned from Greek exile: "Metaphysics and the human sciences are made impossible by the *penetration of morality into the moment to moment conduct of ordinary life:* the understanding of this fact is *religion*."

Miss Murdoch has long been trying to rescue religion from an intellectually embarrassing theism. A headless chicken may flap about for a while, but it does not lay eggs; a Godless Christianity is scarcely more feasible. Yet she continues to give us atheistic priests and nuns and patiently to record the subtle shades of disbelief and lapsedness—John Robert Rozanov is an unrepentedly lapsed Methodist, Diane Sedleigh a churchgoing but incredulous Anglican, Brian McCaffrey a Quaker in the same condition, and so on. There is something dilute and wavering and flirtatious in all this that has enraged stout post-Christian critics. But her rendering of these dim religious halftones is realistic, it seems to me, and for a literary artist very much to the point well put nearly forty years ago by Graham Greene:

> After the death of Henry James a disaster overtook the English novel... For with the death of James the religious sense was lost to the English novel, and with the religious sense went the sense of the importance of the human act.... Even in one of the most materialistic of our great novelists—in Trollope—we are aware of another world against which the actions of the characters are thrown into relief. The ungainly clergyman picking his black-booted way through the mud, handling so awkwardly his umbrella, speaking of his miserable income and stumbling through a proposal of marriage, exists in a way that Mrs. Woolf's Mr. Ramsay never does, because we are aware that he exists not only to the woman he is addressing but also in a God's eye. His unimportance in the world of the senses is only matched by his enormous importance in another world.

"The Philosopher's Pupil" considerably resembles an early Murdoch novel, "The Flight from the Enchanter." There the philosopher is in the dedication (to Elias Canetti)

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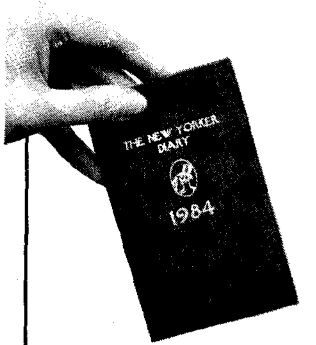

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rather than the title; but both deal with teen-age females awakening to love, and with the spell exerted upon a circle of characters by a charismatic shaman- or father-figure. The plots share small things in common: gypsies, carved netsukes, foxes—the Enchanter is named Mischa Fox, and Alexandra McCaffrey's grounds are haunted by a beautifully actualized family of foxes. Reading these two books, with their affinities, one is struck by the glittering edge possessed by the younger writer, a jaunty farcicalness reminding us that Miss Murdoch came of age in the day of Waugh and Huxley and Rose Macaulay and Nancy Mitford, that she cut her teeth on a novelistic style of savage brightness and heedless nihilistic romp. One misses, in the later Murdoch, that unbaggy feminine sharpness—feminist, indeed: "The Flight from the Enchanter" is really about female uprisings—and the nontheoretical, "palpable present" bite to the heroines' amours. Hattie Meynell, in "The Philosopher's Pupil," is vivid in quarrel but almost wordless in love, the inert object of a quest rather than a quester herself. Men have taken over the center of Miss Murdoch's novels—the opposite of what happened in the oeuvre of Henry James—and a certain stale scent of after-dinner cigars flavors the less dazzling pages. But, all in all, the earlier novel is greatly surpassed by the later, a book that seems as large as life, so large and various that no two people will read the same story in it. *Omnis mundi creatura, quasi liber et scriptura;* a book as replete as this one reverses the equation.

—JOHN UPDIKE

BRIEFLY NOTED

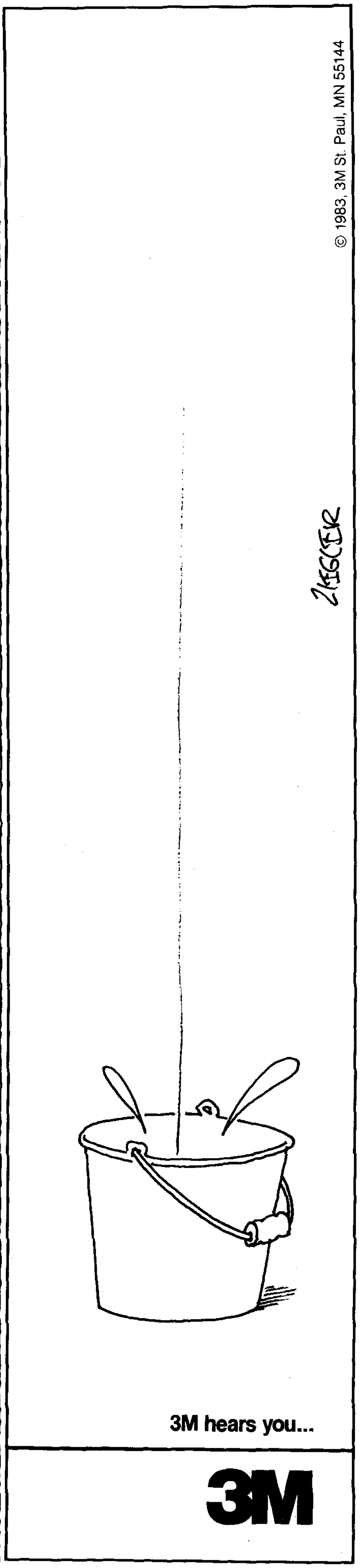
FICTION

THE COLLECTED STORIES OF SEAN O'FAOLAIN (Atlantic-Little, Brown; $29.95). "Sean O'Faolain was born over a pub in 1900." This is one of a few facts—including the correct pronunciation of O'Faolain (Oh-Fay-l*awn*)—squeezed onto the back flap of this enormous book's dust jacket. Inside, there is nothing but stories: ninety, in all—thirteen hundred pages—published over the last fifty years. Most take place in Irish towns or cottages, but some are set in Europe or America. Many feature married couples or young lovers, but schoolmates, soldiers, priests, and spinsters figure in a few. There are hansom cabs in the first one and a power lawnmower in the last. This scope alone is, at first, intimidating, but the reader will become a browser and, browsing among these ninety rainbows, will find more than pots of gold. There is the gas-lamp man in Cork, for instance, snuffing his "daffodils" at dawn; the middle-aged mama's boy "with a winy face like a Halloween turnip;" and the little girl standing ankle-deep in a river at night, with a "radiant pointed face laughing down at her out of the empty sky."

BLACK COCONUTS, BROWN MAGIC, by Joseph Theroux (Dial; $13.95). A clumsy title and a campy dust jacket do not prepare the reader for this thoughtful first novel about an unhappy American doctor in American Samoa. There is quiet comedy here, both in the pidgin English and in the gentle attitudes of the doctor's impoverished patients ("Thank you for your love" is their standard response to his remedies), but there is also his trouble with everything from toads the size of teapots to a spirit called *to'ala*, which, in the words of a Samoan bush doctor, "makes bad remembers wake up in your prain." The doctor's "prain" is full of "bad remembers," some of which began in Vietnam, where he served as an Army medic, and some of which began in Samoa, where, when he was a child, his parents' marriage ended in violence; none of them can be excised or exorcised by Western or bush medicine alone. Mr. Theroux, who has lived in American Samoa for the past eight years, completes his plot with a few key coincidences, but they seem too handy only on second thought.

GENERAL

DASHIELL HAMMETT: A LIFE, by Diane Johnson (Random House; $17.95). About halfway through this biography, we are told that in 1934 the novelist Dashiell Hammett was at the summit of success. That year, he was forty; he had completed his fifth novel, "The Thin Man," and was working in Hollywood, a star in the writers' factory at M-G-M. Then his writing career ended. He lived twenty-six years longer, but his health deteriorated; his drinking cost him jobs and friends; he gambled away his money or gave it to anyone who asked, and died in debt. It is saying quite a bit for Miss Johnson that she is able to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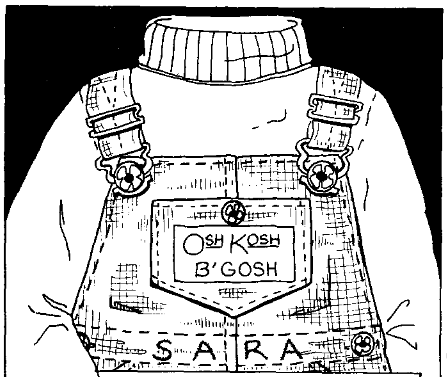

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hold the reader's interest in this sustained anticlimax to a brilliant career. She is sympathetic to Hammett and admires his literary achievement. Yet we do not come to know, much less understand, Hammett the man, because he was ungiving of himself, even to his friends and lovers. He seems to have confided in no one, and the reasons for his writer's block and his antisocial behavior were locked in him to the end. A tantalizing story, and a very sad one.

The Troubled Crusade: American Education, 1945-1980, by Diane Ravitch (Basic Books; $19.95). An impressive review of the problems and the solutions—the needs and the fads—of education in this country since the end of the Second World War, by a member of the faculty of Columbia's Teachers College. In 1945, the nation's rural public schools were shockingly short of funds. Soon, because of the growth of population and of the suburbs, the inner city became the underfunded stepchild, and the site of many inconclusive educational experiments. The strains of the postwar Red scare gave way to the stresses of racial integration; colleges, which had expanded to meet the needs of veterans, found veterans' children rebelling. From preschool through graduate school, patterns of learning and teaching were altered for diverse purposes—mostly making the curriculum easier. Mrs. Ravitch sees more nobility than silliness in America's educational experiments. She finds few discreditable motives; failures in educational policy, she suggests, have come from translating a flash of illumination—a momentary insight—into a dogma.

Pierre Loti: The Legendary Romantic, by Lesley Blanch (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; $15.95). The novels of Pierre Loti (1850-1923) are neglected today, but such contemporaries as Anatole France, Paul Verlaine, and Henry James considered Loti a master of French prose; Apollinaire paid him tribute, and the young Marcel Proust could recite whole pages of his works from memory. Loti was a deck officer in the French Navy, and travelled the world. He became rich and famous—he was made a member of the Académie Française—but he shunned literary Paris. This biography, by a British writer who

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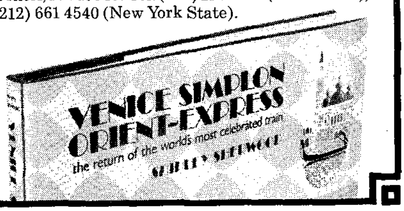

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lives in France, captures a wonderfully contradictory and volatile personality. Photographs.

ORDER AND SURPRISE, by Martin Gardner (Prometheus; $19.95). Readers of *Scientific American* know Martin Gardner from his expert columns on mathematics. But they will learn from this fascinating collection of essays written for other magazines and reviews that he was educated as a philosopher and has a strong interest in theology. The essays collected here span many decades; Mr. Gardner has added a few footnotes and postscripts. Another of his interests is children's books, and he is especially knowledgeable about "The Wonderful Wizard of Oz" and its author, L. Frank Baum. His biography of Baum is an unexpected bonus in this fine book.

THE TARNISHED DOOR: THE NEW IMMIGRANTS AND THE TRANSFORMATION OF AMERICA, by John Crewdson (Times Books; $17.95). Mr. Crewdson, a journalist whose articles on immigration, for the *Times*, won a 1981 Pulitzer Prize, writes that an unknown number of illegal aliens—perhaps as many as six million—now live and work in the United States. He distinguishes *between a majority*—the very poor who enter without papers—and a small group of skilled immigrants who overstay student or tourist visas: only the skilled hold jobs Americans seek; the unskilled are frequently exploited and abused. The author describes the poverty, underdevelopment, lack of opportunity, and persecution that drive these newcomers to America, and he characterizes the Immigration and Naturalization Service as "the worst managed, least effective federal agency."

THE LETTERS OF JOHN MIDDLETON MURRY TO KATHERINE MANSFIELD, selected and edited by C. A. Hankin (Franklin Watts; $18.95). Except for his quarrel with D. H. Lawrence, and for Aldous Huxley's caricature of him in "Point Counter Point," Katherine Mansfield's husband is little known today; this selection of his letters to his wife is intended at least in part to acquaint us with the real man. The correspondence runs from 1912, soon after they met, to 1923, the year she died, at thirty-four, of tuberculosis. Murry was a poor, bright boy who won scholarships for his education;

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his enthusiasm for modern art was unflagging. Although his abilities were considerable—he became editor of the *Atheneum* in 1919—he tended his wife's talent before his own. After she developed tuberculosis, in 1917, and they were separated by her need to live in a warm climate and his to remain on the job in England supporting them, he continued to hope that she would be cured and that they would live together in the English countryside. He could not admit that the prospect of death had killed her love for him. The letters memorialize his tragedy; they offer as well an intimate, sometimes comic chronicle of the English avant-garde of the period.

NOTE: "Imaging Saturn: The Voyager Flights to Saturn," by Henry S. F. Cooper, Jr., has been published by Holt, Rinehart & Winston ($19.95). Much of the contents originally appeared in *The New Yorker.*

MYSTERY AND CRIME

METZGER'S DOG, by Thomas Perry (Scribners; $14.95). Metzger is a cat, and his dog is a big black maneater that he reduces to lapdog foolishness. Metzger's master is one Leroy Charles (Chinese) Gordon, a Vietnam veteran and mercenary turned thief. Gordon and his two lieutenants, Kepler and Immelmann, bluff their way into a university in Los Angeles and steal a quantity of confiscated cocaine, and on the way out, largely by hunch, slip into an office and take a sheaf of papers that turn out to be C.I.A. contingency plans of a most delicate nature. Mr. Perry's story has to do with the attempts of Gordon and his associates—including Gordon's girl, Margaret Ann Crisp—to blackmail the C.I.A., and the efforts of the C.I.A., painfully ineffectual, to trap them. The result, as in Mr. Perry's recent "The Butcher's Boy," is total pleasure and satisfaction.

•

NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK

[*From "Speaking of Soaps" in the Northampton (Mass.) Daily Hampshire Gazette*]

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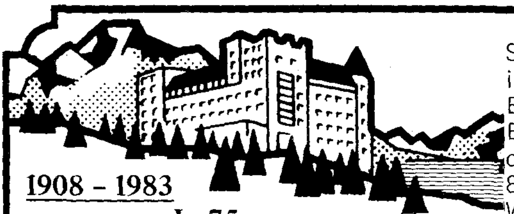

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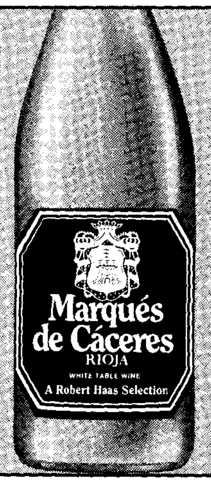

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